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VISITS
TO
REMARKABLE PLACES,
Old Halls, Battle Fields,
AND
SCENES ILLUSTRATIVE OF STRIKING PASSAGES
IN ENGLISH HISTORY AND POETRY.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT,
AUTHOR OF "THE RURAL LIFE OF ENGLAND," ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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VISIT TO HAMPTON COURT.

It would have been out of nature, on entering Hampton Court, not to pause and contemplate for a while the singular story and fate of the great man who raised it. These ancient towers and courts are full of the memory of that strange fortune, and will be for many generations yet; and now that the great mass of the people is at once admitted to education and to this place, the history of Wolsey—at one time said to be a butcher's son, at another stretching his lordly hand over this realm, making foreign princes tremble at it, and reaching it out even to the papal tiara, and then again a poor and sinking suppliant, exclaiming—

O father abbot,
An old man broken with the storms of state
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!

will be more widely known and wondered at. But many have been the sad and singular passages which have occurred to royal and ambitious heads in these chambers since then. We must, however, pass more fleetly over them than over those of the great original builder.

Henry VIII. used to keep his court here frequently in great state, and here he used to celebrate Christmas in all its ancient festivity. Here he lost his third wife, Jane Seymour, a few days after the birth of his son Edward VI., and felt or affected much grief on that account, perhaps because he had not had the pleasure of cutting off her head. Here he married his sixth wife, Lady Catherine Parr, widow of Neville, Lord Latimer, and sister of the Marquis of Northampton. This lady, who had the hardihood to marry this royal Bluebeard, after he had divorced two wives and chopped off the heads of two others, narrowly escaped the fate she so rashly hazarded. The very warrant for her committal to the Tower, whence she was only to be brought forth to be burnt at the stake for heresy, was signed, and on the point of execution, when she accidentally became aware of it, and managed to soothe the ferocious tyrant by the most artful submission to his conceit of his theological learning, and by rubbing his ulcerated leg.

Here, as we have said, Edward VI. was born; and three days after, he was baptized in the king's chapel in the palace in great state—Cranmer, archbishop of Canterbury, and the Duke of Norfolk, being godfathers. Hampton Court was appropriated by the guardians of Edward as his residence, and he was residing here when the council rose against the authority of the Protector Somerset, and was removed by him hence to Windsor Castle, lest the council should obtain possession of his person. Here Bloody Mary, and her husband Philip of Spain, passed their honey-moon in great retirement; and here,—when they were desirous of effacing from the mind of their sister, the Princess Elizabeth, the recollection of her imprisonment at Woodstock, and the vain attempts of their arch-rascal priest Stephen Gardiner, Lord Chancellor and Bishop of Winchester, to coerce her into popery, or to convict her of heresy, and probably bring her to the flaming stake,—they invited her to spend some time with them, and set on foot banquets, masqueings, and all sorts of revelries. Here they kept Christmas with her as royally as their father Harry VIII. had kept it in his day; Elizabeth being seated at the royal table with their majesties, next the cloth of state, and, at the removal

of the dishes, served with a perfumed napkin and plate of confects by the Lord Paget. Here, too, during her stay, they gave a grand tournament, wherein two hundred spears were broken by the contending knights. Here Elizabeth also, when she was become the potent queen instead of the jealously-watched sister, continued occasionally to assemble her brilliant court, and to hold merry Christmas, as Mary, Edward, and her father had done before. Here also the especial festivals of the Christmases of 1572 and 1593 were kept by her.

Here James I., notwithstanding his being accustomed to the mountain scenery of Scotland, was often to be found, loving as well its level richness of scenery as he could have done the more magnificent landscapes of Stirling or Holyrood. He had a particular liking to this palace. It was here that, in the early part of his reign, 1604, he summoned his famous conference of bishops and Puritan leaders, to confer on the settlement of religion—or rather for this British Solomon to have an opportunity of showing his learning and powers of disputation. The conference, as all the world knows, ended as might be expected before such a man. “He talked much Latin,” says Sir John Harrington, who was present, “and disputed much with

Dr. Reynolds; telling the petitioners that they wanted to strip Christ again; and bade them get away with their snivelling."

When they asked for the renewal of liberty to hold those of their meetings called prophesyings, he burst out into a virulent rage, saying—"Ay, is it that ye would be at? If you aim at a Scotch Presbytery, let me tell you, it agrees as well with monarchy as God and the Dexil. Then shall Jack and Tom and Will and Dick meet, and censure me and my council. Therefore I reiterate my former speech: *Le roi s'avisera*. Stay, I pray you, for one seven years before you demand, and then, if you find me grow pursy and fat, I may perchance hearken to you, for that government will keep me in health, and find me work enough." The end of it was, that he cried out—"No Bishop no King!" To which the bishop replied, that "surely his majesty spoke by the immediate inspiration of God." And thereon James declared to the Puritans, that if they did not speedily conform themselves, "he would harrie them out of the kingdom, or worse." Such is the certain consequence of disputing with royal heads; and on the heels of this, instead of the Puritans retaining even their old freedom, a fierce proclamation was issued, commanding immediate and general conformity.

In 1606, the king and queen gave here a splendid entertainment to Francis, Prince of Vaudemois, son of the Duke of Lorraine, and to a large company of noblemen and gentlemen, keeping up the feasting and festivities for a fortnight. Here also died the queen of James, Anne of Denmark, in 1618.

The unfortunate Charles I. resided at Hampton in his happiest and most melancholy days. Like Mary and Philip, he and his queen Henrietta came hither to spend the honey-moon; the plague having obliged them to leave London,—and here they remained till it was passed. Nineteen years afterwards Charles and Henrietta again retreated hither under more menacing circumstances. A worse plague had broken out—the pestilence of civil dissension. Charles, by his high notions of prerogative, had brought his subjects to the verge of rebellion. His arbitrary assumptions of ecclesiastical supremacy; his attempts to force on Scotland episcopacy; his seizure of ship-money; his violation of the privileges of parliament by personally attempting to arrest five of its members in their places in the house; these, and similar demonstrations of despotic will, had roused the kingdom, and especially the capital against him. He was obliged to flee hither from the presence of the infuriated people, who surrounded Whitehall; and not the

common people only, but the city militia, with Major-General Shipton at their head, conducting the accused members to the house with a triumph of armed boats, and other vessels carrying cannon, while the crowds, investing Whitehall both by land and water, cried amain—"What has become of the king and his cavaliers? and whither are they fled?"

No language can more forcibly answer the fierce popular query than that of the historian Hume. "The king, apprehensive of danger from the enraged multitude, had retired to Hampton Court; deserted by all the world, and overwhelmed with grief, shame, and remorse for the fatal measures into which he had been hurried. His distressed situation he could no longer ascribe to the rigours of destiny, or the malignity of enemies: his own precipitancy and indiscretion must bear the blame of whatever disasters should henceforth befall him. The most faithful of his adherents, between sorrow and indignation were confounded with reflections on what had happened, and what was likely to follow. Seeing every prospect blasted, faction triumphant, the discontented populace inflamed to a degree of fury, they utterly despaired of success in a cause to whose ruin friends and enemies seemed equally to conspire."

Such was the wretched condition of royalty in Hampton Court at that moment. The queen, despairing of safety, fled to France, and Charles was quickly enveloped in the very heart of that tempest which now was blackening to its discharge. Years of civil wrath left this once gay palace a place of solitude and desolation; and when Charles again became its inhabitant, it was in a still more lamentable condition. He was the thrall of his triumphant subjects; sold by the army of Scotland to the army of England; the mere phantom of a monarch, awaiting, in the midst of the sorrowful remnant of a once brilliant court, whose noblest ornaments had fallen on many a battle-plain in his cause, or were arrayed against him, or had fled for safety to other countries, the determination of his enemies. His queen was not with him—he had seen her for the last time—and, escaping from this sad mockery of a court, to seek one more chance for life—he bade his last adieu to Hampton, and soon arrived—at the scaffold.

The next scene in the great political drama presented here was to find Oliver Cromwell, the destroyer of the monarchy and the betrayer of the republic, in possession of it. Cromwell, one of the ablest men and the most precious hypocrites who ever covered ambitious designs beneath the double

cloak of liberty and religion, was now lord of Hampton Court, Windsor, and Whitehall. It was in such places that the man, who professed that he had been called by the Lord to pull down monarchy, with all its vanities, follies, and crimes, and to set up liberty in its purity, and religion in its simplicity and power—now held his court in state, as regal as any monarch. It was in this palace that he married his daughter Elizabeth to Lord Falconberg; giving another to Lord Rich, the grandson and heir of the Earl of Warwick, thus allying his line with the nobility of the country; and it was here that he lost his favourite daughter, Mrs. Claypole, who on her dying bed called on him to retrace his path filled with blood and perfidy, with a heart earnestly in quest of repentance. Her words stuck fast in his conscience, and left him full of horror and dismay. Melancholy as was the condition of Charles, as his last steps wandered through the saloons of this palace, it was nothing to that of Cromwell. Without, the hands of assassins threatened him—within, conscience, in the voice of his own favourite child, perpetually pursued him. All peace of mind had perished. He was haunted by the fiends of guilty ambition; by the sense of political insecurity; by the feeling that he had no real friend: and that, while the weight of those

national affairs which he had piled on his own shoulders was ready to crush him, his foes and disappointed rivals in legions were watching to add their weight to that, and to trample with exultation on his grave. He felt himself not merely the destroyer of a monarch, but the traitor of liberty; and if ever there was a spectacle to angels and to men, it was Cromwell in his last days, wandering from palace to palace—wasting away, in the fever of the mind and the breaking down of the body—and haunted with those terrors of death, that he had never felt amid the smoke and thunders of a score of battles.

It was at this period that George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends, coming to Hampton Court to beg him to put a stop to religious persecution, met him riding in the park, and in his own expressive language as he drew near him, said he “felt a waft of death to go forth from him;” and coming up to him, beheld him with astonishment, looking already like a dead man. George had been accustomed to have interviews with Cromwell, who used to express great pleasure in his society, and would say, “Come again, George, come often, for I feel that if thou and I were oftener together we should be nearer to each other.” He now desired George to come to the

palace the next day ; but George looked on him already as a dead man, and on going to the palace-gate found him too ill to be seen by any one, and in a few days he died.

If the two last scenes here were strange, the next was much stranger. Cromwell's power was gone like a dream—the republic had vanished, monarchy was restored ; and here was Charles, the exile, the son of the melancholy monarch, revelling in the midst of the gayest and most profligate court that ever insulted the spirit and the decorum of a too compliant nation. Here was the man that learned no wisdom from adversity, nor feeling from the sufferings of his father's friends, nor decency from respect to the sober habits of those who had recalled him voluntarily to the throne of his ancestors. Here he came, with all the heartless foppery and rampant licentiousness of the French court pouring like a pestilence in at his heels. Here were his picked friends, Buckingham, Rochester, Grammont, Jermyn ; his bigoted but sensual brother James ; with their creatures, Chiffinch and Brounkner,—their shameless mistresses wearing the titles and coronets of some of the noblest houses of England. The palace was turned into a brothel, and the astonished nation rewarded for its recall of the Stuarts, by seeing its

ancient sobriety laughed to scorn, and its morals corrupted by royal authority.

It was in this very palace, that Charles introduced to his young queen, a stranger in this country, his notorious mistress, Lady Castlemaine, and compelled his insulted and revolting wife to accept her as a lady of her bed-chamber. But we will not follow further this disgusting history: Charles fell, the victim of his excesses, and James was driven out of the realm by his indignant subjects. William and Mary came in, and added greatly to this palace, making it their favourite abode. The subsequent monarchs, down to George II., occasionally resided here, and their state beds and other vestiges of them yet remain. Their reigns, however, do not furnish passages occurring here, of so striking a character as those we have referred to; and we will now pass from the history of the palace, to its present appearance, and condition.

There are two entrances to Hampton Court Palace—one by the gates opposite to the gates of Bushy Park, leading to the front of William III., and the other by the gates facing Hampton Green, leading to Wolsey's courts. We will take the former first, in order to survey the gardens and extensive grounds as left by William, and then pass

to Wolsey's portion, and the picture galleries, by Wolsey's gate.

It is well known that Bushy Park was intended by Wolsey to form part of his park of Hampton Court, but the public road passing between Bushy Park and Hampton Court, the public were so much opposed to its being taken away and made more circuitous, that even Wolsey in the plenitude of his power and royal favour did not find it practicable or prudent to insist on removing it; and thus Bushy and Hampton Court Parks have continued separate to this day. Bushy is laid out with a fine sheet of water, having in its centre a bronze statue of Diana, and thence called the Diana Water, and with splendid rows of horse-chestnut trees, on each side of the public road, which runs through it to Teddington and Twickenham. In it also is the house in which William IV. passed thirty-six years of his life, and where his widow, the queen dowager, yet resides. It is a very pleasant drive through this park; especially when the chestnuts are in full blossom, or in autumn when the nuts are falling amongst the discoloured leaves, and the deer are eagerly running to feed on them. The beauty of these trees is great; their fine massy piles of foliage, their wide and low-sweeping boughs, and the length of the avenues,—being no less than nine

of them running parallel for upwards of a mile. The centre avenue, which is used as the public road, is of a noble width, and the gates at each end every day stand open, so that you are surprised that the deer do not all run out. On the contrary, they are so trained that such an occurrence as the attempt of any one to pass out is very rare, and such a vagrant is always shot, to put a stop to its evil example. The herd will come up close to the road side as a stage-coach is driving past, and graze within a few yards of it without the slightest notice of it.

But leaving Bushy Park behind us, and entering the gates of Hampton Court opposite, we are agreeably struck with the aspect of the palace gardens. They are on a perfect flat, and though laid out in the Dutch style, you are inclined to think that no style could have suited the situation better. The great terrace-walk which leads past William III.'s front of the palace, stretches on in a straight line before you to the banks of the Thames, along which it is continued, veering away to the left between the river and the park, as far as opposite to the village of Thames Ditton, the whole length of the walk being half a mile.* On your right, behind a high

* The whole length of the walks in the gardens is calcu-

wall, lies that part of the grounds called the Wilderness, which is full of walks overshadowed with trees of the loftiest and noblest growth, and in which, near the gates, is the celebrated Maze—a labyrinth, formed by pleached hedges of hornbeam. This sort of plaything was a great favourite with our ancestors;* and if we are to judge by the number of people who throng to “thread the maze,” and by the laughter and merry voices which you always find here, is no less agreeable to our contemporaries. There is a seat elevated on an ascent of several steps close by, for the person who shows the Maze to mount, and so direct the progress of those within, where those who prefer to see others walk the labyrinth, rather than do it themselves, may have that satisfaction at their ease; and will, no doubt, come away convinced, as we are, that it is extended to be three miles, and the palace itself to occupy eight acres.

* It is very probable that the shepherds were the earliest introducers of the Maze into England, perhaps assisted by some classical monk, who had read of the Dædalion labyrinth, for, on many of our downs, forests, and chases, they were found cut in the turf. Such a one is yet to be seen at St. Anne’s Well, near Nottingham, still called “The Shepherd’s Race,” and another on St. Catherine’s Hill, near Winchester. They were afterwards, as knots or mazes, introduced into gardens.

more pleasure is conferred by this simple piece of mechanism, on the multitude, than by all the paintings and antiquities in the palace.

But, leaving the Wilderness on our right, we soon pass the old tennis-court, said to be the finest in Europe, and still used for that amusement, and find ourselves in front of the palace. This is of a Grecian character; and here you find pleasure-grounds swelling out into the half of a circle, divided by three broad walks, diverging as three radii from the centre, where you stand, at the gate of the palace. The sections between these walks are large lawns of the most neatly trimmed turf, surrounded by flower borders and rows of evergreen trees,—a variegated holly, and a yew alternating. The effect of the different coloured verdure of these trees is excellent, and the rich masses of flowers around them, in the borders and in detached beds, contrast admirably. These flowers are the most splendid that each season can show; and I noticed a richness of beauty produced by our own simple cowslips and oxlips, in the spring, which was far greater than I could have believed them capable of, and which I would recommend to the imitation of those who are fond of a garden. It was effected by planting the oxlips and the red and the yellow cowslips in beds of a considerable size, so mixed

and alternated as to give a mosaic surface of the richest colouring.

A breadth of lawn also forms the outer boundary of these sections, and on it, beneath the ever-green trees, are placed seats for the convenience of tired strollers, and loungers who don't wish to be tired. The walks are rolled to the most agreeable smoothness; and in the centre of the garden is an ample fountain, in the circular basin of which is a famous shoal of gold and silver fish, who receive the crumbs and admiration of all visitors. It was probably this fountain which, before the recasting of the gardens, was adorned with figures of syrens, and other statues by Fanelli. The garden is bounded by the park, which extends along the banks of the Thames as far as Kingston, and the lines of the three diverging walks are continued along the park by three noble avenues of lime trees; the avenue to the left terminated by the view of Kingston church, and the area of the centre one occupied by a canal of nearly three quarters of a mile in length. These avenues are now in the pride of their growth, and with their long vistas, their noble piles of verdant foliage and wide stretching amplitude of lower branches, are magnificent objects, and add greatly to the stately and delightful aspect of the whole scene. The water which sup-

plies the palace and gardens, though they are situated on the very margin of the Thames, is conveyed partly by pipes from the heights of Combe Warren, three miles from Hampton, passing through the Thames, and partly by a branch of the river Colne, cut, by Wolsey, ten miles for this purpose. The water is said to be particularly fine.

At the south-eastern corner of this front a door leads you into what is called Queen Mary's Garden; that is, a garden laid out by William and Mary, by whom this part of the palace was built. This is exceedingly pleasant. It is overlooked from the south windows of the palace, and by green terraces at each side. The centre forms a sort of valley between these terraces, planted, like the outer garden, with fine variegated hollies and yews alternating, with flower borders, fountains seen playing sweetly near the lower end; and on the south-west terrace, a fine old pleached walk of elm, called Queen Mary's Walk, the trees seeming to have grown into one solid green arch. Orange trees are ranged in front of the palace, where are, in the lower story, greenhouses to receive them in winter. Some of these trees are said to be as old as the reign of William. In an inner garden is the greenhouse, containing the celebrated vine, described as the largest in the world. It is one hun-

dred and ten feet long, has often from two to three thousand bunches of grapes upon it, said to weigh about fourteen hundred weight. These are regularly sent to the queen's table.

The entrance to the portion of the palace built by Wolsey is by a sort of outer court of great extent, the gates of which have their pillars surmounted by a large lion and unicorn as supporters of the crown royal, and each of the side gates by a military trophy. Along the left side of the area are barracks and such offices; the greater part of the right side is open towards the river, and there stand nine as lofty and noble elms, in a row, as perhaps any part of England can match. Two gateways are before you; the one to the left leading to the kitchen-court, the centre one to the first quadrangle. This chief gateway has been restored, in excellent keeping with the old building, and has a noble aspect as you approach it, being flanked with octagon towers, pierced with a fine pointed arch, over which are cut, in rich relief, the royal arms, and above them projects a large and handsome bay-window, framed of stone.

You now enter by a Gothic archway the first of the courts of Wolsey remaining. These two are said to have been the meanest then in the palace. There were originally five; the three finest of

which were pulled down to make way for William III.'s great square mass of brick-work. The writers who saw it in its glory, describe it in entirety as the most splendid palace in Europe. Grotius says, "other palaces are residences of kings, but this is of the gods." Hentzner, who saw it in Elizabeth's time, speaks of it with astonishment, and says, "the rooms being very numerous, are adorned with tapestry of gold, silver, and velvet, in some of which were woven history pieces; in others Turkish and Armenian dresses, all extremely natural. In one chamber are several excessively rich tapestries, which are hung up when the queen gives audience to foreign ambassadors. All the walls of the palace shine with gold and silver. Here is likewise a certain cabinet called Paradise, where, besides that every thing glitters so with silver, gold, and jewels, as to dazzle one's eyes, there is a musical instrument made all of glass except the strings."

It was indeed a Dutch taste which levelled all these stately buildings to the ground, to erect the great square mass which replaced them. A glorious view, if old drawings are to be believed, must all that vast and picturesque variety of towers, battlements, tall mullioned windows, cupolas and pinnacles, have made, as they stood under the clear

heaven glittering in the sun. Those two courts which remain are said to have consisted only of offices, and, indeed, we see that the first court we enter is, as represented in old drawings, much lower than the next, which did not itself nearly equal the stateliness of the rest. Yet the old dark-red brick walls, with still darker lines of bricks in diamond shapes running along them—the mixture of Gothic archways and square mullioned windows—the battlemented roofs, turrets, and cupolas, and tall twisted and cross-banded chimneys, all are deeply interesting, as belonging to the unquestionable period of Wolsey, belonging altogether to that Tudor or transition style, when castles were fast turning into peaceful mansions, and the beauties of ecclesiastical architecture were called in, to aid in giving ornament where before strength had only been required.

In this first quadrangle, the tall gable of the banqueting-hall, with figures of dogs and griffins pursuing each other down its roof; a griffin erect, supporting a vane on the summit; a large window of the perpendicular order; the octagon towers projecting from the wall of that side of the quadrangle; the gateway with its Gothic arch, tall bay-window, and armorial escutcheon, and the compartmented roof of the archway itself, are all

excellent in their kind. The ceiling in this archway has a large rose in the centre, and in the different compartments, the portcullis, fleur-de-lis, and other symbols of the Tudor arms, with the letters H. A., no doubt intended for Henry and Ann (Boleyn). On the gateway tower of this and the next quadrangle are eight out of the twelve heads of Roman emperors sent by Leo X. to Wolsey. The four in the second quadrangle are almost totally decayed, the two in the first court continuing much more perfect. They appear to have been made of some very perishable composition.

The second court is still more striking than the first, having the side of the banqueting-hall on the left, and in the tower under which you enter, an ancient astronomical clock, erected in 1540, and said to be the first of the kind made in England; or rather, we should say, here is the clock-face, the clock itself having been some two years ago, it is said, taken away to be repaired, and not yet brought back. The dial, however, is curious, having, like continental clocks, the twenty-four instead of the twelve hours marked upon it, besides sundry adornments of zodiacal signs, and solar and lunar phenomena. But the most remarkable thing in this court is a ponderous Grecian colonnade built by Sir Christopher Wren. The barbarism of such a piece

of work in a Gothic building instantly strikes every eye, and even those who are not learned enough to detect the cause, are sensible of the painful effect. That Sir Christopher understood Grecian architecture St. Paul's is an illustrious evidence, otherwise such outrageous blindness to the beauty of our own ecclesiastical architecture would have sent him down to posterity as a man utterly devoid of taste. No two men ever demonstrated so strongly the effect of education as Wren and Inigo Jones. They were taught to regard classical architecture as including in itself all that is beautiful in nature and in art; and those lovely and inimitable Christian temples in which the human mind has revealed its utmost reach of poetry and sublimity, those fabrics which stand here and there throughout England like glorious dreams of imagination, or like the work of angels and the conceptions of archangels, rather than those of humanity—stones reared into majesty and chiselled into life and aerial lightness—were to them as masses of barbarism, and the grotesque enormities of men in the dark ages. How inconceivable is the blinding and besotting influence even of that classical erudition which should throw over the mind the very sunshine of intellectual grace and perception of the beautiful. But more of this anon. Wren built this monstrous mass in

Hampton Court; and Inigo Jones, when employed to design a bishop's throne for the rich choir of Winchester, instead of matching it with the elegance of the whole Gothic carving and architecture of that noble pile, stuck up a Grecian absurdity, which the return of true taste has wisely thrust away again.

Passing through the Queen's Staircase, we come into the court built by William III. This is another violation of all architectural unity, being the Palladian linked in unlawful wedlock with the Gothic; but we need not stop to lament that now. It is in itself a goodly and substantial fabric,—the space between its upper and lower story is decorated with a series of fresco paintings representing the labours of Hercules, but which exposure to the weather has rendered nearly blank, one alone having been refreshed as if to show what they would be with similar attention. This court has a fountain in it, probably occupying the position of the one mentioned by Hentzner in the original building.*

It would have been a pleasure to wander through the chapel, the banqueting-hall, Wolsey's with-

* On our last visit here we were glad to see an artist engaged in restoring the whole.

drawing-room, filled with ancient and most curious tapestries: the kitchen court, with its old detached circular kitchen, of the true antique sort, like some huge dark lantern set upon the ground; and other parts of the building, not thrown open to the public, but to be seen by application to the housekeeper:—but my space warns me that I must hasten through the state apartments, in which a vast treasure of paintings is kept for the public enjoyment; and even there only be able to point to some of the most remarkable subjects. The hall, the chapel, the withdrawing-room, are all splendid specimens of Gothic grandeur, and possess many historic associations. In the hall, Surrey wrote on a pane of glass some of his verses to Geraldine; and there, too, it is said, the play of Henry VIII., exhibiting the fall of Wolsey in the very creation of his former glory, was once acted, Shakspeare himself being one of the performers! But are not all these things to be found in the full histories of this noble old house? Therefore we will ascend the grand staircase, with a thousand eager visitors, on our way to the state-rooms.

The mere catalogue of the contents of these rooms, as sold here for sixpence, contains thirty closely printed pages; judge, then, how little more is in my power than to point an admiring finger at

some work of pre-eminent beauty as I pass. The whole place is full of paintings, of which many are worthy of all the fame of their great originators; and, if a host of others are of less artistic value, they have all, more or less, an historical one, which makes one glad to find even the worst of them here, and anxiously desirous that we could restore the name, and recall the story of others, that tell plainly that they were of no mean character. We have here specimens of art from the earliest days of its European revival to some of the present century; and the opportunity of studying varieties of style and merit here contrasted, is not the least of the benefits offered to the public.

We now ascend the Grand Staircase, in order to make the circuit of the rooms. This is a noble approach to the state-rooms, and is painted by Verrio, in that gorgeous style which, though the interest diminishes in examination of details, yet, as a whole is very gay and splendid. The ceiling and upper portions of the walls are filled with mythological and allegorical groups. The figures in general are too ponderous for their ethereal character and position; yet here and there your eye is caught by some shape of sweetest grace, or countenance of sunny beauty. The lower panels are ornamented with paintings of military trophies, and

above them, on your left-hand as you ascend, are the twelve Cæsars; while before you Julian the Apostate is writing in a modern book, and with a modern inkstand before him, and Mercury appearing to encourage him in his labours.

The next is the Guard Chamber, a room of princely dimensions, the walls of which are nearly covered with arms—swords, muskets, daggers, halberts, with drums, bandaliers, and other equipments, sufficient for a thousand men—disposed in a variety of forms, by the same person who arranged the arms in the little armoury in the Tower of London. The remainder of the space is occupied by a large painting of the Battle of Constantine by Julio Romano; the Colosseum, by Canaletti; eight battle pieces, by Rugendas, to which a peculiar character is given by the strong light thrown upon particular figures; six portraits of English admirals, by Bockman; and Queen Elizabeth's Porter by Zuccherro.

We next find ourselves in the First Presence Chamber; the canopy of William III.'s throne being the first thing which meets the eye at entering. Here, as was fitting, you find too the principal figures are those belonging to William's court. Himself landing at Torbay, forms the subject of a very large picture by Sir Godfrey Kneller, in

which he is represented on horseback, in armour, with plenty of allegorical figures about him: his queen, by Wissing, and eight of the principal beauties of his court, by Kneller, occupy a large portion of the Walls. These ladies are, the Duchess of St. Albans, a granddaughter of Nell Gwynn; the Countess of Essex; Countess of Peterborough; Countess of Ranelagh; Miss Pitt; Duchess of Grafton; Countess of Dorset; and Lady Middleton. They are full-length figures, represented, perhaps, too tall for their present position, and wanting variety of attitude; yet there are those amongst them who would have been admired even in Charles II.'s court, and whose reputations are much better than if they had been there. Amongst them, Miss Pitt is a lovely young creature of seventeen, with an expression of the greatest sweetness and sincerity of character; the Duchess of Grafton has a handsome and very intelligent countenance; and Lady Middleton and the Countess of Ranelagh claim the title of fine women.

Amongst the other paintings in the apartment which deserve particular attention, are a Saint's Head by Lanfranco, full of strength and expression: a portrait by Titian, a rough keeper-like personage, but with a countenance more like that of a living man than a painting; a Jesuit-like

portrait by Giorgione; and by it a portrait of a man showing a trick, by L. da Vinci; St. Matthew called from the receipt of Custom, by Mabuse, is curious, as exhibiting the style and laborious peculiarities of that old painter. Besides these, are Sir John Lawson, by Lely; a portrait by Pordenone; old woman blowing charcoal, by Holbein; a portrait by Dobson; Pharaoh overthrown, by Jordaens; St. William, by Giorgioni; a man reading, by A. Catalani; a landscape, by Schiavone; Calumny, an allegory, by Zuccherò; portraits, by P. Bordone, Bassano, Tintoretto; and other paintings, by P. Veronese, Gennari, etc.

Amongst the numerous paintings in the Second Presence Chamber, we may single out as curious, a large picture of the Doge of Venice in the Senate-house, by Fialetti, which formerly belonged to Sir Henry Wotton, and represents him sitting with his hat on at the Doge's right hand; the sculptor Baccio Bandinelli, the rival of Benvenuto Cellini, by Correggio; Mrs. Leman, Vandyke's mistress, by Vandyke, a lovely woman; a Holy Family by F. Vanni; Virgin and Child, by Bronzino; an Italian lady, by Parmegiano, in a most elaborately painted dress; and the Seasons, by Brughel and Rothenamer, in which all sorts of beasts, birds, and fishes, are brought together in an apparent state of

great wonder and excitement. For their excellence we must notice the portrait of a sculptor, by Bassano, which, for strength of natural expression and colouring, would do honour to Titian; a bandit-like warrior by Giorgione; the female painter Artemisia Gentiléschi, by herself; a most admirable portrait of Alessandro de Medici, by Titian; Charles I. on horseback, one of the three well-known equestrian paintings of Charles by Vandyke, the others being at Windsor and Warwick Castles; Guercino by himself; the marriage of St. Catherine, by P. Veronese; St. Francis and the Virgin, by Carlo Maratti; Peter Oliver the painter, by Hanneman, a countenance of great life; a Dutch gentleman, by Vander Helst, and Jacob, with Rachel and Leah. This last is very beautiful; it is full of the simplicity of the patriarchal age, of the sunny glow of the climate, and the individual characters of the three chief personages. The countenance of Jacob has great beauty, and the freedom and spirit of his attitude are masterly. There are many other paintings by eminent masters; and over each door Roman ruins, by Rousseau, by whom there are others in other rooms.

In the Audience Chamber, the eye is first arrested by five very large Scripture pieces by Ricci. Christ in the Rich Man's house; Christ healing the

Sick; the Woman taken in Adultery; the Woman of Faith; and the Woman of Samaria. Horace Walpole has pronounced these paintings to be trash; but spite of a good deal of coldness of tone and hardness of colouring, and a want of depth of shade, they possess merit of the highest kind. The heads of the old Pharisees are vigorously and truthfully designed; the grouping is frequently felicitous; and the spirit of the transaction, and the passions and feelings of the spectators, are clearly developed. In the Healing of the Sick, the figures of the benevolent Saviour, and of the Pharisee behind him, are very striking—and in the left-hand corner, the limbs of the sick boy, who is held in the arms of his stooping mother, are most touching in their expression of wasting and feebleness.

We have besides these, admirable portraits of Ignatius Loyola by Titian, of Titian's uncle, by Titian, and a Spanish lady by Sebastian del Piombo; a full-length of Elizabeth of Bohemia, by Honthorst; and paintings,—Venus and Cupid by Rubens, after Titian; Venus, a heavy Dutch figure, but the flesh exquisitely painted; two landscapes by Swanefeldt, in which a story is told,—Venus attended by Cupid carrying away a child from a sleeping group, in one piece, and in the other de-

livering the child to an armed band; a most curious but revolting Resurrection and Judgment, by Heemskirk, in which skeletons and figures, having only half recovered their flesh, are strangely mixed with erect living people; fiends dragging their victims to the infernal regions; and Mammon crowned, drawn in his car by imps and monsters. The heads of St. Peter and Judas, by Lanfranco; a Holy Family, by Correggio; a Madonna and Child over each door, by Parmegiano; and one of Mabuse's curious pieces, a Madonna and Child, with St. Andrew and St. Michael, deserve particular attention, the former for their high merit, the last for its singularity.

In the King's Drawing Room, as you enter, your eye is immediately arrested by an immense painting of George III. on horseback at a review, with the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and officers, by Sir William Beechey. There are two very large pictures also, by Tintoretto—the Muses, and the Presentation of Queen Esther; Joseph and Potiphar's Wife, by Gentileschi; the Offering of the Magi, by Luca Giordano, singular for the bright pink tint with which the flesh, and in particular the faces of the personages in it are flushed. The Cornaro family by Old Stone, representing

four generations, in which the preservation of the family likeness amid the variations of age, youth, childhood, and individuality, is admirably maintained. A Holy Family by Parmegiano; Christ's Agony in the Garden, and the Angels appearing to the Shepherds, by N. Poussin; and the curious family of Pordenone by himself, are perhaps the most striking of the lesser paintings.

We now arrive at William III.'s Bed-room, in which the state bed of Queen Charlotte stands, and, with its hangings of flowered needlework, embroidered on a rich white satin ground, executed for the queen by orphan daughters of clergymen, is extremely beautiful. An old clock is pointed out to you as made by Daniel Quare, to go twelve months without winding up. The ceiling was painted by Verrio, representing Night and Morning: but the great attractions of this room are the Beauties of the Court of Charles II. by Lely and Verelst. The greater part of these celebrated portraits were brought hither from the Gallery of Beauties at Windsor; but we have not all here, and some of those which are here, are not by the same artists. The Duchess of Somerset here is not the one by Lely, but by Verelst: here are neither the interesting Lady Chesterfield, who was said to have poison given to her by her husband in

the wine at the sacrament,* nor Miss Bagot, afterwards Countess of Falmouth. The Duchess of Portsmouth is not the one by Lely from Windsor, but the one by Gascar, which was previously at Hampton Court. Most readers are familiar with the Beauties of Charles II.'s court, from the engravings in Mrs. Jameson's *Memoirs* of them; but it must be recollected that several of those portraits are after originals, not from Windsor, but from other galleries, as the Duchess of Tyrconnel and the Duchess of Portsmouth from Althorpe, and the Duchess of Devonshire from Hardwicke. Amongst those which are here, there is great confusion. It is very singular that ladies who lived so near our own time, and who were so celebrated in their day, should have become as dubious in their identity as some of them were scandalous in their

* So entirely was this story believed in the family, that Gertrude Saville, daughter of the Marquis of Halifax, the wife of Lord Stanhope, Lord Chesterfield's son by his third wife, Lady Elizabeth Dormer, never dined at the table of her father-in-law Lord Chesterfield, without having her servant out of livery standing behind her chair, who produced from his pocket a bottle of water, a bottle of wine, and a golden cup, out of which alone she was served, plainly intimating to the Earl that she would trust no drink or drinking-vessel from the hand of any one of his establishment.

reputation. The Countess of Ossory here by Lely is the same person given by Mrs. Jameson, on the authority of Walpole and Granger, as the Duchess of Somerset: so that we must here have two portraits of the same Duchess of Somerset under different names, or the Duchess of Somerset here by Verelst must be another Duchess, one of three living at or near the same time. The portrait of Nell Gwynn here, though said to be by Lely, is not the one from which the plate in Mrs. Jameson's *Memoirs* is engraved, said also at that time to be at Windsor. This portrait is unlike every portrait of Nell Gwynn which we have seen, and bears a far more striking resemblance to Mary of Modena, Queen of James II.; as any one may see by looking at the two portraits of that queen, one a half-length in the Portrait Gallery, and the other a full-length over the door as you pass out of the Queen's Bed-room.

The lady here styled Lady Whitmore is contended by Mrs. Jameson, again on the authority of Walpole and Granger, and by comparison with a duplicate at Narford in the possession of Mr. Fountaine, to be no other than the Countess of Southesk. In the engraving in the *Memoirs* the lady has a look of innocence which is very little accordant with her real character; but in the portrait here we may plainly see that the infamous

character which the Countess of Southesk acquired could not be so startling and incredible a structure on the promise of that face, which is lovely without assurance of any good principle. The lady again, here still called Lady Byron, as she always was called at Windsor, is by Mrs. Jameson styled Lady Bellasys. Surely here is enough of confusion and incertitude.

With the exception, perhaps, of the Duchess of Cleveland, the engravings in the *Memoirs* do not convey the full beauty of the originals; yet such is the power of fame and imagination, that most people are disappointed on first looking on these beauties. Splendid women indeed they are: but if Kneller's portraits want variety of attitude, those of Lely want variety of colouring and complexion, Sir Peter's flesh is in women and children too much alike. It has a delicacy and enamel-like transparency which is conferred on all. Not one of this series of ladies differs in complexion from the rest. They are all equally fair, equally clear; have all hands and arms of the same faultless uniformity, and nearly all dark hair and jet-black eyebrows. There must be a great want of truthfulness in the painter, unrivalled though he be in elegance and grace, or nature was at that period in a very monotonous humour. Having read also

the glowing praises in the Memoirs of the beauty of Lady Byron and the Countess de Grammont, one is surprised to find the one any thing but handsome, and the other very affected in her air, and somewhat insipid. The Duchess of Cleveland looks her real character; a woman of uncommon beauty and of a spirit daring, impetuous and imperious. Lady Denham, Lady Rochester, the Duchess of Richmond, and Mrs. Middleton (here styled Lady Middleton), are extremely beautiful; but there are no two countenances more interesting than those of Mrs. Nott and Mrs. Lawson. The portrait of the Duchess of Portsmouth by Gascar is vulgar in expression and destitute of that beauty which Louise de Querouaille must have possessed, and which Lely has conferred on her. Was Lely insensible to the beauty of the female form, exquisitely sensible as he was of the divinity of the female face?—for almost all his full-lengths of ladies have their figure disguised by heaps of loose draperies, so that we have in reality, after all, seldom any thing in his paintings of ladies but busts.

The portraits altogether in this room, as they stand in their present nomenclature, are—Anne, Duchess of York; Lady Byron; Princess Mary as Diana; Queen Catherine; Mrs. Knott; Duchess of Portsmouth; Duchess of Richmond (La belle Stu-

art); Nell Gwynn; Countess of Rochester; Duchess of Somerset; Mrs. Lawson; Countess of Northumberland; Lady Denham; Countess of Sunderland; Countess de Grammont; Duchess of Cleveland; Countess of Ossory; Lady Whitmore.

Having quitted this constellation of beauty, we must now pass hastily on through the three small apartments,—the King's Dressing-room, the King's Writing-Closet, and Queen Mary's Closet, which, however, are filled with paintings, many of them of great merit and curiosity; particularly a Magdalen's head by Sasso Ferrato; Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and family, by Honthorst, (curious); Judith with the head of Holofernes, by Guido; Prince Rupert, when a boy (curious); Singing by candlelight, by Honthorst; Duke of Gloucester, a boy, by Lely, in his favourite style of a young sandaled hunter, with his hunting-pole on his shoulder; an old man's head, by Bassano; and a laughing boy, by F. Hals.

We then enter into what is called Her Majesty's Gallery,—a vast room completely filled with historical pieces and portraits, which of themselves would require a volume—and a most interesting volume it would be—to describe them in detail, with all their associations. We can but take the merest glance at the multitude of objects presented to us.

What is as conspicuous and curious as any thing in the gallery is a series of large paintings said to be by Holbein, representing the exploits of Henry VIII. in France. They are curious, as being so out of the ordinary track of Holbein; they are not less so from their disregard of all perspective; and they are most of all curious as being full of actual portraits of the persons introduced, as well as of the actual general representation of the scenes, these at the time of their execution, being familiar to the minds of abundance of the very actors as well as spectators. These are Henry VIII. embarking from Dover; the meeting of Henry and Francis I. on the Field of Cloth of Gold; the meeting of Henry and the Emperor Maximilian; and besides these there are of a similar character, the battle of Pavia, and the battle of Spurs.

This gallery is rich in the works of Holbein,—including several of Henry VIII., of Elizabeth, one of Francis I. of France, two of Erasmus, Holbein by himself, and also his father and mother. We have Elizabeth as a child, and as a young girl, by him; to which are added, Elizabeth in middle age, by Zuccherro; and in old age, said to be the very last portrait of her, by Mark Garrard. In none of these do we recognize any of that beauty which her flattering courtiers assured her in speech and song

that she possessed; nor, what is more surprising, do we perceive any striking evidence of that masterly mind which she certainly possessed. The portrait in old age, is one of the most melancholy things imaginable; it represents, in fact, one of the most haggish and bedizened old beldames that can be conceived, and is an astonishing proof of that self-delusion in a strong mind, the effect of the most fulsome court flattery, which could induce her thus to exhibit herself to all posterity in the physical ruin of senility, and the paltry adornment of the most absurd vanity. It is only by looking on this ghastly spectacle, and recollecting the outrageous compliments of Sir Walter Raleigh to this old lady, that we can convince ourselves of the depth to which the adulation of courtiers and the credulity of crowned heads can go.

Here are numbers of portraits of high historic interest of those times, too, by other artists, as Mabuse, Janet, Janssen, L. de Heere, Cornelizs, and Sir A. More. By the latter artist the portrait of a lady, hanging next to one of Mary I. when a child, by Holbein, is most natural, and exquisitely painted. Amongst the portraits of old statesmen we see the Earl of Nottingham, Earl of Leicester, Sir Francis Walsingham, Sir Nicolas Bacon, Sir Peter Carew, and Sir Henry Guildford. There is a very cha-

racteristic portrait of Henry VIII. as a child ; and another picture of a stout child in a dove-coloured silk frock, and with a white feather in its cap, which was formerly labelled as Henry VIII., and can be the childhood of nobody else. The child is there certainly "the father of the man." One of the most admirable pictures in the whole gallery, however, is that of the Jester of Henry VIII., perhaps the very man presented to him by Wolsey in his disgrace. The jester's face is seen looking through a casement window, and every feature of his face, nay, the very crook of his forefinger, as it is laid on the lead of the window, laughs, and is alive with merriment. One is surprised, after the unusually hard style of Holbein, to find here such freedom, such softness, and round richness of expression.*

Amongst the multitudinous subjects that catch the eye as you proceed, perhaps the following have the greatest attractions: Lord Darnley, whom one looks at to wonder what Mary Stuart could have

* If the Jester is provocative of mirth, so were the remarks of a person who, on one occasion, volunteered his ciceroneship. Pointing to "Diana and Actæon," "That," said he, "is Diana *enacting*;" and in this gallery—"Here," he said, "is Henry VIII.," and pointing to the Jester—"there he is in a *gesture*."

seen in his empty plain face to charm her; the Admirable Crichton, worthy of the subject; a portrait of R. Walker the painter, by himself—a most spirited and intellectual head, worthy of a painter or a poet; Cleopatra bitten by the Asp, by Caracci; a Hermit, by Slingeland; Youth and Age, by Denner; Venis and Adonis, by Gennari; St. Catherine reading, by Correggio; Moses striking the Rock, by Salvator Rosa; the Marquis del Guasto and Page, by Titian; Nymphs and Satyrs, by N. Poussin; a saint's head, by G. Dow; Lucretia, by Titian; a Jewish Rabbi, by Rembrandt; a Dutch lady, by Rembrandt; and a boy paring fruit, by Murillo. Between the windows, and in a light where they are seldom seen, are twelve sunny and ethereal figures of the Grecian deities, by Ricci.

We have still to pass through no less than eight rooms crowded with paintings, many of them by the best masters, before we arrive at the Gallery of the Cartoons, which it is impossible within the limits of this article to notice. The Queen's Bedchamber, where yet stands the rich state bed of Queen Ann, has its ceiling painted by Sir James Thornhill, representing Aurora rising out of the sea, and its walls adorned by the pencils of Honthorst, Parmegiano, Claude, Guido, Michael Angelo, Giorgione, Titian, and others. The Queen's

Drawing-room, with a painted ceiling by Verrio, Queen Ann occupying the centre in the character of Justice, is entirely appropriated to the works of Benjamin West,—full-lengths of the family of his great patron George III., besides several historical subjects, the finest of which are,—the Oath of Hannibal; Peter denying Christ; the Departure of Regulus; and the Death of General Wolfe.

The Queen's Audience Chamber, besides the state bed of William III., has a multitude of paintings, principally by Kneller, Mytens, Spagnoletto, Schiavone, Holbein, West, Ricci, P. Veronese, Julio Romano, etc. The Public Dining-room contains models of Buckingham Palace, and of palaces intended to have been raised in Richmond Gardens and Hyde Park; the large old water-colour paintings; the Triumphs of Julius Cæsar, and several good paintings, amongst which Duns Scotus, by Spagnoletto, rivets the attention by its stern severity. We pass through the Queen's Private Chapel; the Private Dining-room; the King's Private Dressing-room, and George II.'s Private Chamber, and enter the Gallery of the Cartoons of Raffaele.

These celebrated and masterly works, it is well known, are seven in number—namely: the Death of Ananias; Elymas the Sorcerer, struck blind by St. Paul; Peter and John at the Beautiful Gate of

the Temple; the Miraculous Draught of Fishes; Paul and Barnabas at Lystra; Paul Preaching at Athens; Christ's Charge to Peter.

So much has been written about these noble drawings, and so well are their character and subjects known, through abundant comment and by engravings, that I shall confine myself to a few matter-of-fact remarks regarding them. No comment and no engravings can convey an adequate idea of their beauty and sublimity. They must be seen, and not only seen, but studied, and that repeatedly and long, before their whole force and perfection can be felt. The first view of them generally disappoints. In such enthusiastic terms have all been accustomed to hear them spoken of, or written of, that they come prepared to expect an instant burst of splendour of colours and startling magnificence of objects, that do not exist in part, and in part are not at once recognised. The colours, by exposure to damps, to the injuries of ignorant neglect, and the silent action of years, are in a great degree dimmed and faded; so that, coming to them from the rich colouring of oil paintings, with heated imaginations, and beholding them in the sober light of this gallery, they have even a dingy aspect; and we have frequently witnessed the first disappointed wonder of visitants of taste.

But it requires you to fix your eye upon them but for a short period, before they begin to fill you with awe and surprise. You become speedily sensible of their ample size, and the admirable proportions of figure in each splendid group; of the distinctive character of each separate scene, and of each individual in it; of the strong and life-like expression in every form, both of physical power or weakness; and of every passion, sentiment, and feeling, in each different countenance. You feel that the perfection of art has placed before you some of the most marvellous persons and events in the human history in all the truth of nature. These grand assemblages of sainted men momentarily grow on your eye and your mind; they become solemn and sublime visions;—and you soon forget that you are merely gazing upon sheets of paper that were prepared for the weavers of Arras; and seem to be admitted, by the retrospective power of a sacred enthusiasm, to behold the presence of Christ and the deeds and faith of his greatest disciples on the hallowed ground of their occurrence.

The reader knows that these Cartoons were executed by Raffaele during the last two years of his life, when he was thirty-six and thirty-seven years of age, at the command of Pope Leo X., as patterns for tapestry to adorn the papal chapel. They

are supposed to have been originally twelve in number, seven of which are here ; and four others, Pyne, in his "History of the Royal Residences," states to be also in this country. The *Vision of Ezekiel* and a *Holy Family*, at Broughton, formerly the seat of the Duke of Montagu ; a *Holy Family*, at the seat of the late Duke of Beaufort ; and the centre, or principal part of a Cartoon—*The Massacre of the Innocents*, in possession of Mr. Prince Hoare. They are called Cartoons, from being merely on paper. On being delivered to the weavers at Arras, they proceeded to cut them into six or seven slips each, in order to work more readily from them. The assassination of the Pope, as it prevented the tapestries being placed in the chapel for which they were intended, also left them unpaid for, and the Cartoons were detained by the weavers at Arras for the debt. Here they lay for about a century, it is said, in a cellar. They were then purchased for James I. of England, or, as is said by others, for Charles I., at the suggestion of Rubens. Scarcely were they arrived in this country, when our civil commotions threw them into danger. They were sold during the Commonwealth for 300*l.* ; but by some means became overlooked, and lay for another century, till discovered at Hampton Court in William III.'s reign. They were after-

wards conveyed to Windsor ; they have been lent to the Royal Academicians ; and after all these changes and perils were restored to Hampton Court by George III., who had them placed in their present frames at a cost of 500*l*. They have been copied by Sir James Thornhill of their full size, and by Charles Jervas and Goupy in small. And various engravings have been made from them, as by Gribbelin, Dorigny, Holloway, Fitler, and Burnet.

A short time ago a violent cry was raised in the London journals for the removal of these splendid works of art to the metropolis. It was curious to see some of the most zealous of these journalists menacing them with destruction, both from fire and water. They were represented as perishing from damp in a rotting and neglected old palace ; and the palace as in danger of being burnt down. Every one, after this, must be surprised to find the palace a firm and compact brick building, not very liable, either from material or situation, to fire, and remarkably dry, in excellent preservation, and kept in the neatest order. The reasons urged would have been equally good for stripping the palace of the Beauties, and of any other valuable painting. But the zealous advocates for their removal forgot that London has no place fit to receive them, either

in point of size or in means of protecting them from the effects of a London atmosphere. Here they are in a pure air, and there is no reason to believe that they have suffered materially since they have been finally deposited in this gallery; and the facility of a railroad has made them nearly as accessible to all persons in the metropolis, as if they were in some part of the great Babel itself; while 32,000 visitors, in one month, prove they offer an additional inducement to a country trip. Were a new gallery built for their reception, it should be much larger than the present one, in fact, nearly as wide as this is long. In this, we are too near all those hung on the side of the gallery, as by looking on either of those at the ends from the centre of the gallery you instantly perceive. It is only there that you see them in the full strength of their relief, and comprehend the beauty of the whole group.

Here we must quit the presence of these noblest of the conceptions of the divine Raffaele, —rejoicing, however, that they are now free to our contemplation as the very landscape around them, and that we can, at our pleasure, walk into this fine old palace, linger before these sacred creations at our will, and return to them again and again.

Quitting them, we shall now hastily quit the palace of Hampton Court; for though there is a small room adjoining, containing Cassanova's drawing of Raffaele's celebrated picture of the Transfiguration, and several other interesting paintings; and yet another long Portrait Gallery, filled from end to end with the forms and faces of celebrated persons by celebrated artists, we can but gaze and pass on. And yet who would not delight to have that one room to himself, to haunt day after day, and to ponder over the features and costumes of Locke, Newton, Sheridan, Boyle, Charles XII. of Sweden, Caroline, the Queen of George II., made interesting to all the world by the author of *Waverley*, in the interview of Jeannie Deans? Who would not pass a moment before even the little Geoffrey Hudson, and think of all that diminutive knight's wrath, his duel, and his adventure in the pie? Lord Falkland's fine and characteristic face is a sight worth a long hour's walk on a winter's morning; and the Earl of Surrey, flaming in his scarlet dress, scarlet from head to foot,—who would not stop and pay homage to the memory of his bravery, his poetry, and his Geraldine? But there are Rosamond Clifford and Jane Shore. Lely had not brought the Graces into England in their day, and therefore, instead of those wondrous

beauties which we expect them, we find them—ghosts.

Here, too, is another portrait of Queen Elizabeth, a full-length by Zuccherò, where “stout Queen Bess” is not in one of her masculine moods of laconic command—when she looked “every inch a queen”—but in a most melancholy and romantic one indeed. She is clad in a sort of Armenian dress—a loose figured robe, without shape, without sleeves, and trimmed with fur; a sort of high cap, and eastern slippers. She is represented in a wood, with a stag near her; and on a tree are cut, one below the other, after the fashion of the old romances, the following sentences:—*INJUSTI JUSTA QUERELA.—MEA SIC MIHI.—DOLOR EST MEDICINA DOLORI.* And at the foot of the tree, on a scroll, these verses, supposed to be of the royal manufacture :

The restless swallow fits my restlesse mind,
 In still revivinge, still renewinge wrongs;
 Her just complaints of cruelty unkinde
 Are all the musique that my life prolonges.
 With pensive thoughts my weeping stag I crown,
 Whose melancholy teares my cares expresse;
 His teares in sylence, and my sighes unknowne
 Are all the physicke that my harmes redresse.
 My onley hopes was in this goodly tree,
 Which I did plant in love, bring up in care

But all in vaine, for now to late I see
The shales be mine, the kernels others are
My musique may be plaintes, my musique teares,
If this be all the fruite my love-tree beares.

We step through the door on which Jane Shore's spectral visage is hung; and lo! we are on the Queen's Staircase, and descend once more to the courts of Wolsey. Long as we have lingered in this old palace, we have had but a glimpse of it. Its antiquities, its pleasantness, and its host of paintings, cannot be comprehended in a Visit; they require a volume; and a most delicious volume that would be, which should take us leisurely through the whole, giving us the spirit and the history, in a hearty and congenial tone, of its towers and gardens, and all the renowned persons who have figured in its courts, or whose limned shapes now figure on its walls.

VISIT TO COMPTON-WINYATES,

WARWICKSHIRE.

COMPTON-WINYATES is a curious old house belonging to the Marquis of Northampton, and gives the title of Lord Compton to his eldest son. It lies in the range of hills of which Edge-Hill forms a part, and is about four miles from Edge-Hill, and two from the village of Brailes. Perhaps there is no house in the kingdom which is located in a more hidden and out-of-the-world situation. It stands in a deep hollow of this range of hills, surrounded by woods and ponds. It is often called Compton-in-the-Hole, from its singular site; and a man of whom I asked the way to it, said, "You never *seed* a house in sich a hole."

In endeavouring to find it, I passed from Edge-Hill, down the vale of the Red Horse, leaving the Red Horse itself on my left hand;* passing through

* This is the rude figure of a horse cut in the turf of the hill side, showing the red marle of the hill, most probably in com-

the obscure village of Church-Tysoe, and there made inquiries. So little even did the villagers, who were perhaps not more than a mile from it, seem to know it, that one had to go and inquire of another the way to it. I was at last informed that there was a narrow lane which led to it; but that it was so circuitous, I had better take a footpath leading over a hill which was in view, and to keep a mill which stood on its summit to my right. This is the mill of Over-Tysoe, which is laid down in the map of Kington hundred, in the Coventry edition of Sir William Dugdale's *Antiquities of Warwickshire*, from a survey in 1725; so that the mill, or a mill, has stood there for one hundred and fourteen years at least. I went on towards it, but soon found the footpath fade away to nothing, and I therefore ascended to this ancient mill to inquire there. When within a short distance of this mill I observed a stile to my left, and on reaching it beheld, to my great satisfaction, this old house of Compton-Winyates lying down in the solitary and most secluded valley below me.

I know not how to describe the feeling which came over me at the sight of it. There was some-

memoration of some ancient battle, as the White Horse in the vale of the same name in Berkshire.

thing so still—so dreamlike—so unlike any ancient hall which I had ever seen, that I stood and gazed on it in a sort of wondering reverie. It seemed as if I had suddenly come upon an enchanted region, or had got a peep at the Castle of Avalon, where King Arthur and Ogeir the Paladin are said still to abide with the fairy Morgana, awaiting the time when they shall return to the realms of France and England, to restore them to their ancient chivalrous honour. The words of Bishop Percy's ballad of the Hermit of Warkworth came vividly into my mind.

Behind yon hill so steep and high,
Down in the lowly glen,
There stands a castle fair and strong,
Far from the abode of men.

Far indeed from the abodes of men did it seem, though I had so recently passed through the village of Tysoe,—but it was far from the stir of the present men of cities and steam-engines. It was not of the fashion of these times. There stood, in its perfect calm, that dark-red old mansion, with all its gables, towers, and twisted chimneys; with its one solitary smoke ascending above its roof, and around it neither other habitation nor any visible object or sound of life. Its hills and woods seemed to shut

it in to a perpetual loneliness; and the gleam of still waters came dimly here and there through the openings amongst overhanging boughs.

I hastened down into the valley, and plunged into the woody shades. I passed the head of those nearly-hidden ponds, and as I approached the house, its utter solitude became more and more sensibly felt. It was now the moated grange of Tennyson's poetry. You might quite expect to see Mariana watching at one of the windows. The moat was not as most old moats now are, dry and become a green hollow, but full of water, as if still necessary for defence. As you drew near, a little church revealed itself under the trees on your right hand, while a garden on your left, leading down to the house, retained the style in which it had been first laid out some centuries ago. There was the little footpath by which the family came to church, running along amid evergreens cut into a variety of shapes, not only peacocks and such things, but cut also into such figures as corresponded with the figures of the beds in which they grew,—cubes, rhomboids, triangles of different degrees of acuteness.

To reach the great entrance of the house, it was necessary to hold round some offices to the left, and then I came into the front of the old court.

Here a scene of ruin presented itself. The buildings on one side of the court-yard were nearly pulled down; on the other they consisted of a range of stables, coach-houses, etc. in a state of great dilapidation. This front, which is the south, is very venerable. It contains an old projecting gateway leading to the inner court, and various gables, towers, and twisted chimneys. Over the gateway are the royal arms, supported by a griffin and a dog, and surmounted by the crown royal. The spandrel of the porch surrounding the arms in form of a tablet, and the whole of the moulding of the spandrel, are ornamented with quaint animals, as lizards, mice, dogs, etc. In the corners between the elliptic arch and the spandrel, are emblazoned a portcullis on one side, and castle on the other, with the rose between them and the point of the arch; and, on each side of the spandrel, in the brick wall, is again emblazoned in stone, the rose surmounted by the crown. These are indications of that loyalty of the Comptons and of that royal favour of which we shall speak anon.

Passing through this gateway, you find yourself in the square court round which the house is built. The great hall is opposite to you on the right. You are struck with its grand bay-window, with its turreted head, and ornamented frieze. The old

hall is lofty, and retains the style and features of the feudal age. In its oaken roof may yet be seen traces of the aperture whence the smoke made its escape from the fire in the centre of the floor. It has its old music-gallery, and the screen beneath it is curiously carved with fine tracery of leaves, amongst which the thistle is conspicuous. In the centre of the screen is a cross-panel, with a rude escutcheon of the ancient arms of the Comptons. The chief bearings are meant to represent a lion passant guardant between three helmets, the present arms of the Northampton family. There is also a battle scene upon this panel, with the most rude and grotesque figures of knights on horse-back, fighting, others falling, others lying slain—all sketched with a grace that would match some of the Egyptian tombs, and a perspective that would delight a Chinese. Some of the slain men are tumbling up hill, and others are miraculously lying in the air, as if there were no such thing as specific gravity in the world. One wonders that even the carver could keep any gravity in himself. It is a performance in the very rudest style of art, and were not the thistle visible would be supposed to be very ancient. One might attribute it to some genius of design who flourished in this secluded region at the time of the erection of the screen, did

not our old woodcuts of James I.'s time show us that the most eminent engravers of the realm then designed exactly in the same style. At all events it is a genuine curiosity; and no doubt is intended to represent some battle with which the family was concerned, if we could but understand it.

The hall, as the whole house indeed is, is stripped of its original furniture and decorations. The dais is gone. The banners which waved in the smoky roof, wave there no longer; and the arms and armour, trophies of hard-fought fields, which were wont to cover the walls, have vanished. One solitary black-jack of capacious dimensions, and a large pair of stag's antlers, alone remained.

I was glad to see in the large bay-window a book lying for the reception of the names of visitors, for even this most retired mansion, by its peculiar style, and traditions belonging to it, has begun to draw the attention of the curious. The book was only introduced during the last summer, yet I found inscribed the names of

Lord Glenelg.

George Lucy,

Mrs. Lucy,

Rev. John Lucy,

Dr. Buckland, of Oxford.

Lord Nugent.

} of Charlecote.

As I proceeded through the house, I became sensible of its present condition. It is thoroughly stripped of furniture. It has not been inhabited for these ninety years, except the lodge in the gateway, and a portion of the east front, which is the residence of the bailiff. There is not a bench or table, not a picture or piece of tapestry left. The rooms are all empty, excepting one or two, moderately furnished for the use of the Marquis on any temporary visit in the shooting season. Except in these few rooms, the walls are all naked, and what is worse, they appear at the latest period of the occupation of the house to have been papered in the then style. This paper has in most cases been stripped off; in some rooms entirely, in others by patches and fragments. In some few instances, perhaps a whole room has escaped the hands that have thus delighted to destroy; but wherever that is the case, the paper is of the most ordinary and coarse kind, and in vast and rude patterns, as if it were from the very first manufactory, and therefore of the very rudest fashion. Altogether, as may be supposed, the place has a most forlorn air; yet is by no means a ruin. The roof has been kept in repair, and the ceilings in general are in good condition, and many of them very beautiful; and have evidently been cleaned at a recent period, so as to

show their design and excellence. The ceilings are indeed amongst the most striking features of the place. They are in so superior a style that their quality evidently saved them, when the walls were modernized, from a similar fate, and now present a singular contrast.

We noticed the royal arms and the roses emblazoned on the gateway; and the thistle on the screen in the hall. These ceilings everywhere display the same emblems, and point to the two great eras of royal favour. The ceilings are of stucco-work. In many of them appear massy escutcheons of the royal arms; in others the portcullis and castle; in others large roses and thistles; and, again, the rose and the thistle united, not merely in one bouquet, but half a thistle and half a rose joined into one strange heraldic flower. The room called Henry VIII.'s room, has various emblazonments of the royal arms in stained glass in the windows.

All these armorial insignia, thistles, roses, and unions of thistle and rose, record the loyalty of the house in the reigns of Henry VIII. and James I., in which the Comptons received distinguished marks of the royal grace.

There are other hints of the history of this house visible in it. There was no one at it who could give any account of it. The young woman who

showed it, said she had not long been there, and knew nothing of it—but added the consoling intelligence that the old woman who had been there thirty years, and knew all about it, was dead. The steward was not at home; and the house, stripped as it was, was obliged to speak for itself. In some respects it were to be wished that it had done it more intelligibly

In the tower overlooking the outer court there was a trapdoor, and the ladder yet remaining below. On inquiring where that ladder led to, my guide told me that the soldiers used to hide themselves down there. What soldiers? That was not in her book. We shall see that anon.

Another indication of what had been going on here during the great political changes of England, was given by the fact that there are two chapels in the house. One is on the ground floor, still retaining on its walls the tables of the Decalogue and Psalms, showing that it had been used as a Protestant chapel in the later days. But in the roof we came to another chapel, which is called the Popish chapel. This had evidently been constructed as a place of secret worship when Popery was become illegal, and could only be practised in the utmost privacy. It was therefore constructed in the roof by

oaken frame-work fitted in between the timber of the roof, and wainscot partitions, leaving behind them a space into which the worshippers, if surprised by their now Protestant masters, could disappear through different doors leading to two private staircases. Nothing could be more expressive of what had been going on here in troublous times, nor could more stimulate one's curiosity as to who were the actors in these affairs, but nothing more was to be learned on the spot. All living knowledge of these persons and transactions had passed away, and almost all living persons too.

In the lower chapel there were, as I observed, signs of Protestant devotion, but there were also signs of Popish worship too of a more ancient date, or at least of that reformed worship of Henry VIII.'s time, which was Popery scarcely a single degree removed. There was an open screen, which formed a sort of division between the outer part of the chapel where the servants and dependents sate, from the inner, which was occupied by the lord's family solely. Along the top of this screen ran, on each side of the centre division which formed the doorway, a long narrow panel by way of frieze, and upon these panels, on both sides of them, were carved scenes, no doubt in-

tended to be religious, and evidently by the same hand as that which adorned the screen beneath the music-gallery in the hall.

On one panel appears a row of saints or kings, of a solemn stateliness and dignity, most primitively expressed, each holding a huge sword on his shoulder. On the fellow panel appears the Old Gentleman, and a very corpulent old gentleman too, with a stout pair of horns, standing, or sitting in a very standing posture, and either fighting with a great saint or monk, or in the act of being exorcised by him; to decide which, however, would perhaps require us to call up from the dead the genius who designed the piece. Probably, after all, it is intended to depict the contest of St. Michael and the old dragon. Whatever it be, around the saint or archangel, appear monster heads, haunting fiends, no doubt attempting to intimidate him, and behind him come riding up troops of people in very primitive, wide, short frocks, or surcoats, mounted on very odd horses, bearing a striking resemblance to large dogs with asses' ears, and behind each person is mounted an imp, looking very alert and triumphant. Some of those imps have monstrous long ears pricked up, others long ears hanging down to their middle, and others wearing fools' caps.

These two panels are within the inner cha el,

and thereby meant for the edification of the lord and his family. On the back, that is, facing the people, appear two other subjects, still more difficult to decipher. One is probably meant for Christ on his way to the Crucifixion, for he is seen bearing his cross, and angels are crowning him. The other is perhaps the Ascension. There is seen a figure supported by two lower figures upon a cushion, or, perhaps, a cloud, and crowned by what are very likely meant for angels. In the group appears a stag with stupendous horns, at whose business there one cannot help wondering; except that a stag is similarly introduced in some of the old Christmas carols.

These singular carvings, as well as those on the screen of the music-gallery, have, in the course of modern improvements, been all painted white. Perhaps, however, they are not the more indistinct for that, and are curious for their very rudeness of execution. One sees in them what our Catholic ancestors, both gentle and simple, used to puzzle and wonder over, during the rude ages when mysteries and miracle-plays were in vogue, and the scenery and figures for them were got up by artists like him whose handiworks yet flourish here. Such are the appearances which present themselves to a stranger first going over this singular

and solitary old house. Let us now call in the aid of history to throw as much light upon it as we can.

The Comptons were a distinguished family in Warwickshire from a period soon after the Conquest. From the reign of King John to the time of Henry VIII. they continued living here, holding various offices of honour and responsibility under the crown. One of them accompanied Edward II. in his expedition into Wales. But Sir William Compton of the reign of Henry VIII. was the first to raise the family to a greater degree of honour. He was the first page to Henry when he was but a boy; then successively groom and chief gentleman of the bedchamber, and chancellor of Ireland. So greatly did he rise in the good graces of the king, that, says Dugdale, Henry "made him a special grant to himself and his heirs of an honourable augmentation of his arms out of the said king's own royal ensigns and devices, viz. a lion passant guardant Or, and for his crest a demi-dragon erased Gules, within a coronet of gold, upon a Torse Argent and Vert." He was knighted, and led the rear-guard of the king's army at Terouenne, which was principally composed of the retinue of Richard Fox, Bishop of Winchester, and Wolsey, then the king's almoner. He joined, in the 16th of

Henry VIII., the Marquis of Dorset, to assist the Earl of Surrey in his expedition towards Scotland against the Duke of Albany, and in the following year was appointed *Bursarius Regis*.

It was this Sir William who built the present house. He was royal keeper of the park at Fulbrook, the same which afterwards came into the hands of Sir Thomas Lucy, and where Shakspeare invaded his deer. The castle of Fulbrook, Sir William Compton, by royal permission, pulled down, and with the brick principally constructed this house. There is a tradition that he had the chimneys, which were very curious, removed whole, and conveyed to Compton upon scaffolds framed for the purpose. They are certainly a set of fine old chimneys of various devices.

"In the chapel within this house," says Sir William Dugdale, "was a costly window of rare workmanship, the Passion of our Saviour being therein very lively represented; and in the lower part thereof his own portraiture, as also that of his lady, both kneeling, in their surcoats of arms." Sir William enclosed a park here, and died of the sweating sickness in the 20th of Henry VIII., the king also being very ill of it at the time. In remembrance of the king's goodness to him, he bequeathed him "a little chest of ivory, whereof the lock was gilt,

with a chess board under the same, and a pair of tables upon it; and all such jewels and treasures as were enclosed therein." He founded also two chantries at Compton for daily prayers "for the soul of the King, the Queen, and Lady Ann Hastings; as also for the souls of himself, his wife, his ancestors, and all Christian souls." Notwithstanding which, Wolsey, to whom it does not appear that he had left any thing, would not grant a probate of his will till he had figured one thousand marks. His grandson Henry became Lord Compton in the reign of Elizabeth, and in the 16th of James I. his son William was created Earl of Northampton. The family had now risen to high rank. The Earl was also lieutenant of the county, knight of the garter, and president of the king's council in the marches of Wales; and it was his fortune to bring by his marriage as much wealth into his house as he had brought honour into it. He wedded Elizabeth, the daughter and heiress of Sir John Spenser, alderman of London; and there is that about this notable dame which it will be worth while to look a little more particularly at.

Miss Spenser was the richest heiress of the time. Her father's wealth, supposed to be approaching to a million of money, was enormous even for a lord mayor of London at that day. So great was it,

that a scheme had once been set on foot by the pirates of Dunkirk to carry him off, in order to extort a famous ransom. When Lord Compton came to a sudden and full discovery of the wealth which Sir John had left, it so overcame him that he became unsettled in his intellects for a considerable period. His lady, who seems to have been a woman of great spirit, and by no means foolishly unconscious of the magnificence of her dowry, and the consequence it justly conferred upon her, took the most likely means recall his scattered senses. She addressed to him a letter, suggesting to him the mode of disposing of his affairs, which she concluded thus on her own behalf.

“ My sweet life, Now I have declared to you my mind for the settling of your estate, I suppose that it were best for me to bethink and consider within myself what allowance were meetest for me. I pray and beseech you to grant to me, your most kind and loving wife, the sum of 2600*l.* quarterly to be paid. Also I would, besides that allowance, have 600*l.* quarterly to be paid, for the performance of charitable works: and those things I would not, neither will be accountable for. Also, I will have three horses for my own saddle, that none shall dare to lend or borrow; none lend but I, none borrow but you. Also, I would have two gentle-

women, lest one should be sick, or have some other let. Also, believe it, it is an undecent thing for a gentlewoman to stand mumping alone, when God hath blessed their lord and lady with a great estate. Also, when I ride a-hunting, or a-hawking, or travel from one house to another, I will have them attending; so, for either of those said women, I must, and will have for either of them a horse. Also, I will have six or eight gentlemen; and I will have my two coaches, one lined with velvet for myself, with four very fair horses; and a coach for my women, lined with cloth and laced with gold, or otherwise with scarlet and laced with silver, with four good horses. Also, I will have two coachmen; one for my own coach, the other for my women. Also, at any time when I travel, I will be allowed not only caroches and spare horses, for me and my women, and I will have such carriages as be fitting for all, orderly, not pestering my things with my women's, nor theirs with either chamber-maids, nor theirs with wash-maids. Also, for laundresses, when I travel, I will have them sent away before with the carriages, to see all safe. And the chamber-maids I will have go before, that the chamber may be ready, sweet and clean. Also, that it is undecent for me to crowd up myself with my gentleman-usher in my coach, I will have him to have a convenient

horse to attend me, either in city or country. And I must have two footmen. And my desire is, that you defray all the charges for me. And for myself, besides my yearly allowance, I would have twenty gowns of apparel; six of them excellent good ones, eight of them for the country, and six other of them very excellent good ones. Also, I would have to put in my purse 2000*l.* and 200*l.*, and so, you to pay my debts. Also I would have 6000*l.* to buy me jewels; and 4000*l.* to buy me a perl chain. Now, seeing I have been, and am so reasonable unto you, I pray you do find my children apparel, and their schooling, and all my servants, men and women, their wages. Also, I will have all my houses furnished, and my lodging chambers to be suited with all such furniture as is fit: as beds, stools, chairs, suitable cushions, carpets, silver warming-pans, cupboards of plate, fair hangings, and such-like. So for my drawing-chamber in all houses, I will have them delicately furnished, both with hangings, couch, canopy, glass, carpet, chairs, cushions, and all things thereunto belonging. Also, my desire is, that you would pay your debts, build up Ashby-house and purchase lands, and lend no money, as you love God, to my lord-chamberlain, who would have all, perhaps your life, from you.

“So, now that I have declared to you what I would have, and what it is that I would not have, I pray you, when you be an earl, to allow me 2000*l*. more than I now desire, and double attendance.”*

Surely nothing could act as a more perfect sedative to the excited mind of the astonished nobleman than this admirable letter. Nothing could be more calculated to reduce him to soberness of thought. It showed him that if his wife's fortune was magnificent, she had a right magnificent mind and notion of spending it. There is something irresistibly pleasant in her “I must and will.” Her 2600*l*. to be paid quarterly, and 600*l*. quarterly for charities; and 6000*l*. for jewels, and 4000*l*. for a pearl chain; and 2000*l*. and 200*l*. to furnish her purse with at starting; and all her very excellent gowns; and gentlewomen, and gentlemen, and caroches and couches, and saddle horses, and all her houses richly furnished; and all her debts paid, and all her servants' wages into the bargain; “and so you to defray all charges for me:” and then when he became an earl, 2000*l*. more and double attendance! No wonder that his lordship recovered his senses; for there was a most comfortable prospect of expenditure chalked out for him. And the

* Harleian MSS.

warning not to lend any money to my lord-chamberlain—how good it is. O! she was a right stately, gorgeous, and goodly dame, worthy to be the daughter of the lord mayor of London, and first Countess of Northampton of that line! Who does not see her coming in her velvet-lined coach, with her gentleman-usher riding by her coach-door; and her waiting-gentlewoman in their coach lined with cloth and gold lace, or scarlet and silver lace; and all her cavalcade of attendants on horseback, and her led horses that “nobody shall lend but me, and nobody borrow but you;” and all her chambermaids and laundresses gone before with the stores of household linen, and her “very excellent good gowns” in their separate packages and carriages;—“orderly, not pestering my things with my women’s things, nor theirs with the wash-maids.” What a stir would be created in these quiet villages as the great Countess passed through—what an idea must the villagers have had of a lord mayor of London’s daughter. And what a clatter, and a racket, and a bustle, must there have been about this now silent old mansion when the great lady and her company swept into the court. Who does not see her ascend the easy oaken stairs, with a stately grace, to see whether her women have made the chambers all “ready, sweet, and clean.”

She was clearly a grand and prudent dame, fit to have a princely fortune ; many houses ; to travel from one to another in becoming state ; and to see at once the poor made glad out of her noble reservation for them, and that his lordship built up his decayed houses, paid his debts, and purchased more land. I could not walk about the now deserted chambers without thinking with what a noble presence she once presided, and how indignant she would feel, could she behold them now ; deserted and forlorn.

The name of this splendid lady is retained in that of the present worthy and enlightened Marquis, who is Spenser Joshua Alwyne Compton ; and who married Margaret Clephane, the friend of Sir Walter Scott.

The son of this first Earl of Northampton and of this great heiress was Spenser Compton, commonly called the loyal Earl of Northampton, for his attachment to the cause of Charles I., and his active support of his interest in that country in opposition to Lord Broke, who exerted himself strenuously for the Parliament. The loyalty of the Earl was the more conspicuous, from the general disaffection to the king which prevailed throughout that part of the country, and to such a degree that the smiths used to hide themselves that they might not be com-

pelled to shoe the horses of the royalists. The Earl was killed in the battle of Hopton Heath, and five years afterwards his house at Compton-Winyates was garrisoned by the Parliament army.

We have thus sufficient facts to explain most of the appearances which struck us in going through the house. The roses and thistles, the crowns and royal arms, point to the favours of Henry VIII. and James I. Henry is said to have slept in the room, when he visited Sir William Compton here, which is still called Henry the VIII.'s room, and has his arms emblazoned in the window. James elevated the family to an earldom, and the thistle still proclaims the grateful story. The second earl died in battle for James's son, and his house became the garrison of his enemies. During the five years between the earl's death and that event, how many skirmishes and alarms about this old house might suggest the trap-door and the ladder: or the Parliament troops might lodge in that extensive roof, or keep the stores there. This is certain, that they demolished the "costly window of rare workmanship" in the chapel, with the "very lively representation of our Saviour," and the portraits of Sir William and his lady kneeling, in their surcoat of arms. They also destroyed the church just by. "As for the fabric thereof," says Sir William, "it

is now totally reduced to rubbish, having been demolished in an. 1646, when Compton-House was garrisoned by the Parliament forces: the monuments therein, of Sir William Compton and his lady, with that of Henry Lord Compton, their grandson, which were very beautiful and stately, being then utterly rased and knocked in pieces; so that instead of them, which I was not so happy as to take notice of while they stood, I shall here, to the memory of that worthy person (Sir William Compton) and honour of the family, insert the portraitures of himself, his lady, and children, as they still remain, (having been set up in his time) in the Chapell of Baliol College in Oxford."

The church was rebuilt at the Restoration, and contains some monuments of the family since.

One only circumstance, which is mysterious, is the existence of the Popish chapel in the roof. The family was always so loyal and so Protestant, that the existence of such a place in the house is no little curious. Henry Compton, the youngest of the six sons left by the loyal Earl, became bishop of London, and so distinguished himself as the opponent of all schemes for the restoration of Popery, that James II. suspended him; and only restored him on the approach of the Prince of Orange. This pre-

late was active in effecting the Revolution, and settling the government of King William.

The present Marquis, struck with these facts, is inclined to doubt whether this ever was a Popish chapel at all; yet he confesses that a curiously carved door, which he removed from a crypt or confessional in it, lately to Ashby Castle, looks suspicious. In fact, the situation,—in the roof, the construction, with its private closets and staircases, so exactly on the principle of the secret chapels of the recusants, and the established tradition, all seem to reveal a secret which was no doubt well kept, when it was of the greatest consequence—that some one of this highly loyal and Protestant family, the lord, or perhaps his lady, was of the ancient faith, and here practised its rites in the profoundest secrecy. And, indeed, rare must have been the instances in which the subtlest skill and contrivance could prevent the fact of recusancy transpiring, when the richest rewards were offered by government to espionage. In Rushworth we find a list of no less than seven-and-thirty knights and baronets, besides the Earl of Rutland, Viscount Dunbar, William Lord Evre, Lord St. John, and Lord Scroop, as well as a long catalogue of esquires, which was presented by the servile parliament of

James I. as of persons whom it was desirable to remove from the offices of lords lieutenant, magistrates, etc., as Popish recusants, and of many of these the simple offence was that their wives, and in some instances, even their children, did not go to church! In the third year of Charles I., we find the Commons again congratulating the Crown that it had driven all "the Papists and Jesuits, enemies of church and state, to lurk in dark corners like the sons of darkness;" and this was followed by a proclamation, ordering a levy upon their estates of two-thirds of their value, and for all priests and Jesuits not already banished, to be confined in the Castle of Wisbeach.

The eastern part of the house, which we have not yet mentioned, appears to have been the side on which lay the pleasaunce. The boundaries of its walls are yet visible, and the basin of a fountain, now dry. From the pleasaunce the hills rise steeply, scattered with trees; and in a glen to the left are other old ponds, now choked up with mud and weeds, and wild with flags and the black spear-heads of the tall club-rush.

Of the seclusion and desertion of this old "moated grange" some idea may be formed from this fact:—I asked the woman which was the way from the house to Brailes, the next village on my

route. She replied, she “really could not well direct me—for *there once had been a road*, but it was *now grown up*; but I must go directly out at the front gate, through the belt of wood opposite, and hold across the common, as well as I could, till I saw the tower of Brailes.”

In following these encouraging directions to the best of my ability, I speedily found myself on a wild hilly moorland to the south-west of the house, rough with furze, old ant-hills of a yard in height and width, and bogs full of sedge, that would have delighted the eye of Bewick. But I could discern no trace of a path, either to Brailes or any other Christian village. I looked round in silence, and above me on a hill to the left I beheld an old gray pyramid of stone, which had once boasted a vane on its summit, but now exhibited only its iron rod, ruefully leaning as if to look down after its old companions—the weathercock and initials of the four quarters of the heavens. I ascended to this object, in hope that it was meant to mark the site of a prospect into some inhabited country. I walked round it to discern some inscription, explaining the cause of its erection, or some entrance into it; but there was neither entrance nor inscription. It was as mysterious a gray and ancient pyramid as any one could desire. Though not

more, perhaps, than a furlong from the house, I turned and saw that the house was already hidden in its deep combe, and shrouded by its wooded hills, and I was sensibly impressed with the utter loneliness and silence of the scene. The caw of a rook, or the plaintive bleat of a sheep on the moor, were the only sounds that reached me; and the only moving objects were the sails of the old mill on the distant hill, and of slowly-progessing plough-teams far off in the heavy fields. I never, in the moors of Scotland or of Cornwall, felt such a brooding sense of a forlorn solitude. I need not have wondered, had I looked, as I have done since, and found, in the old maps of the county, this object laid down as Compton-Pike, and the place itself as the World's End!

There was nothing for it but to push on in the most probable direction of my route, and fortunately I soon spied—a man! an old man, heavily mounting a stile on the hill-side, which led into the fields. I ran up as fast as I could, leaped the stile and called to him. But by this time he had advanced a good way into the next field. I still ran and shouted, but the wind blew towards me—the man was very old, and, doubtless, deaf. He went stalking on, with a tall staff in one hand, and a bag on his back—a figure worth any thing to a painter,

but a most provoking one to me. Luckily at this moment I descried another man at a distance, actually advancing towards me. I waited his approach, and he soon pointed the direction of my course. Two such men in such a place were really little short of a miracle; and this was as tall, picturesque, and weather-beaten an old fellow as the other. He was a shepherd, who had been all his life thereabout, but could give no more information respecting the old house than what I had heard before—that it had been stripped of its furniture ninety years ago, and some sent to Ashby Castle, and the rest sold. And what was this done for? “O! elections, sir! elections! *they* did it that have brought the hammer into many a good old house!”

Pondering on the old man's words, I walked over the fields to Brailes, glad that the roof had been kept on the old house, and hopeful, if the wild solitude of its situation did not prevent it, that the rapidly increasing wealth and well-known taste of its present noble owner, may yet cause the refitting of Compton-Winyates, and its restoration to all its ancient state.

A DAY-DREAM AT TINTAGEL.

DURING the whole time I had been wandering in Cornwall, the weather had been most glorious. Now and then, indeed, the southerly wind brought up from the sea one of those thick fogs that wrap up every thing in a moment, and make some of the dreary scenes of that wild country tenfold more dreary; every object being enlarged, and yet only dimly descried through it, while the close stifling heat of it is intense,—you seem to walk about in a vapour-bath at a high temperature, and your clothes are as thoroughly saturated with wet as if you had been dipped in the ocean. Now and then this had been the case, but only for a short time; the wind veered to another point, and the whole was swept away; driving over the plains like smoke, you might almost suppose there was a city on fire beneath it; and rolling along the sides of the bare hills and high craggy coasts in a style that might rejoice the eye of the painter and the poet. It had

been fine, but this morning seemed to rise, as if it would outshine all its forerunners. The sun ascended into a sky of cloudless and soul-inspiring azure; a western breeze came with that fluttering freshness which tells you it comes from the ocean: the dew lay in glittering drops on the sides of the green hills on each hand, and the lark was high in heaven overhead, sending forth all the fulness of the heart's rejoicing, which mine endeavoured to express in vain.

I was fast approaching the western coast, and one of those deep wild valleys which, in so many places, run down from the mainland to the seashore—gashes cut, as it were by some giant hand in the days of the earth's infancy, to give a speedy access to the ocean, which you might have otherwise sought in vain amongst craggy hills and continuous precipices—now suddenly opened before me, and gave me, at once, sight of the magnificent Atlantic, flashing and rolling in the morning sun, and the lofty promontory and dark mouldering ruins I was in search of. I descended the ravine by its narrow rocky road. The polypody and hartstongue hung in long luxuriant greenness on the mossy acclivity at my right, the small wild rose blooming amongst them; on the left ran, dashing and murmuring, a clear little torrent, soon in-

tercepted by a picturesque old mill stuck in a nook of the hollow below me, whose large overshot-wheel sent the water splashing and spattering down into a rocky basin beneath. I stepped across this little stream, and wound along a path like a sheep-track up the steep side of the lofty hill on which stood the old palace. What a magnificent scene was here! The ruins of that ancient place were visible over an extent that gave ample evidence of an abode befitting an old British king; and their site was one worthy of the great hero of romance, the morning star of chivalry, and the theme of a thousand minstrel harps, ringing in hall and bower, diffusing love and martial daring in the sound. They occupied the hill on which I stood, and a high-towering and rock-ridged promontory, whose dark tremendous precipices frown awfully over the sea. Arches and flights of steps cut in the native rock remain; and walls, based on the crags, as they protrude themselves from the ground, some at one elevation and some at another, and inclosing wide areas, which once were royal rooms, but are now carpeted with the softest turf; where the goat, or the mountain sheep, grazes, or seeks shelter from the noon sun and the ocean wind, and where the children from the mill come up and pursue their solitary sports, build mimic castles with the fallen

stones of the dwelling of ancient kings, and enclose paddocks and gardens with rows of them. Some of these stones I put into my knapsack, for I would not disturb a particle which time had yet left in the place where the builder laid it many an age ago. Other battlemented walls, which constituted the out-works and fortifications, run winding here and there up the steeps, and along the strips of green turf, apparently natural terraces, on the heights of the promontory; and, between the two hills, show themselves the massy foundations of the bridge which connected that part of the royal castle on the promontory with that on the mainland. This promontory is now called the island, because the mighty Atlantic has nearly succeeded by its perpetual attacks, century after century, with all the force of tides and tempests, in severing it entirely from the mainland. In stormy weather it rushes through the opening with a terrible roar and concussion; and it has, in fact, made such an inroad between the island and the castle hill, as to have formed a large cove, surrounded by stupendous precipices, into which it pours, even at neap-tides, with a glorious rage, and most magnificent sound. It has carried away, in its aggression, half of the castle itself, and has left the other half aloft on the edge of a sheer descent of several hundred feet,

awaiting its gradual destruction from the everlasting onset of the waves. The great circular tower—the one where we may suppose the Round Table to have stood, has thus fallen half into the gulf, and has half yet standing, to show awhile longer, by its lofty walls and ample dimensions, what a noble banqueting-room for one hundred and thirty heroes, and a due proportion of ladies fair, it must have been.

I was standing on the edge of this dizzy height, listening to the solemn roar of the sea, as it rolled its host of waves into the cove, white as a sea of milk, amongst the square masses of rock scattered over its bottom, and to the cries of the choughs or red-legged crows, that soared and darted about over this wild scene of agitated waters, and amongst the lofty cliffs, with an evident and intense delight, that one well might envy, and uttering, with never-ceasing din, their quaint, croaking cry of, “choo, choo,” whence they derive their name. I was listening thus, and letting my eyes wander right and left, where I still beheld only craggy downs, dun precipices, up which the waters were leaping, white as snow, and streaming down again slowly, as if they clung to the rocks in love, in streaks as of molten silver; and the great ocean itself, with its everlasting life of motion and of sound

—its breezy heart-strengthening freshness—its far-off sails—and its shoreward cries of many a wild-voiced bird. I was standing thus occupied when a troop of lads came merrily up the hill. When they saw me, there was a moment's silence. "Well my lads," said I, "don't let me hinder your sport. I know what you are after; you mean to visit the nests of the terns and choughs, if you don't break your necks first." They looked at each other and laughed. "What hill do you call this?"—"Hill, Sir? O! it's Tintagel, Sir."—"Tintagel! Well, and what old castle is this, then?"—"Castle, Sir? its King Arthur's castle!"—"King Arthur's castle! and who was King Arthur?" The lads seemed sharp lads enough; they had sparkling eyes, faces full of intelligence; they were lads full of activity and spirit, and yet they looked at one another with a funny kind of wonder. It was a question they had evidently never had put to them. The fame of King Arthur was a thing supposed to be so perfectly commonplace that nobody ever thought of asking about it; and therefore the boys were unprovided with an answer. They were learned in a far different lore; in the ways and means of coming at the retreats of terns, smews, choughs, and their airy and cliff-haunting fellows. "King Arthur!" at length said one of them, "why we don't know

nothing about him, only as he was a king.”—“A king! ay, but when could that be? it can’t have been of late; they have all been Georges and Williams lately.”—“Oh! Lord bless you Sir! this castle was built before we were born!” and with that most luminous solution of the difficulty, they scampered off, over crag, ruin, and green slope, down to the ravine, and up the opposite winding track to the top of the island, and soon were out of sight in eager pursuit of their object.

Built before you were born! Ay, sure enough my light-hearted lads, by many a long century, if minstrels and chroniclers say true—thirteen at least—more ages than you have seen years over your heads. And look! every thing around seems to say, that the old minstrels and chroniclers were right. There is an air of antiquity on the very hills themselves; they are high and bare to the breezes of heaven and the ocean; the rocks protrude from their green sides, gray with the stains of centuries—the ravages which the sea has committed on the land have not been effected in any trivial time—and the venerable walls of Tintagel have every character of an ancient and primitive masonry. They are built of the micaceous slate on which they stand; a gray and sparkling substance, that, if found in blocks, might give a beautiful aspect to a

building, but existing in such thin laminæ—many not above a few inches thick—one cannot but equally wonder at the patience with which those old builders piled them up, and at their not resorting to those endless blocks of harder stone that lie scattered over the hills of the neighbourhood. I know not whether Warton ever saw the place, but he gives you a very good idea of it in his “Grave of King Arthur”—

O'er Cornwall's cliffs the tempest roared,
High the screaming sea-mew soared ;
On Tintagel's topmost tower
Darksome fell the sleety shower ;
Round the rough castle shrilly sung
The whirling blast, and wildly flung
On each tall rampart's thundering side
The surges of the tumbling tide.

Yes ! you may well imagine it to have been a “rough castle” of a very ancient day ; and yet you may as readily imagine it too in its first estate—in its majestic situation, with its walls of fresh silvery stone, with all its ample towers and halls, courts and ramparts, offices and gardens—to have stood a stately object of barbaric splendour. I threw myself with these thoughts on the warm green turf, leaning against a great block of stone on the edge

of the gulf, and gazed on the strange scene. As the sound of the billows came up from below, and the cliffs stood around in their dark solemn grandeur, I gradually lost sight of the actual place, and was gone into the very land and times of old romance. The Palace of Tintagel was no longer a ruin ; it stood before me in that barbaric splendour I had only before supposed. There it was, in all its amplitude, with all its bastions and battlements, its towers and massy archways, dark, yet glittering in the sun with a metallic lustre. The porter stood by its gate ; the warder paced its highest turret, beholding, with watchful glance, sea and land : guards walked to and fro on its great drawbridge, their battle-axes flashing in the morning beams as they turned ; pennons were streaming on every tower, and war-steeds were neighing in their stalls. There was a sound and a stir of life. Where I had seen before the bare green turf, I now saw knights jousting for pastime in the tilt-yard : where the sea had rolled, I beheld a fair garden, the very model of that of the King's daughter of Hungarie.

— A garden that was full gay :
And in the garden, as I ween,
Was an arbour fair and green ;
And in the arbour was a tree,
No fairer in the world might be,

The tree it was of cypress,
The first tree that Jesus chose.
The southernwood and sycamore,
The red-rose and the lily-flower ;
The box, the beech, and the laurel-tree,
The date, also the damysé :
The filberds hanging to the ground,
The fig-tree, and the maple round ;
And other trees there many a one,
The pyany, poplar, and the plane,
With broad branches all about,
Within the arbour and without.
On every branch sate birds three,
Singing with great melody.

And in this arbour sate a noble dame, with a bevy
of high-born damsels, whom she

taught to sew and mark
All manner of silken work,
Taught them curtesy and thewe,*
Gold and silk for to sew ;

and all nurture and goodly usages of hall and
bower. Many a young knight and damsel paced
the pleasant garden walks in high discourse or
merriment, and other knights "in alleys cool"
were playing at "the bowls."

But the bugle blew ; the great portcullis went up

* Good manners.

with a jar ; there was a sound of horns, a clatter of horses' hoofs on the hard pavement, a cry of hounds, and forth issued from the castle court the most glorious pageant that the eye could look upon. It was no other than King Arthur, Queen Genevra, and a hundred knights and dames, equipped and mounted for the chase. O! for some old minstrel to tell us all their names, and place their beauty and bravery all before us! There they went—those famous warriors of the table round, on their strong steeds; the fairest dames on earth, on their ambling jennets of Spain, with their mantles of green, and purple, and azure, fluttering in the breeze, and flashing in the sun. There they went—that noble, stalwart, and magnanimous Arthur at their head, wearing his helmet-crown as he was wont in battle: that monarch of mighty fame, but mild and open countenance, who at fifteen had brought all Britain from uproar to peace—expelled the Saxons—conquered Scotland, and afterwards Ireland, Denmark, Norway, Iceland, Gothland, and Swethland, and took captive their kings; killed the brave Froll, and the grim giant Dynabus; slew five Paynim monarchs, the Grecian Emperor, and put to flight Lucius the Emperor of Rome, whither he afterwards went himself, and was crowned by all the cardinals. There he rode with King Ban-

Booght and King Bos, and the brave and loving
friends Sir Gawain and Sir Ywain :

Sir Lancelot, Sir Stephen bold,
They rode with them that day,
And foremost of the company
There rode the steward Kaye.

So did Sir Banier and Sir Bore,
And eke Sir Garratt keen ;
Sir Tristram, too, that gentle knight,
To the forest fresh and green.

They had hounds and spears for stag and boar ;
hawks for the heron, and greyhounds in leashes for
the hare. They went on over hill and dale, beneath
the boughs of the greenwood. Bright was the sun,
fair the breeze, sweet the sound of the bugle and
the chiding of the hounds, gladsome the sight of
that gallant company, in full career, after the flying
hart, in the far-off forest.

At length I saw them arrive in an open glade,
where stood a rich pavilion ; and the ladies alighted,
with certain of the younger knights and pages, and
there they found meats and wines ready prepared
for them ; and then some stretched themselves be-
neath the greenwood boughs, and listened to the
lays of minstrels, and some disposed themselves to
dance in the open glade, while Arthur and his stout

compeers went into the deep forests and rough holts to chase the boar.

Anon, I saw stags and grizzly-tusked bears, laid across steeds, and borne towards the castle by serving-men; and I turned thither again my own regards. I saw an old man come out of the gate, and seat himself on a stone seat under the southern wall of the castle. He was clad in the tawny robe of the minstrel; his harp was slung in a band of gold embroidery before him; his white beard spread on his breast, and his frame was feeble with excessive age. It was the king of the minstrels—the friend and companion of Uther Pendragon. I sate down on a piece of rock opposite, and asked the venerable man of the days of Uther—of the high adventures of his own generation, and of those swarthy eastern poople, whose galleys lay in almost every creek and bay, and whose followers explored the hills and the rivers for tin and brass. But anon, the royal troop came hurrying back. There was dismounting and arraying in chamber and bower—washing and sitting down to meat. There sate that illustrious company, at that illustrious board, where every place was the place of honour, and all precedence and jealousy were banished. There sate the noble Arthur—those warriors whose fame had gone through the whole world—that splendid

Genevra, whose beauty was so queenly and dazzling that they who looked on her could scarcely remember her faults—and many a lady whose embroidered bodice and jewelled tiara the minstrels have described in such glowing terms, and who they declared, were “bright as blossoms on breeze ;”

And white they were as the lily in May,
Or the snow that snoweth on winter's day.

The torches cast their flickering light on the storied aras around—the harps went merrily—the servers in their scarlet tunics, bound with a broad belt embroidered with zigzag lace, with chaplets on their heads, set before the guests venison, and flesh of the boar, and wild fowl, and

Wine of Greke and muscadell,
With claré, pyment, and Rochell.

Royal was the cheer, whether the court lay at Carlisle, Caerleon, Camelot, or Tintagel; for Arthur was bounteous in hall as mighty in battle.

But to tell all the palpable and living visions that came before me would be endless. Now I seemed to be amongst that little knot of knights on that memorable day when they sate in the hall before

the door of the king as he took his siesta, and the queen came and sate down with them, and heard the adventures of Sir Calgrevance at the enchanted fountain in the forest, with its basin and silver chain, which she made him repeat to Arthur; and whence arose Sir Gawain's own exploit there, and all his future troubles. Now I seemed to see the good Lunet that so often befriended him, come

On her Jennette of Spayne that been so white,
Trapped to the ground with velvet bright,

to solicit aid for her lady mistress; and now I beheld the lady Tryamour, as she rode into the palace court to vindicate the fame of Sir Launfall—a vision of beauty and splendour that amazed them all—with her mantle that she let fall, that the better might be seen her bewitching figure; her gray palfrey, her gorgeous saddle, the very jewel upon whose pommel was worth the best earldom in Lombardy—her falcon on her hand, and her two white greyhounds running at her side.

A glorious land was that old land of romance. Its geography was none of the clearest, yet it was a land of most facile communication—knights and damsels were often lost for a time in its forests and wildernesses, but none for ever. They were sure

to turn up some day. What a happy land was that in which Babylon, Jerusalem, Rome, France, England, and Fairyland to boot, were all within the range of its travellers, and all so accessible; were visited by such unimaginable means—hyppogriffs, winged horses, charmed couches, and, perhaps better than all, the boat Guingelot of Sir Wade;—a land in which the daughters of emperors were always so beautiful, and where, however tried and persecuted virtue might be, miracles had not ceased, and were not withheld by a bountiful Providence from eventually crowning it with felicity. All there was poetical and picturesque. The generous youth aspired to distinction by honourable means, and he never found any lack of tyrants, giants, or dragons to contend with; nor of beautiful dames, to bestow themselves and their ample domains upon him. Vast and fair were its forests—we love all forests now, because they remind us of them; venerable its hermits; and never were such noble men, or fair and gorgeously-arranged dames—nor such minstrels to celebrate them. Blessed is he that can even now escape, if but for an hour, into it. It can be but an hour—it will fade speedily away—it passed away from me as I sate on the cliff of Tintagel; there was nothing left but the bare hill, the crumbling ruins, and the sea.

I said that the vision faded away, and nothing was left but the bare hill, the crumbling ruins, and the sea—I should have said, nothing but Poetry and Nature. Nature was young, and triumphant as ever: the sun was in the sky, the breeze wandering over the earth and the ocean—the sea sent up its murmur, not of rage, but of power—and the voices of children, on the opposite hill, sent to my heart a cordial and cheerful delight:—and Poetry! it was in all, and through all—it was that which had given me these visions of old romance. “And what good,” some bald-spirited utilitarian will say, “do such dreams do you?” They do much. It is from such dreams that we come refreshed, as by a draught of good old wine, to grapple with the realities of life. It is the spirit of poetry that has been thus able to transform a ruin into an Elysium; and give back from the dust of ages, beauty and valour, glory and power; what sneering spirit of doubt, of ignorance, or affected wisdom, can do as much? It was easy to show that this spirit has done more for us as a nation, than all the mere matter-of-fact men could do without it, however wise, or brave, or indefatigable.

It is to poetry that we owe our knowledge of King Arthur—not to the fabulous history of Brutus—not to Geoffrey of Monmouth—it was from the

lays of the minstrels that they derived him. And if we are told that, after all, King Arthur is a mere fable of the minstrels, we say, No. If such a man never existed, the minstrels—by combining every thing great, generous and dignified, every thing calculated to catch the better spirit and kindle a noble ambition—in such a character have given us an immortal and inestimable present. But they were not accustomed to hang their lays upon nothing—to fashion their heroes out of shadows. Their enthusiasm, that burns up whenever they touch upon him, even passingly, tells us that such a man had lived and won the warmest admiration of his countrymen. They might adorn him, but they could not create: and they have adorned him, not in his spirit, but in his deeds. They have spread his conquest over lands that he never saw, or perhaps heard of; but in so doing, they have only more perfectly, as by a spirit of poetic prophecy, prefigured in him the British fortunes. What a career has this country run from those days to these? We look now over this ocean, and know that, went we to the ends of the earth, east or west, there we should find mighty nations resting under the shadow of our power, and prepared, by the infusion of our spirit, arts and religion, to unfold to future ages scenes of prosperity and happiness at

present but dimly realized. A succession of poets, philosophers, statesmen, and heroes, have arisen in this island, which may not be excelled by any other nation. And what has borne them on to this pitch of greatness? The great spirit of poetry which was diffused through their hearts, from generation to generation, descending in a continuous stream from those simple but mighty minstrels that made the halls of kings and barons resound with the praises of such men as Arthur.

Minstrels that walked far and wide,
Here and there, on every side,
In many a diverse land.

They were simple, it is true; but nature and poetry were strong in them. They give us touches of the beauty of nature, of human affection and human sorrow, that are unrivalled by any more modern and more skilful bard. They are like flashes of lightning out of a cloud, that strike home in a moment. What can be more full of beauty, and pity, and love, than that story of Emaré, who was set afloat on the sea with her infant in a little boat—pure in heart, but wronged in character and affection—and then, as she survived, and lived in a strange court, and—

The child began for to thrive,
And waxed the fairest child alive,
White as flower on hill ;
And she sewed silk-work in bower,
And taught unto her son nurture—
But ever she mourned still !

So much was Chaucer delighted with this, that he rewrote it, as his “Man of Law’s Tale.” What can be more touching than that speech of Annie of Lochroyan—a ballad of a later, but still of a rude age—when she supposes herself abandoned by her lover, whom she had made a voyage to see in a splendid bark ?

Take down, take down, this mast of gold,
Set up a mast of tree ;
It does na become a forsaken lady
To ride sae royally.

The old minstrels were fond of the marvellous, it is true, but that was only the stirring of the poetic spirit within them—a spirit that is always seeking after the beautiful, the new and the wonderful—after something beyond the bareness of every-day life. They had, like other men, their extravagances ; but their hearts were strong in the right—in right true feelings—in the sense of honour, and justice,

and humanity. Their heroes did not seek to recommend themselves by dressing, and lounging, and affecting the fine gentlemen—it was only by a self-renouncing course of noble and patriotic action that they could win acceptance. They were always simple, earnest, in love only with nature and truth;—they never attempted to make the worse appear the better reason. Their minds were noble, and their feelings healthful. It may be seen in the “Squire of Low Degree,” what sort of men the ladies of those days admired. This, it must be allowed, was a far more rational and better tone of morals and manners than prevails amongst large classes of the present day; and it was by this means that the love of honourable deeds was kept alive from age to age—that it stimulated to high exploits kings and barons. It is to these men and their lays that we owe the great poem of Ariosto, much of that of Tasso, many of the best tales of Boccaccio; from these drew strength and inspiration, Chaucer, Gower, and Spenser; and greater still, Shakspeare and Milton, the crowned kings of the land of poetry. Several of Shakspeare’s finest dramas are restorations and amplifications of the lays of those old minstrels; and what does Milton say in recounting the studies of his youth?—the preparations for that

great fame he afterwards achieved! Having imbued himself with classical knowledge—"Next," he adds, "I betook me amongst those lofty fables and romances which recount in solemn cantos the deeds of knighthood, so that even those books proved to me so many enticements to the love and steadfast observation of virtue." And his knowledge of these furnished him with many beautiful allusions, as—

——— what resounds

In fable or romance of Uther's son,
Begirt with British and Armoric knights;
And all who since, baptized or infidel,
Jousted in Aspramont or Montalban,
Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisond;
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore,
When Charlemagne with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabbia.

And again,—

Such forces met not, nor so wide a camp,
When Agrican, with all his northern powers,
Besieged Albracca, as romances tell,
The city of Gallaphrone, from thence to win
The fairest of her sex, Angelica,
His daughter, sought by many prowest knights,
Both Paynim, and the peers of Charlemagne.

Such were the fruits of the poetic feeling kindled in this country by our old minstrels. The spirit they awakened has grown and spread on every side; and if any one says we might have had the same sages, heroes, and men of science, without poetry, I say no. Without our poetry, we had been a nation of Dutchmen—slaves to the duties of the day—drudges of accumulation—blind-worms of the earth, fattening in darkness, seeing nothing of the sun in the heavens—ascending not to the mountaintops of thought and feeling, whence only the earth itself can be seen in its breath and true loveliness.

For what is poetry? It is not merely the melody of verse, or the spirit of passion and emotion embodied in verse. It is a revelation from heaven of its own beauty and glory—an atmosphere of heaven, breathed down and diffused through our grosser one, by which we become sensible of the strength of joy in the heart, of the moral greatness of our better nature; of the treasures of past intellect, and the full grandeur and rainbow splendour of human hopes. It is this spirit that is continually lifting us out of the clay of the earth—out of the grossness of our animal condition; to a perception of wider views, intenser being; more generous, glowing and ethereal aspirations. It is like that suffusion of purple and violet light cast down from the even-

ing sun over the mountains, which, however beautiful in themselves, derive a tenfold and heavenly beauty from it. It is not so much a part of ourselves, as the spirit of an eternal and divine world, which moulds and incorporates us into itself, and changes us from what we are to what we are to be.

Let no man fall into the grievous mistake that poetry only lives in verse—nor that it is confined to language at all. It is a far and widely diffused spirit, and lives in all human hearts, more or less, and often in greater affluence than we imagine. It cannot always throw itself into language. Mr. Wordsworth truly says—

Oh ! many are the poets that are sown
By nature ; men endowed with highest gifts,
The vision and the faculty divine,
Yet wanting the accomplishment of verse.

And another great poet of our time says, that even he could not express all the poetry that lived within him.

I would speak,
But as it is, I live and die unheard,
With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it as a sword.

But we hear a great deal of the philosophy of life—the poetry of life is equally real, and far more

generally diffused. It is that spirit which mingles itself with all our hopes, affections, sorrows, and even death, and beautifies them all. It mingles itself with the ambition of aspirants in every honourable track—with the emotions of the lover, with the ardour of the hero, till it covers the battle-field pit from his eyes, and shows him only a halo of glory—with the patriotism of the righteous statesman—with all our social attachments and intercourse, and spreads the roses of heaven on the beaten path of our daily life. No human speculation, no human pursuit, no human feeling, which is not utterly selfish and base, but draws fire and force from this spirit—and is borne by its elating influence towards its legitimate end. It is impossible to point out any nation that has become great, or even successful for a time, without it. Of the ancient nations we need not speak—in all, of which we know any thing but the barest facts, poetry, and the intense desire of glory, which cannot exist totally distinct from poetical feeling, were found. From some of them, what have we not received! The very Saracens, when, under Mahomet, they suddenly overflowed Asia, Africa, and part of Europe, were set on fire by the poetic charms of his new paradise;—the Teutons, who extinguished the last sparks of the Roman empire, and laid the founda-

tions of the present European kingdoms, were not led hither merely for food—it was Valhalla, and the poetic legends of their Scalds, that armed and animated them. We cannot take away poetry from life, without reducing it to the level of animal stupidity. In our days, stupendous events have passed on the face of the civilized world, and equally extraordinary has been the developement of poetic power. A host of great names will be left to posterity, and with them a host of new impulses, that will fill futurity with increase of light and happiness; and as Christianity becomes better understood, as our natures become better understood, as the spirit of love begins to predominate over the spirit of selfishness,—the true poetry of life, and its power, shall be more and more acknowledged. Men will feel, that in aspiring after true honour—in desiring to become benefactors of men—to spread knowledge and intellectual beauty, they are but giving exercise to the divine spirit of poetry which is sent from heaven to warm and embellish every human heart, though often unseen and unacknowledged; and they will work in the spirit of love and in its enjoyment.

I rose from my rocky seat. The nakedness of the sea-worn hill, the masses of crumbling ruins, seemed to me to be just as they ought—they have

an aspect of antiquity which separates them from every-day things, and leads us back to a point in human history whence we look down to the present times with wonder and joy. For myself, rejoicing in the past, and confident of the future, I went on refreshed by my Day-dream at Tintagel.

VISIT TO STAFFA AND IONA.

IN the days of Sam Johnson and of Pennant, it was deemed a vast and adventurous undertaking to reach the

Hebrid Isles,
Placed far amid the melancholy main.

It was then only one or two zealous travellers in an age, who accomplished so great and dangerous a voyage. In our boyhood, we read Johnson's "Tour to the Hebrides," and the poetic allusions of Collins and Thomson to the Western Isles, with a feeling that those regions of poetical wildness were only to be reached by a few fortunate mortals. What a change have commercial wealth and steam produced! The turbulent ocean of the west is laid open—the mists that hang about the shores and mountains of its once mysterious isles are not cleared away, but they are daily penetrated by the barks of our summer tourists; and Staffa and

are as familiar to thousands, as St. Paul's or the Tower. So many are the accounts of trips to these places already published, that I am not intending to add another to them; and for the history, natural or unnatural, or supernatural, civil or uncivil, I shall content myself with the knowledge that there are such works as those of Martyn, Macculloch, and Gregory. I propose only to note down a few such impressions on my visit to these celebrated spots, as I imagine are the most common to those who generally go thither. What, indeed, is the great object of a voyage to the Western Isles? Without doubt, in nine cases out of ten, to unbend the mind from the stress of its ordinary occupations and cares. To refresh it with whatever is most accessible of novelty and grandeur—to luxuriate in the picturesque. Would it not then be difficult for the inhabitants of our cities to choose any track of a moderate extent, where they would meet with more to their purpose? What a change is here, in the course of a few short days; from the noise and crush of the metropolis, for instance, to the solitude of nature in her wildest aspect—from heat and dust, to the fresh breeze and the fresh ocean—from shops, factories, offices, invoices, and cash accounts, to splintered mountains, rising billows, the misty isles of all the poetical

traditions and superstitions of our early reading. Nothing can be more unlike our ordinary existence, and therefore nothing for a brief period more agreeable. A trip to Staffa and Iona! it is an episode in our unromantic history of life, all romance, all poetry. The spirit of Collins, and Thomson, of Ossian, of Leyden, and Scott, and Campbell is upon us. We desire to see the regions which they have invested with so many charms; to tread the lands of second-sight, and airy spirits; to touch at Icolmkill, the primitive asylum of British learning and religion; we would look on the tombs and shattered images that stood when

Aodh, famed afar,
In Iona preached the word with power;
And Reullura, beauty's star,
Was the partner of his bower.

We are bound for the region of ghosts and fays, mermaids and kelpies, of great sea-snakes, and a hundred other marvels and miracles. To accomplish all this, we have nothing more to do than step on board the steam-packet that lies at the Broomielaw, or great quay at Glasgow. The volume of heavy black smoke, issuing from its nickled chimney, announces that it means to be moving on its way speedily. Hark! the bell rings; your fellow-

travellers are running aboard ; the plank is pulled back to the pier, and you are bound on as fair a voyage as ever prince or paladin attempted. If it were only to skirt the busy banks of the Clyde ; to tra'verse the romantic kyles of Bute ; to sit on deck quietly, but delightedly gazing on the cloudy heights and hollows of Arran ; on the solitary shores of Cowal and Cantire,—it were a little voyage of bold beauty, not readily to be matched in the same distance in any other quarter. But, steering along the western shore of Loch Fine, you soon arrive at Loch Gilp-head, where your steam Genie suspends his energies, stops his busy paddles, and you are feasted on salmon and white-herrings, drawn fresh from the deep beneath you ; a feast, indeed, of such delicacy, that an epicure would think it worth going all the way for, solely. Your entertainment over, your vessel enters the Crinan canal, which runs across the Mull of Cantire, and while it leisurely winds along, through a delightful country of wooded hills and moorland solitudes, you may walk on a-head, and find, when you come to speak with the inhabitants, that you are in the Highlands, where Gaelic is the native speech. But emerging, from the Crinan canal, you issue forth into the Sound of Jura, and feel at once that you are in the stern and yet beautiful region of your youthful ad-

miration. There is the heavy swell and the solemn roar of the great Atlantic. You feel the wild winds that sweep over it. You see around you only high and craggy coasts, that are bleak and naked with the lashing of a thousand tempests. All before you are scattered rocks that emerge from the restless sea, and rocky isles, with patches of the most beautiful greensward, but with scarcely a single tree. The waves are leaping in whiteness against the cliffs, and thousands of sea-birds are floating in long lines on the billows, or skimming past you singly, and diving into the clear hissing waters as they near your vessel. One of the very first objects which arrests your senses is the Coryvrekan, or great whirlpool of the Hebrides,—an awful feature in all the poetry and ballads belonging to these regions ;

Where loud the Coryvrekan roars.

This is Martin's account of it. "Between the north end of Jura and the isle of Scarba, lies the famous and dangerous gulf called Coryvrekan, about a mile in breadth. It yields an impetuous current not to be matched anywhere about the isle of Britain. The sea begins to boil and ferment with the tide of flood, and resembles the boiling of

a pot, and then increases gradually, until it appears in many whirlpools, which form themselves in sort of pyramids, and immediately afterwards spout up as high as the mast of a little vessel, and at the same time make a loud report. These white waves run two leagues with the wind before they break. The sea continues to repeat these various motions from the beginning of the tide of flood, until it is more than half flood, and then it decreases gradually until it hath ebbed about half an hour, and continues to boil till it is within half an hour of low water. This boiling of the sea is not above a pistol-shot distant from the coast of Scarba Isle, where the white waves meet and spout up; they call it the *Kailloch*, *i. e.* an old hag; and they say, when she puts on her handkerchief, *i. e.* the whitest waves, it is fatal to approach her. Notwithstanding of this great ferment of the sea, which brings up the smallest shell from the ground, the least fisher-boat may venture to cross this gulf at the last hour of the tide of flood and the last hour of the tide of ebb.

“This gulf hath its name from *Brekan*, said to be the son of the King of Denmark, who was drowned here, cast a-shore in the north of Jura, and buried in a cave, as appears from the stone tomb and altar there,”

I suppose we were not nearer than three miles to this "loud Coryvrekan," yet we heard its angry roar, and saw its waters white as snow, tossing and leaping in strange commotion. We glided along, gazing on the lofty heights of Jura, upwards of 2000 feet above the level of the sea, and on the cloudy bulk of the huge Ben More in the more distant isle of Mull, and passed through similar scenery, to our haven for the night—Oban. Here we climbed the mountains that rise behind the town, and gazed far over the sea and its scattered islands; walked up to the picturesque Castle of Dunolly, and saw the eagle, confined in a hole of the ruined wall, which has been celebrated by Wordsworth; had a look at Dunstaffnage, the ancient palace of the Scottish kings, and in the morning resumed our course to Staffa and Iona.

What a sweet voyage is that up the Sound of Mull! The clear leaping waters;—the wild, dreamy mountain lands all around you! Every object which successively catches your eye brings some poetical associations. There is the Castle of Duart—there is "Artornish Hall"—there the stern fortress of Aros; and lastly, on your right lies Morven itself—the land of Ossian,—with its blue, misty hills; its rugged, wave-bathed coast; and its clear streams, that come hurrying and shining in

the sun! Another night at Tobermory, and then round the north headland of Mull forth into the rough Atlantic. All before you, and to the right, Eig and Canna and Rum, and in the dim horizon the far mountains of Skye. The course now, however, was southward, past the clustered islands of Treshanish, with Gometra, Colonsa, and Mull on your left, and Staffa rising like an isolated crag from the waves before you.

I never visited any part of Great Britain which more completely met my anticipated ideas than this. The day was fine, but with a strong breeze. The sea was rough; the wild-fowl were flying, scudding, and dividing on all hands; and, wherever the eye turned, were craggy islands,—mountains of dark heath or bare splintered stone, and green, solitary slopes, where scarcely a tree or a hut was to be discovered; but now and then black cattle might be descried grazing, or flocks of sheep dotted the hill sides. Far as we could look, were naked rocks rising from the sea, that were worn almost into roundness, or scooped into hollows by the eternal action of the stormy waters. Some of them stood in huge arches, like temples of some shaggy sea-god, or haunts of sea-fowl,—daylight and the waves passing freely through them. Everywhere were waves, leaping in snowy foam against

these rocks and against the shaggy shores. It was a stern wilderness of chafing billows and of resisting stone. The rocks were principally of dark red granite, and were cracked across and across, as if by the action of fire or frost. Every thing spake to us of the wild tempests that so frequently rage through these seas.

Gazing on such a scene, you no longer wonder at the popular superstitions of the Hebrides, not even at their belief in all the marvels of their second-sight.

To monarchs dear, some hundred miles astray,

Oft have they seen Fate give the fatal blow !

The seer in Skye shrieked as the blood did flow,
When headless Charles warm on the scaffold lay !

As Boreas threw his young Aurora forth,*

In the first year of the first George's reign,
And battles raged in welkin of the North.

They mourned in air, fell, fell rebellion slain !
And, as of late, they joyed in Preston's fight,

Saw at sad Falkirk all their hopes near crowned !
They raved, divining through their second-sight,

Pale, red Culloden where those hopes were drowned !

Collins.

But Staffa rose momentarily in its majesty before

* The northern lights, said to be first seen in 1715.

us ! After all the descriptions which we had read, and the views we had seen of this singular little island, we were struck with delightful astonishment at its aspect. It is, in fact, one great mass of basaltic columns, bearing on their head another huge mass of black stone, here and there covered with green turf. We sailed past the different caves,—the Boat Cave and the Cormorant Cave, which are themselves very wonderful; but it was Fingal's Cave that struck us with admiration and awe. To see this magnificent cavern, with its clustered columns on each side, and pointed arch, with the bleak precipices above it, and the sea raging at its base, and dashing and roaring into its gloomy interior, was worth all the voyage. There are no words that can express the sensation it creates. We were taken in the boats on shore at the north-east point, and landed amid a wilderness of basaltic columns thrown into all forms and directions. Some were broken, and lay in heaps in the clear green water. Others were piled up erect and abrupt; some were twisted up into tortuous pyramids at a little distance from the shore itself, and through the passage which they left, the sea came rushing—all foam, with the most tremendous roar. Others were bent like so many leaden pipes, and turned their broken extremities towards us. We

advanced along a sort of giant's causeway, the pavement of which was the heads of basaltic columns, all fitting together in the most beautiful symmetry ; and, turning round the precipice to our right hand, found ourselves at the entrance of the great cave. The sea was too stormy to allow us to enter it, as is often done in boats, we had therefore to clamber along one of its sides, where a row of columns is broken off, at some distance above the waves, and presents an accessible, but certainly very formidable causeway, by which you may reach the far end.

I do not believe that any stranger, if he were there alone, would dare to pass along that irregular and slippery causeway, and penetrate to the obscure end of the cave ; but numbers animate one another to any thing. We clambered along this causeway or corridor, now ascending and now descending, as the broken columns required, and soon stood—upwards of seventy of us—ranged along its side from one end to the other. Let it be remembered that this splendid sea-cave is forty-two feet wide at the entrance ; sixty-six feet high from the water ; and runs into the rock two hundred and twenty-seven feet. Let it be imagined that at eight or ten feet below us it was paved with the sea, which came rushing and foaming along it, and

dashing up against the solid rock at its termination; while the light thrown from the flickering billows quivered in its arched roof above us, and the whole place was filled with the solemn sound of the ocean; and if any one can imagine to himself any situation more sublime, I should like to know what that is. The roof is composed of the lower ends of basaltic columns, which have yet been so cut away by nature as to give it the aspect of the roof of some gigantic cathedral isle; and lichens of gold and crimson have gilded and coloured it in the richest manner. It was difficult to forget, as we stood there, that, if any one slipped, he would disappear for ever, for the billows in their ebb would sweep him out to the open sea, as it were, in a moment. Yet the excitement of the whole group was too evident to rest with any seriousness on such a thought. Some one suddenly fired a gun in the place, and the concussion and reverberated thunders were astounding. When the first effect was gone off, one general peal of laughter rung through the cave, and then nearly the whole company began to sing "The sea! the sea!" The captain found it a difficult matter to get his company out of this strange chantry—where they and the wind and waves seemed all going mad together—to embark them again for Iona.

Venerable Iona—how different! and with what different feelings approached! As we drew near, we saw a low bleak shore, backed by naked hills, and at their feet a row of miserable Highland huts, and at separate intervals the ruins of the monastery and church of Ronad, the church of St. Oran and its burying ground, and lastly, the cathedral. The following is from Martin's account of these, as they remained in his time.

“ This isle was anciently a seminary of learning, famous for the severe discipline and sanctity of Columbus. He built two churches and two monasteries in it, one for men and the other for women; which were endowed by the kings of Scotland and of the Isles, so that the revenue of the church then amounted to four thousand marks per annum. . . . St. Marie's church here is built in the form of a cross; the choir twenty yards long, the cupola twenty-one feet square, the body of the church of equal length with the choir, and the two aisles half that length. There are two chapels on each side of the choir; the entry to them opens with large pillars neatly carved in *basso-relievo*. The steeple is pretty large. The doors, windows, etc., are curiously carved. The altar is large, and of as fine marble as ever I saw. There are several abbots buried within the church; Mack Iliknich, his

statue is done in black marble, as big as the life, in an episcopal habit, mitre, crosier, ring and stones along the breast, etc. The rest of the abbots are done after the same manner. The inscription of one tomb is as follows:—*Hic jacet Joannes Mack Fingone, Abbas de Oui, qui obiit Anno Domini milesimo quingentesimo.* Bishop Knox, and several persons of distinction, as Mack Leod of Harries, have also been buried here. There's the ruins of a cloister behind the church, as also a library, and under it a large room; the natives say it was a place of public disputations. There is a heap of stones without the church, under which Mackean of Audnamurchan lies buried. There is an empty piece of ground between the church and the gardens, in which murderers and children that died before baptism were buried. Near to the west end of the church, in a little cell lies Columbus his tomb, but without inscription. . . .

“Near St. Columbus's tomb is St. Martin's Cross, an entire stone of eight feet high. It is a very hard and red stone, with a mixture of gray in it: on the west side of the cross is engraven a large crucifix, and on the east a tree. It stands on a pedestal of the same kind of stone. . . . A little further to the west lie the black stones, on which Mack Donald, King of the Isles, delivered the

rights of their lands to his vassals in the Isles and Continent, with uplifted hands and bended knees ; and in this posture, before many witnesses, he solemnly swore that he would never recall those rights which he then granted ; and this was instead of his great seal. Hence it is that when any one was certain of what he affirmed, he said positively, ' I have freedom to swear this matter upon the black stones.'

" At some distance from St. Marie's is St. Oran's church, commonly called *Reliqui Ouran*. The saint of that name is buried within it.

" The Laird of Mack Kinnon has a tomb within this church, which is the stateliest tomb in the isle. On the wall above the tomb there is a crucifix engraven, having the arms of the family beneath ; viz. a bovis head, with a couple of sheep's bones in its jaws. The tombstone has a statue as big as life, all in armour, and upon it a ship under sail ; a lion at the head, and another at the feet. . . . There are other persons of distinction in the church, all done in armour.

" On the south side of this church is the burial-place in which the kings and chiefs of tribes are buried, and over them a shrine. There was an inscription giving an account of each particular tomb, but time has worn them off. The middle-

most had written on it, '*The Tombs of the Kings of Scotland*,' of which forty lie there. Upon that on the right hand, '*The tombs of the Kings of Ireland*,' of which four were buried there. And upon that on the left hand, '*The Kings of Norway*,' of which eight were buried there. Next to the kings, is the tombstone of Mack Donald of Isla; the arms a ship with hoisted sails, a standard, four lions and a tree. The inscription, '*Hic Jacet corpus Angusi Mack Donuil de Isle*.' There are besides the tombs of the Mack Donalds, Mack Leans, and Mack Alisters, with effigies in armour as big as life.

"About a quarter of a mile further south is the church *Ronad*, in which prioresses are buried. . . . Without the nunnery there is such another square as that beside the monastery for men. The two pavements, which are of a hard red stone, are yet entire. In the middle of the longest pavement there is a large cross, like to that mentioned above, and is called Mack Lean's cross."

A good deal of these remains of this ancient and venerable establishment has been defaced or destroyed since Martin saw them; and especially the altar; but nothing is more striking, than, in this wild and neglected spot, yet to walk amongst these ruins, and behold amid the rank grass those tombs

of ancient kings, chiefs, and churchmen, with their sculpture of so singular and yet superior a style.

It is said that there were formerly three hundred and sixty stone crosses in the island of Iona, which since the Reformation have been reduced to two, and the fragments of two others. The Synod of Argyle is reported to have caused no less than sixty of them to be thrown into the sea at one time; and fragments of others, which were knocked in pieces, are to be seen here and there, some of them now converted into gravestones. Amongst the most curious sculpture remaining, are Adam and Eve eating the forbidden fruit under the tree, on St. Martin's cross; the carved pavement of St. Oran's chapel, especially that of some singular bells; and the grotesque scenes carved on the capitals of the pillars in the cathedral, including the celebrated one of an angel weighing souls, and the devil putting his foot into the scale against them.

The details of these may be found in the works to which I have referred, and are too numerous for my limits; but the masterly style of the sculpture, the singular stories indicated in some of the carving on the walls, and the unique and beautiful foliage and flowers with which the tombs are adorned by the chisel, cannot be seen without a very lively admiration. They lie on the margin of the stormy

Atlantic ; they lie amongst walls which though they may be loosened by years seem as though they never could decay, for they are the red granite of which the rocks and islets around are composed, and defended only by low inclosures piled up of the same granite, rounded into great pebbles by the washing of the sea.

But perhaps the most striking scene of all, was our own company of voyagers landing amid the huge masses of rock that scatter the strand ; forming into long procession, two and two, and advancing in that order from one ruin to another. We chanced to linger behind for a moment ; and our eye caught this procession of upwards of seventy persons thus wandering on amid those time-worn edifices—and here and there a solitary cross lifting its head above them. It was a picture worthy of a great painter. It looked as though the day of pilgrimages was come back again, and that this was a troop of devotees thronging to this holy shrine. The day of pilgrimages is, indeed, come back again ; but they are the pilgrimages of knowledge, and an enlightened curiosity. The day of that science which the saints of Iona were said to diffuse first in Britain, has now risen to a splendid noon ; and not the least of its evidences is, that every few days through every summer, a company

like this descends on this barren strand, to behold what Johnson calls, "that illustrious island which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion." A more interesting or laudable excursion, the power of steam and English money cannot well enable our countrymen to make. It would be still better did any quantity of their money remain on this island; for in truth, the cottagers here seem dreadfully poor and destitute of comforts. As we passed their doors, a woman stood and with a very anxious face and imploring tone continued asking something as the procession passed by. Her words were Gaelic; we did not understand them, but nobody could mistake her tone or look; and some one in the procession who knew the language, told us that she asked, "Is there any doctor here?" Adding, "a man is very ill, and without a doctor I am afraid he must die." But there was no doctor—and the poor man was left to take his chance of one happening to come with the next packet, perhaps to be again disappointed, if he were then alive.

The children here gain a trifle by offering in little dishes, pebbles of green serpentine which they collect on the shore; and the old schoolmaster who

acts as guide, makes something by his profession and his little books descriptive of the place ; but even he has got an opponent, who on this occasion created both the old guide and ourselves a good deal of confusion. Here we must bid adieu to Iona, only adding that the superstition related by Collins is still believed by the inhabitants.

Where beneath the showery west,
The mighty kings of three fair realms were laid,
Once foes, perhaps, together now they rest,
No slaves revere them, and no woes invade ;
Yet frequent now at midnight, solemn hour,
The rifted mounds their yawning cells unfold,
And forth the monarchs stalk with sovereign power,
In pageant robes, and wreathed with shining gold,
And on their twilight tombs, ærial council hold.

VISIT TO EDGE-HILL.

THE nearness of Edge-hill to Compton-Winyates led me thither. Indeed, as I had walked from Stratford, Edge-hill had gradually risen, as it were, before me, till it filled with its lofty *edge* the whole of the horizon on that side. A tower near a mill, which was conspicuous on this height, was constantly pointed out to me by the country-people as standing just above the scene of the battle. The road continued to ascend nearly all the way from Stratford, being a distance of about ten miles, and then the edge rising high and almost precipitately, it may be imagined that the elevation of the country on its summit is very great. So great, indeed, is it, that it gives you one of the most extensive prospects in the kingdom. The district towards Stratford, Warwick, and Coventry, and across into Gloucestershire and Worcestershire, lies in a grand expanse before you. You seem to take in, on a clear day, the breadth of a kingdom almost. On the other side, into Oxfordshire, and towards Banbury, the views are also very airy and attractive, but not so

extensive by any means, because Edge-hill is truly an edge, that is, it is a step, where the country takes an abrupt rise, and when you gain the summit you find yourselves not so much on a hill, as on the level of a higher country.

The people from Banbury and other neighbouring towns, are fond of making a summer-day's excursion to Edge-hill, drawn thither by the combined interest of the battle-scene and the magnificence of the views; and truly they could not readily find a more delightful excursion. The Sun-Rising, a substantial farm-house as well as inn, standing on the summit of the hill within a mile of the scene of battle, is a good point for the "refreshment of both man and horse," and where they will find in the landlord a most intelligent guide, who can show them too, swords and cannon-shot which his own men have turned up when ploughing in his farm.

I reached this house in the dusk of evening, after a long day's ramble, and was greatly struck with its solitary elevation in the dimness of a wild twilight. The country far below me showed through the mists and shadows of coming night, wide and vast. The door, contrary to the wont of inns, I found fast; and on knocking, I was answered by a female voice within, demanding who was there. When I had satisfied the inquirer, I heard the slow

and seemingly reluctant fall of chains and withdrawal of bolts and bars, and presently an elderly face took a peep at me through the partially-opened door. When admitted, I found that this respectable-looking matron and myself were the sole persons in this large old house. It was Michaelmas, and all the servants were at liberty, and gone off to the towns to the statutes, and mops, and bull-roastings, which are the regular places of amusement, and re-hiring for all the servants, men and women, throughout the country at that time of the year. The landlady's son was gone to market, and thus was she left alone, and naturally apprehensive of rude and thievish strollers who are on the alert on such occasions, in solitary districts. The good woman soon introduced me into a well-furnished and well-carpeted room, with a blazing fire, and tea and toast before me, and Jacob Hooper's History of the Rebellion, with a paper-mark at the account of the battle of Edge-hill, and Richard Jago's Poem of Edge-hill, to ponder over; and with a sense of the high wild country in which I was, upon me, and the winds of autumn whistling and roaring round the house, I do not know that I ever spent a more pleasantly solitary evening.

In the morning I sallied forth, and passing Upton House, a lonely-looking seat of Lord Jersey,

with a solemn avenue of large Scotch firs leading down to it, I was soon at the tower which had been my land-mark the day before, and which the country-people always designated as the Round-house. This is a lofty round tower, which has been built by Colonel Miller, who lives at Radway, on the slope just below, and who has put into it a veteran sergeant who fought with him at Waterloo, of the goodly name of William Penn.

Penn lives in the lower part of the tower, and a bridge from the road, which is a good deal above the foundation of the tower, leads into the upper story. The entrance of the bridge is by an artificial ruin, and there are buildings on the opposite side of the road representing other ruins, which, with the lofty round tower, have been planned not only to form a conspicuous object afar off, but from the Colonel's house below; and though I do not admire artificial ruins in general, it must be confessed that these had been erected with much better taste than such things in general.

I had expected, from what the country-people said, that this tower was made a *depôt* for arms and armour found on the field of battle, but I was disappointed to find instead of those, relics of the field of Waterloo. If, however, the tower deceived me in this respect, it afforded me an advantage of

another kind—a most clear and interesting view, both of the battle-field and of a vast stretch of country. Nothing could be more obvious than the situation of the battle. Below, on the campaign, at the distance of three miles, lay the little town of Kinton, and midway between it and Radway, just below, the spot where the battle took place. At that time the whole country round, with the exception of a few inclosures about Kinton and Radway, was open, now it is cultivated like a garden, and the hill side, down which the cavalry of the king rushed, is now covered with fine woods.

Hume's concise account of this opening battle of the civil war, gives its main features in a little space. "The King, on mustering his army, found it to amount to two thousand men. The Earl of Lindsey, who in his youth had sought experience of military service in the Low Countries, was general. Prince Rupert commanded the horse: Sir Jacob Astley the foot:* Sir Arthur Aston the dragoons: Sir John Heyden the artillery. Lord Bernard Stuart was at the head of a troop of guards. The estates and revenue of this single troop, according

* The prayer and charge of Sir Jacob Astley on the commencement of this battle, have been much and justly admired—"O Lord! thou knowest how busy I must be this day. If I forget thee, do not thou forget me.—March on boys!"

to Lord Clarendon's computation, were at least equal to those of all the members who, at the commencement of the war, voted in both houses. Their servants, commanded by Sir William Killigrew, made another troop, and always marched with their masters.

“ With this army the king left Shrewsbury. . . . Two days after the departure of the royalists, Essex left Worcester. Though it be commonly easy, in civil war, to get intelligence, the armies were within six miles of each other ere either of the generals was acquainted with the approach of his enemy. Shrewsbury and Worcester, the places from which they set out, are not above twenty miles distant; yet had the two armies marched ten days in this mutual ignorance. So much had military skill, during a long peace, decayed in England.

“ The royal army lay at Banbury; that of the parliament at Kineton, in the county of Warwick. Prince Rupert sent intelligence of the enemy's approach. Though the day was far advanced, the king resolved upon the attack. Essex drew up his men to receive him. Sir Faithful Fortescue, who had levied a troop for the Irish wars, had been obliged to serve in the parliamentary army, and was now posted on the left wing, commanded by

Ramsay, a Scotchman. No sooner did the king's army approach, than Fortescue, ordering his troop to fire their pistols into the ground, put himself under the command of Prince Rupert. Partly from this incident, partly from the furious shock made upon them by the prince, the whole wing of cavalry immediately fled, and were pursued for two miles. The right wing of the parliament's army had no better success. Chased from their ground by Wilmot and Sir Arthur Aston, they also took to flight. The king's body of reserve, commanded by Sir John Biron, judging, like raw soldiers, that all was over, and impatient to have some share in the action, heedlessly followed the chase which their left wing had precipitately led them. Sir William Balfour, who commanded Essex's reserve, perceived the advantage. He wheeled about upon the king's infantry, now quite unfurnished of horse, and he made great havoc amongst them. Lindsey, the general, was mortally wounded, and taken prisoner; his son, endeavouring his rescue, fell likewise into the enemy's hands. Sir Edmund Verney, who carried the king's standard, was killed, and the standard taken, but it was afterwards recovered. In this situation, Prince Rupert, on his return, found affairs. Every thing bore the appearance of a defeat instead of a victory, with which he had hastily

flattered himself. Some advised the king to leave the field; but that prince rejected such pusillanimous counsel. The two armies faced each other for some time, and neither of them retained courage for a new attack. All night they lay under arms; and next morning found themselves in sight of each other. General, as well as soldier, on both sides, seemed averse to renew the battle. Essex first drew off, and retired to Warwick. The king returned to his former quarters. Five thousand men are said to have been found dead on the field of battle; and the loss of the two armies, as far as we can judge by the opposite accounts, was nearly equal. Such was the event of this first battle, fought at Kington, or Edge-hill.

“Some of Essex’s horse, who had been driven off the field in the beginning of the action, flying to a great distance, carried news of a total defeat, and struck a mighty terror into the city and parliament. After a few days a more just account arrived, and then the parliament pretended to a complete victory. The king also, on his part, was not wanting to display his advantages, though, excepting the taking of Banbury a few days after, he had few marks of victory to boast of. He continued his march, and took possession of Oxford, the only town in his dominions which was altogether at his devotion.”

To this we may add the following particulars from the historians of the times. The number of slain, although generally stated as above at five thousand, appears, by a survey taken by Mr. Fisher, the vicar of Kineton, at the time, at the request of the Earl of Essex, to have amounted to little more than thirteen hundred. These were buried in two spots which are yet conspicuous, one of them being planted with fir-trees. The copse of fir-trees is said to have been a pit at the time of the battle, into which five hundred bodies were thrown. The farm on which it is, is still called the Battle-farm ; and the two places of the burial, the Grave-fields. They lie about half-way between Radway and Kineton.

The battle was fought October 23, 1642. It was Sunday. It was some time before the king was aware of the fate of Lord Lindsey ; when he discovered that he was wounded and in the hands of the enemy, he wished to send him a surgeon, but it was useless. That loyal and high-spirited nobleman, while life continued, did not cease to upbraid the parliamentary officers about him with their treason and disaffection.* There is a curious letter, signed by Hollis, Stapleton, Ballad, Belfore, Mel-

* A fine portrait of this gallant nobleman, in Warwick Castle, is very expressive of his open-hearted and high-principled character.

drum, and Charles Pym, who were present in the action, addressed to John Pym, for the information of the Parliament, and which was printed five days after the battle, in which they attempt to account for the loss of the standard which the loyalist historians simply say "was recovered." They say that it was delivered to the Lord General, and by him to his secretary, with an intention to send it back the next day to his majesty ; " but the secretary, after he had long carried it in his hand, suffered it to be taken away by one of our troopers, *and, as yet, we cannot learn where it is.*"

Near the Round-house, in the range of hill, is one place called Bullet-hill, from the vast quantity of bullets which have been taken out of it. It would appear, from its position, to have received the hottest fire of the parliamentary army. Within view also stands on the height the church of Burton-Dasset, which is supposed to be the place whence Cromwell viewed the battle. Hooper states that he was not in the battle ; afterwards excusing himself to the Earl of Essex, by alleging that he could not come up in time. He was then but a lieutenant or captain, and watching the action from a church-tower near, and seeing the flight of the parliament cavalry, he slid down the bell-rope and rode off ; showing, as the historian remarks, what

great endings may grow out of very indifferent beginnings. If such was the fact, Burton-Dasset seems the only place where it could have occurred.

The two princes, Charles and James, were here, and the situation of their tent is laid down in old maps ; the boys are said to have watched the battle from the hill, and that during the temporary defeat of the royal army, they might readily have been taken. In the village of Radway, at the foot of the hill, is a cottage in which tradition says the king and the princes breakfasted on the morning after the battle, and an old table was formerly shown as the one they used, but it has been sold as a relic. In the church is also a tablet to the memory of an officer who fell there.

In the night after the battle, and during which both armies continued under arms, came a severe frost, with a most bitter wind from the north ; and any one who stands on that height in winter, and feels how keenly the air comes sweeping over the wide open champaign from that quarter, will not wonder that in the morning neither army felt much desire to renew the contest. I was there but ten days earlier in the season than the anniversary of the battle, and a heavy snow-storm driving fiercely for two hours, made me feel sympathetically what must have been the sufferings of the hundreds who

lay in their wounds on the open field ; yet to this very circumstance the preservation of the lives of numbers was attributed, the cold stopping their bleeding, when they otherwise must have died of exhaustion. Such are the miserable comforts of miserable war.

There is no circumstance, however, connected with this melancholy field, so striking, in my opinion, as the one thus related by Dr. Thomas, in his Additions to Dugdale.

“ As King Charles I. marched to Edgcot, near Banbury, on the 22d of October 1642 (the day previous to the battle,) he saw a gentleman hunting in the fields not far from Shuckburgh, with a very good pack of hounds ; upon which, fetching a deep sigh, he asked who that gentleman was, that hunted so merrily that morning, when he was going to fight for his crown and dignity. And being told that it was Richard Shuckburgh of Upper Shuckburgh, he was ordered to be called to him, and was by him very graciously received. Upon which he immediately went home, aroused all his tenants, and the next day attended on him in the field, where he was knighted, and was present at the battle. After the taking of Banbury, and his majesty's retreat from those parts, he went to his own seat, and fortified himself on the top of Shuckburgh-hill. Here

he was soon attacked by some of the parliamentary forces, and defended himself till he fell, with most of his tenants about him; but being taken up, and life perceived in him, he was carried away prisoner to Kenilworth Castle, where he lay a considerable time, and was forced to purchase his liberty at a dear rate."

As if the disastrous fortunes of the Stuarts had fallen on this warm-hearted gentleman, who was thus "hunting so merrily on the morning when the unhappy Charles was going to fight for his crown," and who so readily abandoned his happy life at the call of his king, they not only clung to him through life in all their bitterness, but seemed to descend to his posterity. Charles II. rewarded the son, John de Shuckburgh, by creating him a baronet in 1660, and another of his descendants distinguished himself in three successive parliaments and by his philosophical and astronomical attainments, contributing as a member of the Royal Society many valuable papers to its "Philosophical Transactions;" but so recently as 1809, a catastrophe befell this family, of a nature to leave its memory for ages on the scene of its occurrence. We may close this tragic chapter with this most tragic event.

It appears that the Bedfordshire militia was stationed somewhere in that neighbourhood, and

the officers were in the habit of visiting Shuckburgh Hall. They were received by its hospitable owner, Sir Stewkley Shuckburgh, with the cordiality of a warm-hearted English gentleman. His son was an officer in the army, and that might be an additional motive to the social intercourse which was thus opened to the mutual satisfaction of the parties—a set of intelligent officers always finding the doors of a charming house open to them, with an agreeable family, which they served to enliven by their occasional presence. But there was a danger to the younger gentlemen there, which, in such places and under such circumstances, is apt to become irresistible in its operation. The daughter of Sir Stewkley, then about twenty years of age, was a young lady whose attractions, both of person and mind, would not have been safely encountered in the brightest scenes, and amid the concourse of the most beautiful of her sex. But there, in the solitude of an old English country-house, and the charms of a pleasant neighbourhood; a fine old park, and the cheerful conversations of a familiar fireside; strolls through pleasant shrubberies, and loiterings in gardens; the fascinations of so lovely and intelligent a young lady as Miss Shuckburgh produced their natural effect. Lieutenant Sharp, a young and enthusiastic officer,

became deeply attached to her. As he was received by her father as a guest, with the utmost kindness, there was every opportunity for his cultivating her good opinion. A mutual attachment commenced, a correspondence was entered into; the young people seemed likely to carry their friendship into a strong and lasting affection; but the moment Sir Stewkley was made aware of it, he gave it his decided disapproval. The young lady, though evidently entertaining the most favourable feeling towards the youth, listened to the reasons of her father, and resolved to sacrifice her own inclination to the maturer judgment of her parents. The lieutenant was forbidden the house, and Miss Shuckburgh communicated to him her intention to submit her own wishes to the wishes of her father. Firmly persisting in this determination, because she was persuaded that her father's motives were neither frivolous nor arbitrary, it was at length agreed between the young people that the intercourse should cease, and the letters which had passed should be returned. It was arranged between them that she should leave the packet for him, in a summer-house in the garden, on the evening of Saturday the 25th of March, 1809; and that, on the following morning, she should find that for her in the same place. Early, therefore, on that Sunday morning, she was

observed by a servant taking the way towards the summer-house. The unusual hour, and probably a knowledge of what had taken place in the family on the subject of this attachment, attracted the attention of the servant. He followed stealthily, and as he drew near the summer-house, his suspicions were confirmed. He heard the voices of Lieutenant Sharp and of Miss Shuckburgh in earnest dispute. The officer was loud and impassioned,—the lady firm but deprecating. This was instantly followed by the discharge of a pistol, and the fall of a body, and as quickly by another discharge and another fall. The servant, divining the fatal truth, now flew to the house and gave the alarm. On entering the summer-house, these unhappy young people were found dead, and weltering in their blood. Mr. Sharp had no doubt been lingering on the premises all night, and had come prepared to see Miss Shuckburgh, and, if he could not bend her from her resolve, to destroy both himself and her. He had only too terribly obeyed the dictates of his passion and despair.

Such is one version of the story ; but by others, it was deemed more probable that this fearful event was the result of a mutual agreement between the lovers. The father of Lieutenant Sharp, though he had placed his son in the Bedfordshire militia, was

only a gentleman farmer, residing at the Priory-farm, near Bedford; and therefore it probably was that Sir Stewkley Shuckburgh did not deem the youth of sufficient standing or property to match with his daughter. Lieutenant Sharp was a young man of fine person, of a gay disposition, and much admired. It was therefore supposed that Miss Shuckburgh, seeing the opposition of her father to be insurmountable, the lovers agreed thus to fall together, rather than to abandon their attachment; but, in both suppositions, more was imagined than was positively known. A certain degree of mystery must for ever hang over the affair.

Since then, every object about the place which could suggest to the memory this fatal event, has been changed or removed. The summer-house has been rased to the ground, the disposition of the garden itself altered, much of the timber felled, the surrounding scenery remodelled, the house itself renovated. In the opinion of those who knew the place before, the whole has been much improved. The house is large and handsome; the park is pleasant and well stocked with deer. It is probable that these efforts to obliterate the remembrance of so fearful a catastrophe from the minds of the family, may not have been without their salutary effect; but such tragic passages in human life be-

come part and parcel of the scene where they occur;—they become the topic of the winter fire-side. They last while passions and affections, youth and beauty, last. They fix themselves into the soil, and the very rock on which it lies. They are breathed from the woods and fields around on the passer by, like the dim whispers of Pan, or his watching fawns; and, though the house were rased from the spot, and its park and pleasaunces turned into ploughed fields, it would still be said for ages,—here stood Shuckburgh-hall, and here fell the young and lovely Miss Shuckburgh, by the hand of her despairing lover!

VISIT TO THE GREAT JESUIT COLLEGE OF STONYHURST IN LANCASHIRE.

A College of Jesuits, existing in England in the nineteenth century, possessing a large property there, and flourishing, and proselyting the inhabitants all around them—this is a subject of curious interest! There is something in the very name of it that makes us prick up our ears, and open our eyes, and prepare to inquire and to wonder. At all events—after having read the annals of Romish persecution, the history of Inquisitions, and of this most subtle and distinguished Order itself,—this was and has long been the effect upon me. When, years ago, I heard that there was a Jesuits' college at Stonyhurst, my curiosity was strongly aroused. To imagine the disciples of Ignatius Loyola erecting their standard amid the spinners and weavers of Lancashire—the fathers of that famous order which had figured so conspicuously in the dark annals of the Inquisition; which had insinuated its members into every country and city—into the cabinets and councils of all kings;

which had so often directed the political power of Europe, traversed the vast lands of India and America, and moulded savage nations to its designs; of that order so awful in history for its peculiar policy, its sagacity, and its talent, coming out into the face of the English people, into the full blaze of the freest opinion, into the very midst of the jealous and searching scrutiny of Protestant sectaries—was a moral phenomenon worthy of close attention.

One was curious to see what system of action these Proteus-like priests assumed; what were the political and social maxims they professedly held; by what links and lines of sympathy, or, at least, of accordance, they sought to connect themselves with a population alive with the spirit of freedom in all its shapes—in religion, in commerce, and in government. Accordingly, Mrs. Howitt and myself took the opportunity, on our way northwards, to visit this interesting place. We went thither from Blackburn, where we were spending a short time with our friends; and found it a delightful drive of ten miles, principally along Ribblesdale, in which Stonyhurst is situated. After proceeding about two and a half miles north of Blackburn, Ribblesdale, one of the finest and most extensive vales in England, opened upon us, with Stonyhurst

conspicuous on the opposite side of the valley, on a fine elevation, amidst its woods. The building has a noble and commanding aspect, worthy of its situation. It was apparently about three or four miles distant, and I suppose, was not much more; one of the Jesuits afterwards telling us that they considered it by the footpath, a pretty direct line, to be about seven miles between Stonyhurst and Blackburn; but the carriage road is very circuitous, holding down the valley as far as Whalley, and then along winding lanes through Mitton; so that it proves a good ten miles. But whoever takes the drive, will not think it one yard too much; a more delightful one can rarely be found. From the first opening of this splendid vale, you have Stonyhurst lying full in view; Ribchester, the celebrated Roman station, to the left, in the level of the valley; down the vale to the north-east, you have the castle of Clitheroe, standing on its bold and abrupt eminence; and as you wind along the eastern side of the dale, with the Ribble below you on your left, and above you on your right, woods and cottages with their little inclosures, the ruins of Whalley Abbey come in view, and, high beyond, the bare and cloud-mottled heights of Pendle-hill. The ruins of Whalley Abbey, made so familiar to the public by Dr. Whittaker's history, are still very extensive

and picturesque. Old walls mingled with large trees; large windows here and there visible, still displaying their tracery; a house with smoking chimneys in the midst; and the Calder, a beautiful stream between high banks, running close past—present a very attractive whole to a passer-by. Here we crossed a bridge and wound away to the left, in a circuitous course, to Stonyhurst; in fact, going, in a great measure, backward again. The lanes through which we drove were fine old pastoral lanes, all embowered with tall luxuriant hedges, rich with fresh foliage, and sweet with the flowers of the elder and the wild rose.

It was the time of roses ;

We plucked them as we passed.—*Hood :*

for it was, in fact, the 29th of June. So we drove on, every few yards catching a peep into fields full of grass, or glimpses of fine uplands, distant hills, and hanging woods. On our left, lying low amongst tall trees, appeared Little Mitton manor-house—one of those quaint, ancient, timbered houses with which Lancashire abounds. This is remarkable for its galleried hall of the age of Henry VII., of which an engraving may be found in Whittaker. All about us, as we ascended to the greater Mitton, or *the Mitton*, were green and whispering trees, and

peeps into meadows rich with cattle; and the sound of the two rivers—the Hodder and the Ribble, which unite just below—came up to us delightfully. Mitton is as singularly as it is sweetly situated, on a point of land in the West Riding of Yorkshire which runs into Lancashire betwixt those streams; and it is a spot at which I must request my readers to pause a moment, not merely because in it lie the greater part of the Sherburne family, the ancient lords of Stonyhurst, but because the village and church of Mitton are, of themselves, highly worthy of a visit from the lovers of antiquity and of rural peace and seclusion. 'The place is one of the most perfect "Nooks of the World;" one of those places that, however all the country around them be revolutionized by manufactures and politics, stand, save for the ravages of time on their buildings, as they stood ages ago. It is most absolutely Old English. The slumber of a summer noon lies there profoundly as a trance. The low of cattle from a neighbouring croft, or the hum of a passing bee, seem the only living sounds. The village consists of a few old farm-houses—one of which is a dilapidated monastery—the usual diversification of a blacksmith's shop, a wheelwright's shop, the parsonage, and little garden cottages. It stands surrounded with a profusion of trees. The church is

a plain, unpretending structure, with a low square tower; but it delights you as you approach with the green sequestered beauty of its churchyard, and on your entrance, with such a group of effigied tombs as few village churches can show.

We found the old sexton in his little cottage by the churchyard gate, supping his porridge, to use a Lancashire phrase—for it was twelve o'clock; but on stating our desire to see the church, he set down his porringer, and reached the keys. The man himself was a character worth knowing. He appeared very old, with a face that evidently had been a good one, and that now exhibited much shrewdness and sense of office. He was corpulent, and bound his waist about with a cord. He was so asthmatic that he could hardly breathe, and yet, when we asked his age, he replied—"O, I'm nubbut eighty-five!" He seemed, indeed, to regard himself as quite a youth, though he had been clerk sixty-four years, had seen two or three clergymen out, and had copied inscriptions, and held a deal of intercourse with Dr. Whittaker, the historian of Whalley, respecting the antiquities of this church.

On entering the churchyard, the very first object was one which spoke greatly in favour of the old man. It was the tomb of the late vicar, surrounded with a spacious railing, and within the railing,

planted with a hedge of evergreens, bays, junipers, box, and arbor-vitæ. He told us that the former clergyman had been very fond of evergreens, and so he had planted these about his tomb, as he had no surviving relatives on the spot to show this respect to his memory. The shrubs had grown bravely ; and he had clipped them square, like a green wall round the tomb, and cut them low at its foot, so as to allow the inscription to be read. The bottom of this verdant screen was newly weeded. He always weeded and clipped it once a year, he said ; he had been doing it these last few days, but he had not yet had time "to ready the weeds and clippings away"—and there they lay.

As the old man applied his key to a door on the north side of the church, we observed the effigy of a knight, in free-stone, lying close to the wall. "Yes," said he, "you must notice that, and when you come out of the church, notice it again." He opened the door ; and the sight of the white marble tombs, and their extended figures, was very striking. They were the tombs and effigies of the Sherburnes, executed by William Stanton, and mentioned by Whittaker in his history of Whalley ; but which our worthy sexton described in a way very peculiar to himself, and one infinitely more graphic and piquant. They were evidently the pride of his heart ; and no

wonder—for such an assemblage of marble tombs and recumbent figures, I suppose, scarcely another country church in England can boast.

The old man, like other show-people, had his story by rote; and taking his stand before every successive monument, gave his account of it, and read off the inscription—Latin or English, legible or illegible, no matter. The first to which he turned, was, in fact, what he should have shown last, because it was in memory of the last direct male descendant of the Sherburnes; but it was a pathetic subject, and no doubt strongly attracted his sympathies. It was an *alto rilievo* of white marble. “This,” said he, pointing to the centre figure, a graceful boy, “was the only son of Sir Nicholas Sherburne; and these,” showing two chubby lads on either hand, “were two poor lads that he took to be his playfellows; and they went to play in the gardens, when green fruit was ripe, and he eat something that was poison, and died at nine years of age. Here you see the poor lads weeping for him, and the tears are running down their faces, as natural as life; here the angels are cutting down lilies and roses with their sickles—the lilies mean that he was cut off in his innocence, and the roses in his youth; here the hour-glass, with the sand run out, shows that time to him was

no more; and here the angels are receiving his soul into heaven. That is a very affecting thing."

But one specimen of our worthy cicerone's style must suffice. We must make shorter work of it than he did, and restrict our attention to a few particulars, characteristic of the cemetery of an old English family. There are three tombs, with recumbent figures of knights and their ladies, executed with great spirit, especially one lady, who is really beautiful. But the most singular monument is one of Richard Sherburne, and his lady, who died in childbed of twins, while he was Captain of the Isle of Man, in 1591, "and there lieth entombed." "That," said the sexton, "is Old Fiddle-o'-God and his wife. He went by that name, because, when he was in a passion, that was his word." The pair were kneeling aloft on the monument, at an altar, opposite each other, in prayer, clad and coloured in the quaint style of that age—he in his ruff and full-skirted jerkin; she in a black gown and hood, falling over the top of her head, and with tan-leather gloves on her arms. On the compartments below are seen the twins in bed, with their nurses watching by them; and not far off, monks praying for the lady's soul. However passionate and profane the old gentleman might be (and not only his speech betrays as much, but the

inscription itself seems to confirm it, praying most heartily for them—"Whose souls God pardon; grant them His heavenly pardon,") yet he has a most ludicrously pious look on the monument.

There are two inscriptions by the Duchess Dowager of Norfolk, the daughter of Sir Nicholas Sherburne, which are perfect specimens of the manner in which great families glorify themselves in their own churches, over the very pit of corruption, which one would think enough to confound all human greatness. The first is to her parents, and conveys a curious picture of the times:—"Sir Nicholas Shireburn was a man of great humanity, sympathy, and concern for the good of mankind, and did many good charitable things whilst he lived: he particularly set his neighbourhood a-spinning of Jersey wool, and provided a man to comb the wool, and a woman who taught them to spin, whom he kept in his house, and allotted several rooms he had in one of the courts of Stonihurst, for them to work in; and the neighbours came to spin accordingly. The spinners came every day, and span as long a time as they could spare, morning and afternoon, from their families: this continued from April, 1699, to August, 1701. When they had all learned, he gave the nearest neighbours each a pound or half a pound of wool ready

for spinning, and wheel, to set up for themselves ; which did a vast deal of good to that north side of Ribble, in Lancashire. Sir Nicholas Sherburn died December 15, 1717. This monument was set up by the Dowager Duchess of Northfolk, in memory of the best of fathers and mothers, and in this vault designs to be interred herself, whenever it pleases God to take her out of this world."

"Lady Sherburn was a lady of excellent temper and fine sentiment, singular piety, virtue, and charity ; constantly employed in doing good, especially to the distressed, sick, poor, and lame, for whom she kept an apothecary's shop in the house. She continued as long as she lived doing great good and charity. She died January 27, 1722. Besides all other great charities which Sir Nicholas and Lady Sherburn did, they gave, on All-Souls-day, a considerable deal of money to the poor ; Lady Sherburn serving them with her own hands that day."

But this is nothing to the monumental testimony to the Honourable Peregrin Widderington :—"In this vault lies the body of the Honourable Peregrin Widderington. The Honourable Peregrin Widderington was youngest son of William Lord Widderington, who died April 17th, 1743. This Peregrin was a man of the strictest friendship and honour, with all the good qualities that accomplish

a fine gentleman; he was of so amiable a disposition, and so engaging, that he was beloved and esteemed by all who had the honour and happiness of his acquaintance, being ever ready to oblige and to act the friendly part on all occasions; firm and steadfast in all his principles—which were delicately fine and good as could be wished in any man—he was both sincere and agreeable in life and conversation. He was born May 20th, 1692, and died February 4th, 1748-9. He was with his brother in the Preston affair (1716,) where he lost his fortune, with his health, by a long confinement in prison. This monument was set up by the Dowager Dutches of Norfolk, in memory of the Honourable Peregrin Widderington.”

“What! was this her second husband?” we inquired.

“Ay,” said the old man, with a knowing look, “her *tally* husband—and that makes a difference!”*

The rest of the interior of the church is old and mean. This aisle, with its proud monuments, separated by a screen, stands in strange contrast, and makes it seem a place where the Sherburnes have

* A provincialism for a lady’s choice not sanctioned by the priest.

So suited in their minds and persons,
That they were framed the *tallies* of each other.—*Dryden*.

the glory rather than God. The old man now led the way to a curious ancient cross in the churchyard, and to the tomb of a monk, whose honoured head is still visible upon it; and then to the free-stone effigy under the windows of the Sherburne aisle. The origin of it, he said, was this:—When the monuments of the Sherburnes came down from London, they were, of course, the wonder and the talk of the whole country. A common stonemason, as he sate by the alehouse fire at Hurst's-Green, hearing the company extolling them, said, "O, he would undertake to cut out as good in common stone." The whole place was scandalised at the man's arrogance; it was carried to the hall. The man was sent for, and desired to make good his boast, under penalty of forfeiting their employment for ever if he failed. He was to take only one view of the figure he pitched upon; and twelve months were allowed him to finish it in. "And there it is," said the sexton, "as like as pea to pea." The man had done it long before the year was up; and so surprised were the Sherburnes, that they gave him 20*l.*, and allowed it to be laid under the window of the aisle.

We must now hasten to Stonyhurst College—for we have stopped long by the way; but who would not stop awhile at such a pleasant, antiquated place

as Mitton? Let my readers look upon it as a distinct episode in this account. We have seen where the Sherburnes lie—let us now see where they lived; and we cannot give a better general idea of the place than by transcribing the clear and succinct description of it by Mr. Baines, in his “History of Lancashire.”

“In the year 1794, the stately mansion of Stonyhurst was fixed upon as the seat of an English Roman-Catholic college. The heads of that college having been driven from their establishment at Liege by the proscriptions of the French Revolution, were induced, in consequence of the judicious mitigation of the penal enactments in England against Catholic seminaries, to seek an asylum in their native country. A long lease was accordingly obtained of the house and of the college farm, on moderate terms, from the late Thomas Weld, Esq. The mansion they found much dilapidated from time and neglect; but it is now in a state of complete repair, and they have raised, at a great expense, a large and handsome new building, with a south-east aspect, forming a house admirably adapted for the purpose of education.

“In the upper stories are the dormitories, where each student has his little apartment. The next story consists of the apartments for the professors

and teachers. Below, are the chambers of the president and other directors, with the hall of study and philosophical room; the former, of seventy-eight feet by twenty feet, is fitted up with desks and benches for two hundred and twenty scholars; but they do not at present amount to that number. A high throne or pulpit for the prefect, who has the charge of the young gentlemen at their studies, stands against the wall in the central part of the room, so as to command a view of each student. This place is devoted to study exclusively. Not a word is exchanged between the students during the hours allotted to study. The philosophical apparatus-room is forty-eight feet by thirty-three broad; it is ornamented with a rich deep frieze; and the instruments which are used in the illustration of the different branches of natural philosophy, are deposited in this room. A fine painting, by Annibal Caracci, of the taking down of the Saviour from the Cross, hangs over the fireplace. The exhibition-room is connected with this apartment by sliding doors. This room is adapted for classical or philosophical exhibitions—and such exhibitions are frequent in the college.

“On the ground-floor are the seven school or class rooms, where the respective scholars of each class recite to their several masters the lessons

which they have learned in the study, and receive lectures. The play-rooms, lavatory, drawing-room, music-room, and dancing-gallery, are also on this floor. Every duty has its own fixed time, place, and superintendent. The library is a handsome, but small room. It contains amongst other valuable works, some highly illuminated manuscripts, the prayer-book of the queen of Henry VII., and the office in honour of the blessed Virgin, which belonged to the persecuted Queen of Scots. There are also here two or three vellum missals, and several black-letter books; a copy of St. John's Gospel; a manuscript of the seventh century, found in the tomb of St. Cuthbert; with two sculptures in ivory, and a painted crucifix—all by Michael Angelo; also, a chest of coins and medals, medallions of the popes, etc.

“The museum is between the western towers; and contains, among many other interesting subjects, the private seals of James II. and Fenelon; the embroidered cap of Sir Thomas More; his seal when Under-Treasurer; and his original George* when Lord Chancellor, with this inscription—‘O passi graviora dabit his quoque finem;’ several re-

* A figure of St. George, worn by the Knights of the Garter.

markable vases, pixes, and crosses; with a number of transatlantic curiosities, presented by C. Waterton, Esq. of Walton Hall, in the county of York; a good collection of minerals and shells; bronze casts of the Cæsars, and plaster casts of the martyrdom of the Apostles; and the cabinet of the learned Queen Christina of Sweden. The merits and promise of this museum, are not known, or we should find here more monuments of Roman antiquity from Ribchester. A Roman altar, dedicated to the mother goddesses, by a captain of the Asturias, has, however, been lately rescued from the rubbish of a neighbouring farm-yard, and now stands on more classical ground, in the garden of Stonyhurst. This rare piece of antiquity proves to be the identical altar which the venerable Camden, in 1603, saw near Ribchester. The altar is thirty-three inches high, by twenty-two inches broad, and the inscription at length may be read thus:—

**DIS MATRIBUS MARCUS INGENUIUS ASIATICUS DECURIO
ALA ASTRUM SUSCEPTUM SOLVIT LIBENS LUBENS MERITO.**

“The recreation-hall of the professors is a magnificent gallery, ninety feet by twenty, in the old house, running parallel with the study; the grand tapestry of which room was renewed by the Duke

of Norfolk. The refectory, which is of the dimensions of sixty feet by twenty, was the baronial hall of the Sherburnes; its ceiling, frieze, and floor, are magnificent. The new building is three hundred feet long, and fronts the extensive playground and gardens. The public rooms in the new, as well as in the old buildings, are constructed on a noble scale. The area of the house, playgrounds, and gardens, comprises a space about equal to that on which stood Roman Ribchester—upwards of ten acres.

“Such is the college in which many of the sons of the Catholic nobility and gentry of this country, are educated. Here they are taught to respect and cherish the laws and constitution of their country, and to place a due estimate upon the advantages of a polite and classical education.

“The character of the population, like that of the lands round the college, is much improved during the last thirty years; and many of the poor of the neighbourhood are fed and clothed by the institution. The political importance of large Catholic establishments of this kind, is well known to the legislature; and wise was that monarch and that parliament which relaxed the severity of the penal laws, and invited the Catholic exiles from foreign countries and colleges, to spend their fortunes and their lives in their own country.

“The stately pile of Stonyhurst, with its towers and park-like grounds, forms a magnificent object to the whole of the surrounding country; and the prospects which it commands are bold, rich, and beautiful. Eastward, appears the picturesquely-wooded valleys of the Hodder and the Ribble; the castle of Clitheroe is seen crowning the summit of an insulated hill; and the vast mass of Pendle closes the view. Southward, appear the high grounds of Blackburn parish, and the windings of the Ribble towards Ribchester. The principal part of the edifice is to the west; looking over the park and grounds, which are ornamented with clumps of plantation. The geographical situation of Stonyhurst is ten miles to the north of Blackburn, the post-town of the establishment, and is equi-distant from Clitheroe, Walley, and Ribchester.

“On the south angle of the front of the college, a large and handsome Catholic church or chapel is now erecting, partly by subscription and partly out of the college funds, in the Tudor style of architecture, after a design by J. J. Scholes, Esq. The first stone of the structure was laid in 1832; and it will, when finished, be dedicated to St. Peter.”

On approaching this interesting place, we found two roads, one diverging to the right, the other to the left. We took the right, which led us through pleasant, bowery lanes—the fine buildings showing

themselves ever and anon, over the trees—to the lodges, the usual way of entrance. Here visitors are expected to use the hospitality of the place, by giving their horses and carriages into the hands of the groom, who takes all possible care of them during their stay. As we were, however, not aware of this circumstance, we drove on, by a winding route, to Hurst's-Green; a little hamlet, about half a mile from the college. We found here, that the road diverging to the left from Mitton is the direct way to Hurst's-Green, where those who are not inclined to tax the hospitality of the establishment so much, will find a good village inn, where their horses will be well accommodated. We can only say, however, that, when the heads of the college found that we had not brought our horses to their stable, they expressed the greatest concern.

The approach from Hurst's-Green is a pleasant walk, and gives you the fullest and finest view of the college. Advancing from the green, you pass several comfortable cottages, and then through a gate, which brings you into the lawn in front of the house; but at the distance of a quarter of a mile. But, before passing through this gate, you come to a charming little cemetery, belonging to the hamlet and neighbourhood, with a plain but very tasteful oratory, with a bell. The ground is adorned with

a white cross, and a few scattered tombs of simple and appropriate style, and graves planted with shrubs and flowers. This rural cemetery stands well, giving wide views of the country round—of Pendle in one direction, and the wild uplands of Bowland Forest in another; and is screened and skirted with trees, with good effect. Here, in winter and bad weather, the funeral rites are performed for the deceased, by one of the fathers of Stonyhurst, in the oratory; but in summer and fine weather, in the open air. The poetical, and, I trust, the religious effect, must be strong, of such a funeral in such a place. The single bell from this fair, but solitary graveyard, calling, over hill and dale, with its solemn voice, the dead to his place; and the weeping forms, the funeral garments, and the impressive rites of Christian sepulture, thus witnessed in the face of heaven, and the beauties of that earth which shall know him who has departed “no more for ever”—must, one thinks, exercise a strong and even soothing influence, under such circumstances, over the human spirit.

Turning away from this cemetery, and entering upon the lawn, the view of Stonyhurst is very impressive. It is a house which accords well with the style of its former lords in Mitton church. You see that it was worthy of the Sherburnes. The grounds, woods, and waters about its solitary state-

liness belong strictly to the "old English gentleman." You see that it was not unnatural for the lords and ladies of such a place to take to themselves some credit for "their sympathy and concern for the good of mankind," and for "the many good, charitable things which they did while they lived." You could not avoid thinking of Lady Sherburne now, not as the tenant of a tomb, but as the living lady of this noble mansion; and then, for "a lady of excellent temper and fine sentiments," inhabiting such a house, it really did not seem too much to glorify her condescension in giving money away, "on All-Saints-day, with her own hands." One thought of those delicate hands, busy amongst her cordials and plasters, "for the poor and lame, for whom she kept an apothecary's shop in the house;" and then, calling to mind the many stately mansions and stately parks now-a-days, where the fair and highborn shut themselves up from the intrusion of their own poor neighbours, during the few months in the year that they dwell amongst them; and calling to mind, at the same time, the poor men removed from their cottages, and imprisoned in some monstrous Poor-Law prison—and, truly, the eulogium of her Duchess-daughter became worthy of being carved with "an iron pen, and with lead in the rock."

An avenue of noble trees formerly skirted the carriage-road, which runs directly up the lawn to the house. That is gone; but woods on either hand of the lawn still form a wider kind of avenue, at the end of which appears this tall building, with its large entrance gateway in the centre, its large square windows, and two domed towers, surmounted with eagles. About half way up the lawn, a railing runs across, marking the more immediate approach; and, on each hand, is a sheet of water. The house is in the style of Paul of Padua, and is said by the Jesuit fathers to be the most perfect English specimen of that style. It was built in the reign of Elizabeth, on the site of the older edifice, by Sir Richard Sherburne, who received the honour of knighthood for his bravery in the battle of Leith, and was so great a favourite of her majesty that she allowed him to have his chapel and his priest at Stonyhurst. He did not, however, live to finish it; and the cupolas of the towers were added by Sir Nicholas Sherburne, at a cost of 40*l*.! as is shown by the deed of contract still existing at Stonyhurst. Sir Nicholas was a travelled scholar; and by him the gardens and grounds were laid out in the French taste; and he was preparing to complete the half-finished building, when he lost his only son, Richard Francis, who died in the year

1702, at the age of nine years, and in the manner already related. This severe domestic bereavement so affected him that he abandoned his design. His only daughter, Maria Winifreda Francisca, married Thomas, the eighth Duke of Norfolk, and died without issue in the year 1768. The family possessions now passed to the children of Elizabeth, sister of Sir Nicholas, married to Sir William Weld, of Lulworth Castle, Dorsetshire; and his eminence, Cardinal Weld, eldest son of the late Thomas Weld, Esq., of Lulworth, inherited this noble mansion from his father.

This family appears to have been always a staunch Catholic one; and Stonyhurst coming into the possession of a cardinal, one is not surprised that it should be alienated from the family, and converted to the service of the Catholic cause. The estate is now not merely leased, but sold to the founders of the college.

Nothing could be more courteous than our reception, or more candid than the manner in which all answers to our inquiries, both regarding the place and the social and political views of the conductors, were given. We found the President, the Rev. Mr. Scott, was extremely ill at some other place—in fact, as was supposed, and as it proved, at the point of death; but two of the priests, Mr. Daniells and

Mr. Irvine, received us most kindly. They apprised us that we had arrived on a day on which it was contrary to their custom to admit visitors—being no other than the anniversary of the dedication of their new church to St. Peter and St. Paul—but that they would gladly make an exception in our favour. They could not, indeed, both attend us, divine worship going on in the church the greater part of the day, and Mr. Daniells being now just going to celebrate mass; but Mr. Irvine would show us the institution during that time, and luncheon would be on the table at our return. Accordingly, we made the round of the house, and were struck with admiration at the general style and nobility of the place—its oaken floors, long galleries, paintings, ceilings, the library, the museum, the exhibition, and philosophical apparatus room, and all those relics and antiquarian remains which enrich it. The passing remarks which I have to make upon these may form a sort of running commentary on Mr. Baines's statement above. The dormitories are large and airy rooms, every separate bed being enclosed within a screen, like the screens of a coffee-house; and a large curtain is drawn in front, so that every boy, with the advantage of ample ventilation, possesses perfect privacy. The philosophical apparatus room and

exhibition-room merit all the praise bestowed upon them; they are noble rooms, and well furnished with orreries, galvanic batteries, a small steam-engine, mathematical instruments, and every requisite for scientific demonstrations. Besides the fine painting by Annibal Caracci, there is one of St. Catherine of Padua in the hospital, well worthy of attention, for the contrast of benignant beauty in the saint with the wretched and agonized forms around her. This room is also furnished with a noble organ.

An excellent and effective mode of education is adopted here. After philosophical exhibitions in these rooms, and after silent reading in the hall of study, each class returns to the room of its particular teacher, and every boy is carefully questioned upon what he has seen or read, so as to ascertain that he has clearly comprehended and made himself master of the matter presented to his mind. The silence and decorum of the school are beautiful. At one moment, the sound of one hundred and sixty-six boys at play, in front of the college, came up to us;—the next, we saw them marching to the hall of study; and shortly afterwards, passing the door, so profound was the hush, that we inquired whether it were not really empty.

Amongst the relics and sculptures in the library, which are secured in a glass-case, the Prayer-

Book, stated above to have belonged to the Queen of Scots, was asserted by Mr. Irvine to have belonged to Maria of England; and that with good reason,—the words *Maria Regina* merely being written within the cover; and amongst the emblematical silver embossments on the binding, appearing the pomegranate, the emblem of Spain. The seals of James II., of Fenelon, and the cap, beads, seal, and reliquary of Sir Thomas More, were also at this time in the library. These relics of Sir Thomas More were given by Father More, the last of the family. Amongst the many interesting contents of the Museum, none are more striking than the quaint old jewel-chest of Queen Christina; a large cup of crystal; a curious old ark surmounted with a cross; and some old English MSS. written on long narrow strips of vellum. The recreation-hall is indeed a magnificent gallery, and is embellished with a great number of paintings, amongst which is a very curious large Spanish piece, a portrait of Ignatius Loyola, surrounded by those of almost every celebrated Jesuit. There is also a set of heads of the Apostles, very striking, and correspondent with their characters; especially that of St. John, which is beautiful, and full of that spirit of love, which gave him the bosom-place with his Divine Master. The refectory is one of the finest

baronial halls I have seen; and the floors of this and other rooms are of oak, laid in squares, lozenges, and other figures, of a rich and antique beauty. This noble room had tables, seats, and other furniture then preparing for it, of a fashion accordant with, and worthy of its old English magnificence. We proceeded from the house to view the playground and gardens. In the former, which has been taken from the gardens, we found one hundred and sixty-six boys at play—a fine set of lads, in all the eagerness and animation of their age—the sons of the principal Catholic nobility and gentry of England and Ireland. Charles Waterton and Sheil were educated here.

With the exception of the piece taken for the playground, the gardens remain pretty much in the form in which they were laid out by Sir Nicholas Sherburne. They are delightful in themselves, and delightfully situated—looking out over that splendid valley, with its river, woods, uplands, and distant hills. It is the fashion to cry down all gardens as ugly and tasteless which are not shaped by our modern notions. The formalities of the French and Dutch have been sufficiently condemned. For my part, I like even them in their place. One would no more think of laying out grounds now in this manner than of wearing Elizabethan ruffs, or bob-

wigs and basket-hilted swords ; but the old French and Dutch gardens, as appendages of a quaint old house, are, in my opinion, beautiful. They are like many other things—not so much beautiful in themselves, as beautiful by association, as memorials of certain characters and ages. A garden, after all, is an artificial thing, and though framed from the materials of nature, may be allowed to mould them into something very different from nature. There is a wild beauty of nature, and there is a beauty in nature linked to art ; one looks for a very different kind of beauty in fields and mountains, to what one does in a garden. The one delights you by a certain rude freedom and untamed magnificence ; the other by smoothness and elegance—by velvet lawns, bowery arbours, winding paths, fair branching shrubs, fountains, and juxtapositions of many rare flowers. Who will say that Colonel Howard's Elizabethan house and old French gardens at Leven's Bridge are not beautiful ?—and who will say, when they have seen them, that the gardens of Stonyhurst are not so too ?

In the centre is a capacious circular basin of water, in the midst of which stands a leaden figure of a man in chains, said to be Atilius Regulus. This basin abounds with gold, silver, and black fish. Near it a fine observatory was erecting, which

would command an enviable prospect. At each lower extremity of the garden, overlooking the dale, is a summer-house of very beautiful form, with tall pointed roof, surmounted with eagles. Over each door is a grotesque head, and above it a very classical bas-relief vase, with wreaths of flowers and fruit falling on each side. One side of the garden is still divided by pleached walks of yew—in fact, tall screens or walls of yew, cut square, at least ten feet high, and four or five thick, and kept in fine order. From the observatory you see the whole plan of these fences ; but as you walk among them, you are enveloped in a most green and pleasant solitude. Arched doorways are cut through them, and you come, in one place, to a large circular inclosure, formerly occupied by a fountain, but now converted into a bowling-green. Thence you descend, by broad flights of easy steps, into a most solemn, cool, and twilight walk, formed by ancient, over-arching yews—a place, of all others, made for the meditations of the religious devotee. Reascending you pass into the air and sunshine, amongst cheerful trees and delicious flowers. Similar flights, at the opposite side of the garden, lead you to walls hung with fruit, and kitchen gardens calculated for such an establishment.

From the garden we passed into the new church ;

an erection of great beauty, dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul, whose statues occupy niches on each side of the great western window, which is richly painted with the figures of the Saviour, the Virgin, St. John and the other Apostles. The church contains four altars decorated with considerable splendour ; the carving, which is very good, being principally executed by a working mason of Preston. The different parts of the church are copied from various celebrated ecclesiastical buildings : the pillars and arches forming the aisles, from St. Winifred's Well ; the figures of the saints, from Henry VII.'s chapel. The roof, and the organ of oak, are fine.

This was the first anniversary of the opening of this church, and numbers of the country people were at mass. But, about forty years ago, when the Jesuits came here, they found the place a wilderness, having been uninhabited for some years. The lands were wild, and overgrown with rushes ; now they present an aspect of great cheerfulness and good farming. About fifty cows are kept to supply the establishment with milk and butter. The place, indeed, is a perfect rural paradise.

We returned to the house, and found, instead of a luncheon, an excellent hot dinner awaiting us. Mr. Daniells, having now terminated his labours in the chapel, joined us, and our conversation naturally

turned upon their peculiar position here, their success, and the general condition of Catholicism in England and Ireland. We joked them on the casuistry and duplicity of the Jesuits, and on their gallantry to the ladies, no women being suffered to sleep under the roof. All this they took in very good part, as Jesuits ought to do, only saying—

“ Ah, indeed, Jesuits are dreadful fellows. General Johnstone,” said one of them, “ with a young friend of his, was, some time ago, obliged to pass the night here in consequence of his chaise not coming for him as he expected, and in retiring to bed, he said to his companion—‘ Good-by, my dear fellow—I shall never see you any more ; for when you wake in the morning, you will find your throat cut ! ’ ”

“ But,” said Mrs. Howitt, “ let what would happen, if it rained or snowed beyond all possibility of travelling, you would turn me out. You would permit Mr. Howitt to stay ; but poor I must dare the elements, and do as well as I could.”

“ O ma’am,” they replied, “ we should be very sorry ; but the rules of our order would compel us to do so—not, however, quite so savagely as you represent ; for we would take care to get you good quarters in the neighbourhood.”

I was anxious to sound, if possible, spite of the

proverbial casuistry and caution of their order, their real sentiments regarding the recovery of ecclesiastical power. When, therefore, conversation had assumed a confidential, and even a merry tone, I alluded to the general belief of their hope of the recovery of ecclesiastical ascendancy in this country, and asked—

“Is not this an object that, as sincere lovers of your own church, you must ardently desire?” In a moment, and with an enthusiasm that could not be mistaken, one of them replied—“No, never! To desire the political establishment of Catholicism, would be to desire its destruction! I hope never to see that day—it would be a fatal day to us.”

“Yes,” I rejoined; “this, I know, is the common language of English Catholics; but how is it that it does not agree with the practice of Catholics, when the opportunity is afforded them? On the continent, we see the Catholics as ready as ever to ally themselves with the state.”

“That,” replied Mr. Daniells, “is the very reason that makes me dread a union with the state here. I know human nature—I know how prone it is to grasp at power and honour; but I know, too, that the union with the state was the destruction of the Church of Rome in this country, in the sixteenth century; and it is destroying the Church of Eng-

land now, and will destroy it. Sir, we have read history as well as the Protestants, and we know, as well as we know any thing, that an establishment is the most fatal curse that can befall any church. We know that it infuses a Lethean lethargy; it destroys the vitality of zeal; it breaks up the living interest between the priest and his people. That is the notorious and necessary result of an establishment; that has been, and is, and must be, the perpetual tendency of every such experiment; and therefore whatever may be the desire of others, mine is, that Catholicism may never be established by law in these kingdoms. I do not deny that I desire to see Catholicism spread and prosper; as a zealous lover of my Church, and deeming it, as I do, the best form of Christianity, it is what I must desire; and here we have done all that we could, and shall continue to do all that we can, to extend its sphere and its influence. I do not deny that we love power; but then, it is an intellectual and moral power—not the unnatural power derived from a political alliance, which in the end brings weakness to the state, while it confers a specious and external form of existence; and like a vampire, saps the very life of the life within its victim. If I desire prosperity and power for my church, all history has shown me that they only

can be derived from the voluntary zeal of the minister and the affections of the people.”

We could not but admit that this was, at least, sound reasoning—a wise and legitimate rendering of the language of a long and painful experience; and we felt, in the frank earnestness with which it was delivered, that it was sincere. Whether the body of Catholics partake of the same philosophic views, and whether the return of prosperity would not bring back all the ancient thirst of spiritual dominion, are different questions.

We rose to take our leave, and our polite and hospitable hosts also took their caps and walked down with us to Hurst's-Green. As we approached the place, I pointed out to them the new English church built on the hill opposite. They smiled, and said—

“Yes, they may build churches, and preach bitter sermons against us, but it all will not avail; it is not by these means that the hearts of the people are won, and their lives amended. We shall go on in our way.”

And what is that way? That is an important question. The fact, indeed, that the fathers have proselyted the greater part of the population of the neighbourhood, one which has naturally excited no little curiosity and interest. Their regular congrega-

tion then consisted of 1600 people, exclusive of their own establishment, which was 250, making in all about 1850 people. The popular alarm respecting the increase of Catholics in England, has therefore necessarily been particularly strong in this neighbourhood, so much so, that the members of the Established Church have built this new church in the nearest possible approach to the estate of the College, in order to counteract the influence of the fathers. A portion of the success of the Jesuits may probably be attributed to their being landlords of a good deal of the district, as well as to the fact of the estate having been from time immemorial in the hands of a zealous Catholic family, whose influence could not fail to leave a strong impression. But this will not account for the whole ; and the simple cause is to be found, in the policy of the Jesuit fathers themselves. It is evident that they have established their influence here by the very same means that their order established such amazing power over the people of Paraguay ; not by their doctrines nor their ceremonies, but by that of active and unwearied personal attention to their wants and comforts. This appears to be the only "witchcraft which they have used," and which will produce the same results in the hands of all who will use it. One act of personal kindness, one

word of sympathy, will win more hearts than all the eloquence of Cicero or the wealth of the Indies. The religion of good works, of generous and active philanthropy, is the only religion which will suit the people. The bulk of the population are not nice reasoners: they are none of your acute metaphysicians, who can tell you the difference between the hundredth and the hundred-and-first shade of a sentiment; but they know in a moment when they are treated as men, and their hearts kindle and embrace their benefactors with a sympathy not easily destroyed. Their understandings may even revolt at the prominent errors of a church's doctrines; but if they once feel that it has the pith of real Christian kindness in it, they are gained for ever. Errors become changed, in their minds, into matters of indifference, or are actually converted by the mental alchemy of grateful affection into venerable truths. This from our observation and inquiry, appeared to be the process by which so great changes had been effected at Stonyhurst. More cheerful, friendly people than the Jesuit fathers, it is impossible to find; visiting the poor in their cottages with the utmost assiduity and familiar kindness. Differing most widely from the creed of these gentlemen, it is only justice to bear this testimony to their practice. And so far from cause of

alarm, we think that that very success points out to Protestants of all persuasions the most luminous means of its counteraction. If the faith of these men be adulterated by grievous errors and traditional superstitions, as it unquestionably is—and yet, by their simple practical policy of interesting themselves in the welfare of the people around them, they have succeeded in restoring to popular favour, a religion which for three centuries has been stigmatized throughout England and Scotland as a bloody and superstitious religion—a religion which, in fact, when it was the established religion of the land, crowned itself with odium for its rapacity, its sensuality, and for the folly, idleness, and everlasting bickerings of its monks; and what is more, if they who have done this belong to an order of that religion which, beyond all others—by the depth of its policy, the ambition and the talent of its leaders, by the pliant and most persevering pursuance of its objects—rendered itself the terror and abhorrence of the English nation—what shall not the professors of a purer faith achieve by the same means? The doings of the Jesuits of Stonyhurst are, in fact, a study of curious interest to all those who are alarmed at the growth of Popery, or who would strengthen their own influence in the hearts of the people around them.

VISIT TO THE ANCIENT CITY OF WINCHESTER.

HISTORICAL REMINISCENCES.

WHAT an interesting old city is Winchester! and how few people are aware of it! The ancient capital of the kingdom—the capital of the British, and the Saxon, and the Norman kings—the favourite resort of our kings and queens, even till the revolution of 1688; the capital which, for ages, maintained a proud, and long a triumphant rivalry with London itself; the capital which once boasted upwards of ninety churches and chapels, whose meanest houses now stand upon the foundations of noble palaces and magnificent monasteries; and in whose ruins or in whose yet superb Minster, lie enshrined the bones of mighty kings, and fair and pious queens; of lordly abbots, and prelates, who in their day, swayed not merely the destinies of this one city, but of the kingdom. There she sits—a sad discrowned queen, and how few are acquainted with her in the solitude of her desertion! Yet where is the place, saving London itself, which can

compete with her in solemn and deep interest? Where is the city except that in Great Britain, which can show so many objects of antique beauty, or call up so many national recollections? Here lie the bones of Alfred—here he was probably born, for this was at that time the court and the residence of his parents. Here, at all events, he spent his infancy, and the greater portion of his youth. Here he imbibed the wisdom and magnanimity of mind with which he afterwards laid the foundations of our monarchy, our laws, liberties, and literature, and in a word, of our national greatness. Hence he went forth to fight those battles which freed his country from the savage Dane; and having done more for his realm and race than ever monarch did before or since, here he lay down in the strength of his years, and consigned his tomb as a place of grateful veneration to a people, whose future greatness even his sagacious spirit could not be prophetic enough to foresee.

Were it only for the memory and tomb of this great king, Winchester ought to be visited by every Englishman with the most profound veneration and affection; but here also lie the ashes of nearly all Alfred's family and kin: his father Ethelwolph, who saw the virtues and talents, and prognosticated the greatness of his son; his

noble-minded mother, who breathed into his infant heart the most sublime sentiments; his royal brothers, and his sons and daughters. Here also repose Canute, who gave that immortal reproof on the Southampton shore to his sycophantic courtiers, and his celebrated queen Emma, so famous at once for her beauty and her trials. Here is still seen the tomb of Rufus, who was brought hither in a charcoal-burner's cart from the New Forest, where the chance arrow of Tyrrel avenged, in his last hunt, the cruelties of himself and his father on that ground. But, in fact, the whole soil here seems to be composed of the dust of kings and queens, of prelates and nobles, and every object to have been witness to some of the most signal struggles and strange histories, which mark the annals of the empire; and in order to have a due idea of the wealth of human interest here accumulated, it is desirable that before we ramble through the streets and beneath the crumbling ramparts of this queen of British cities, we should take a rapid glance at the long line of the illustrious personages who have figured within it, many of whose acts indeed have given an inextinguishable cast and colour to the destinies of the realm. Winchester has been fortunate in her historians; and especially in her last and best, Dr. Milner; and following in their track,

we may confidently walk over her most hallowed ground, and mount her hills, every one of them rife with historic memories, and point out the footsteps and the dim receding figures of crowned monarchs, embattled hosts, the duels of renowned champions, or the peaceful processions of mitred and cowed men, amid the sound of martial or sacred music, and the hushed awe of the myriad of lookers-on.

Throwing aside the fables of Nennius, and Geoffrey of Monmouth, and the pedigree of King Brute, drawn from Eneas of Troy, our historians claim a high antiquity for Winchester, as the *Caer Gwent* of the Celtic and Belgic Britons, the *Venta Belgarum* of the Romans, and the *Wintanceaster* of the Saxons. The history of Winchester is nearly coeval with the Christian era. Julius Cæsar does not seem to have been here, in his invasion of Britain, but some of his troops must have passed through it; a plate from one of his standards, bearing his name and profile, having been found deep buried in a sand-bed in this neighbourhood; and here, within the first half century of Christendom, figured the brave descendants of Cassibelaunus, those noble sons of Cunobelin or Cymbeline, Guiderius and Arviragus, whom Shakspeare has so beautifully presented to us in his *Cymbeline*;—that Arviragus, the Cogidubnus also of his countrymen,

and the noble Caractacus of the Roman historians. Who is not acquainted with his dignified conduct at Rome? with the joy of the Emperor Claudius, and the whole Roman court and people, when he was betrayed into their hands? with their generous treatment of him, and with his return to this country to reign at Venta, with his new Roman queen Gewissa? This lady, our ancient historians do not hesitate to style the daughter of Claudius himself. But both they and the Roman poet Martial, claim Claudia the daughter of Caractacus, as the wife of the noble senator Pudens, both of whom are mentioned by St. Paul in his second epistle to Timothy (c. iv. v. 21), as their mutual Christian friends at Rome. If we are to credit the Saxon Martyrology and Archbishop Usher, not only were the descendants of Claudia and Pudens amongst the most eminent Christians of Rome; but Lucius, the great-grandson of Tiberius Claudius Cogidubnus, our Arviragus or Caractacus, was the first Christian king in this or any other country. Hence was he called by the old historians *Lever Maur*, or the Great Light, and hence did he take the star of Jacob for his badge, as may be seen in the engraving of one of his medals in Camden. We learn that he founded in Britain churches in each of its twenty-eight cities, and built here a noble

cathedral. He was the last of the tributary kings ; the Roman emperors afterwards holding their government in their own hands till they finally withdrew from the island.

But here it was that, while Caractacus himself reigned, the fate of the brave queen Boadicea was sealed. Stung to the quick with the insults she had received from the Romans, this noble queen of the Iceni, the Bonduca of some writers, and the Bootta of her own coins, had sworn to root out the Roman power from this country. Had she succeeded, Caractacus himself had probably fallen, nor had there ever been a king Lucius here. She came breathing utter extermination to every thing Roman or of Roman alliance, at the head of 230,000 barbarians, the most numerous army till then ever collected by any British prince. Already had she visited and laid in ashes Camulodunum, London, and Verulam, killing every Roman and every Roman ally, to the amount of 70,000 souls. But in this neighbourhood she was met by the Roman general Paulinus, and her army routed with the slaughter of 80,000 of her followers. In her despair at this catastrophe, she destroyed herself, and instead of entering the city in triumph was brought in a breathless corpse for burial.

Many were the stirring events which occurred

here while the Roman emperors, or the tyrants who rose up in Britain, and assumed the purple in defiance of them, reigned; but none were so bloody as the persecution of the Christians by Diocletian, in which the streets of Venta were deluged with innocent blood, and the splendid minster of Lucius razed to the ground; and none so curious as that a monk of this city, Constans, should go forth a warrior, assume the purple and the imperial crown, and become, in that character, the conqueror of Spain. It was during the dynasty of the Saxon kings that Winchester was especially the seat of royalty, and the scene of singular events. Before the valiant Cerdic, the Saxon, the famous Uther Pendragon, the father of the yet more famous king Arthur, gave ground, and left Caer Gwent, or Venta, to become Wintanceaster, the capital of the West Saxons. Here then reigned Ceaulin, who beat, at Wimbledon in Surrey, Ethelbert, the first Christian king of Kent; Kinegils, the renowned king, who, victorious over all his enemies, received the Christian faith from St. Birinus, in 625, and began to build anew the cathedral, which his son Kene-walk completed, in which the bones of Kinegils are yet carefully preserved. Here, after a succession of stout kings, reigned Egbert, who first united the Saxon Heptarchy, and made Wintanceaster the

capital of England ; having in his youth lived in the capital of the Franks, and formed himself on the model of the great Charlemagne, of the example of whose virtues and valour he had great need, for in his day the Danes rushed abroad over his kingdom, and burnt towns and ravaged the country far and wide.

In the cathedral of this city his son Ethelwolp, the father of Alfred, signed and delivered, before the high altar, in the presence of two subject kings and a great number of nobles, one of the most important, and, from its consequences, most celebrated documents, which ever issued from the hands of a king—the Charter of Tithes on all the lands in England ; which, says William of Malmsbury, for the greater solemnity, he then placed on the altar. Here, as we have before said, lived the gallant, the philosophic, and the pious Alfred, whom Milner justly pronounces “ the miracle of history ; a prince who, having been the subject of innumerable pens, has never had a defect imputed to him as a sovereign, or a fault as a man ! ”—whom Sir Henry Spelman calls “ the wonder and astonishment of all ages ! ”—and whom Hume, the historian, thus speaks of : “ The merit of this prince, both in private and public life, may with advantage be set in opposition to that of any monarch or citizen which the annals

of any age or any nation can present to us. He seems, indeed, to be the model of that perfect character, which, under the denomination of a sage or wise man, philosophers have been fond of delineating, rather as a fiction of their imagination, than in hopes of ever seeing it really existing; so happily were all his virtues tempered together, so justly were they blended, and so powerfully did each prevent the other from exceeding its proper boundaries! He knew how to reconcile the most enterprising spirit with the coolest moderation; the most obstinate perseverance with the easiest flexibility; the most severe justice with the gentlest lenity; the greatest vigour in commanding with the most perfect affability of deportment; the highest capacity and inclination for science with the most shining talents for action. His civil and military virtues are almost equally the objects of our admiration, excepting only, that the former being more rare among princes, as well as more useful, seem chiefly to challenge our applause. Nature, also, as if desirous that so bright a production of her skill should be set in the fairest light, had bestowed on him every bodily accomplishment, vigour of limbs, dignity of shape and air, with a pleasing, engaging, and open countenance."

And what did Alfred, to win these extraordinary

praises? In the short period of twenty-nine years and a half, the period of his reign, he chased numerous armies of Danes from his country, though beset sometimes with several of them appearing in different quarters at once. Numbers of them he civilized and Christianized, and planted in the parts which they themselves had depopulated. He raised a national militia, and so trained it as to be ready to issue forth at the shortest notice, and march to any point at which the enemy might appear. He was the first to build and maintain a fleet, and thus avail himself of the peculiar strength of our insular position. He established such a police, that when he hung, as a trial, golden bracelets on trees by the highways, not a man dared to take them down; and the husbandman—the mechanic—returning in security to their daily tasks, England speedily assumed such an air of security and prosperity as it never knew before. Though Egbert, his grandfather, had united the Heptarchy under one nominal crown, it was he who first really cemented England into one kingdom; the Welsh even acknowledging his authority, and the whole country, from the borders of Scotland to the South, submitting to his rule. Whatever had been fabled of Arthur, seemed realized in Alfred. He was not only the founder of the monarchy

in its geographical extent, but in its constitution and laws. Having fought fifty-six battles himself, by sea and land, he sat down to the equally arduous task of framing the institutions of peace and knowledge. He wrote a body of laws, which, though now lost, are yet believed to be the origin of what we term our *Common Law*. He divided the whole country into tithings, hundreds, and shires, with proper magistrates in each, and with appeal from the court of the tithing to that of the hundred, thence to the shire; and, finally, if necessary, to himself. Every man in each tithing was answerable for the conduct of another, and whoever did not register himself in his tithing, was punishable as an outlaw. None could move from his place of abode without a certificate from his tithing-man, or borsholder. Besides the monthly meetings of each hundred for the due administration of justice, there was an annual one, which has given to many hundreds the name of wapentake, for to it every man came armed, and then was made a stern inquiry into the conduct of police and of magistrates, as well as of the people, and all abuses were impartially redressed. Assizes were to be held twice a year in each shire, and twice a year he regularly assembled the States in the capital. No man was tried, for any offence, without twelve freeholders

being sworn to make due examination of his cause. Thus were laid down our present plan of administrative justice, trial by jury, and our parliament. If Alfred did not invent these institutions—for they are of a kind which prevailed amongst most of the ancient Saxon and Teutonic nations—he, however, systematized and reduced them to an exact practice, using great exertion to secure magistrates, sheriffs, and earls of strict integrity, of the greatest intelligence; and removing rigidly all that appeared corrupt or incompetent. Never was so admirable a plan of civil jurisdiction framed in so rude an age; and to remedy the very rudeness of the age, he invited into his kingdom the most learned and pious men from all parts. He founded and endowed the University of Oxford. He may, indeed, be said to have established a national system of education, for he enacted that every man who possessed two hydes of land should send his children to school to be educated. He himself undertook translations from the Greek and Latin languages; amongst them *Æsop's Fables*, *Boethius on the Consolations of Philosophy*, and the histories of *Orosius* and *Bede*. He wrote stories, fables and poems. He encouraged merchandise and manufactures of all kinds; and while all this time racked by the pangs of an incurable malady, he rebuilt his ruined cities, and

especially the cities of Winchester and London, in greater magnificence than they had known before. He was celebrated for having introduced a superior style of architecture into the kingdom, and built four noble monasteries as models of tasteful magnificence, one of them being the *Newan Minstre*, where his bones were laid. To crown all, not contented with what he had done while living, he left behind him, in his will, as an immortal legacy to his country, the sentiment—how glorious from the heart of a great and victorious king!—that “IT IS JUST THAT THE ENGLISH SHOULD FOR EVER REMAIN AS FREE AS THEIR OWN THOUGHTS!” Well might Sir Henry Spelman style him “the wonder and astonishment of all ages!” and add, “if we reflect on his piety and religion, it would seem that he had always lived in a cloister: if on his warlike exploits, that he had never been out of camps: if on his learning and writings, that he had spent his whole life in a college: if on his wholesome laws and wise administration, that these had been his whole study and employment.” While contemplating with speechless admiration this sublime and truly godlike character, we cannot help exclaiming, Why has the world been presented with such hosts of kings, and but—ONE ALFRED? How mysterious is that Providence which does not permit to

suffering mankind the blessing of one such perfect monarch, even in a thousand years!

Thou hast done nobly, thou hast bravely fought!

Oh! not for kingly state or lawless sway;

On Freedom's shrine thou didst thy sceptre lay!

And henceforth is thine empire in the thought

And feelings of the Free. Power may devise

A throne, whose incense is the millions' sighs;

But thou hast won for thee a nobler state—

A more enduring throne: for worthless things

Are crowns and sceptres, and the sway of kings,

Compared with the high feelings which await

THE GIVERS OF THE GIFT OF LIBERTY!

Hence is it that for thee the homage springs

Of all the great and wise; and hence for thee

Breathes through all climes a noble memory.

Richard Howitt.

We might have supposed that such would have been the love and veneration of Englishmen for such a man, that his tomb would have been held the most sacred spot on all the broad bosom of England, and that the feet of pilgrims would have not merely worn down the marble steps of his shrine, but have made dusty the very highways leading towards it, from the most distant extremities of the empire;—but what is the fact? A beautiful and stately abbey was built to receive his remains, in

Hyde Meadow, near this city, and thither they were conveyed from his august monastery, the *Nathan Augustre*, with a solemn procession, and holy chantings; but, at the dissolution of the abbeys, this was pulled down, to sell the materials; the tombs of Alfred, of his queen Alswitha, of Edward the Elder, his son, and many of their descendants and other illustrious persons, were given up to the mercy of the destroyers. What that age left undone the last completed, by building a Bridewell on the very spot where this great king and perpetual benefactor of his country once reposed amid his kindred and his friends! Thus, while gorgeous tombs rise above the bones of many a worthless monarch, or ignoble grandee, the dust of Alfred, the noblest man that ever wore a crown, has been violated by the pick and spade of ruthless workmen, and his monument is—a gaol!

But our alternate admiration of the monarch, and indignation at the fate of his remains, have stopped us on our way. The descendants of Alfred continued to sway the Saxon sceptre for a hundred and sixty-five years, with the interruption of the brief dynasty of Canute and his sons Harold and Hardicanute; but no other Alfred arose amongst them. Valiant and great princes were some of them for the times: as Athelstan the Victorious;

and Edgar the Magnificent, who made seven kings row him in his barge on the river Dee: but others, such as Ethelred the Unready, who was soon compelled to fly before the Danes; and Edmund Ironside, that stout-hearted but unlucky king, who was obliged to divide his kingdom with them, showed only by the retrogression of the realm under their rule, how truly great had been their immortal ancestor, Alfred.

Yet during the Saxon period there is a picturesqueness of history that nowhere else occurs. There is a rude simplicity of life, and a mixture of great crimes and romantic incidents, that could only arise in such a life. The monarchs hunting with few attendants, or feasting in their halls in a most jovial and unguarded manner, gave occasion to events that could not in any after age have happened to the most ordinary noble. Into the hall of young Edmund, the successor of Athelstan, walked the great outlaw Leolf, on a day of high feasting, and seated himself at table. He sate and caroused, spite of the king's indignant command to withdraw himself, and the king instead of ordering his attendants to expel him, jumped up, seized him by the throat, and while dragging the robber out, was stabbed by him to the heart. Edwy, while in company with his wife, or as Milner will have it, his

mistress, is dragged out by St. Dunstan, and the Archbishop of Canterbury; the queen, or lady claiming to be queen, is branded in the face, and banished—the people rise, at the instigation of the priests, in rebellion against the king, who is excommunicated and chased away, so that he comes to his death a mere boy, not yet eighteen years of age; and the lady being again found in England, is hamstrung by the order of the archbishop, and dies in agony. Edgar his successor, a great admirer of female beauty, is cheated out of the lovely Elfrida by his favourite Athelwald, who being sent to see her on the king's account, falls in love with her, and coming back persuades the king that she is nothing particular; marries her himself; and falls the victim of the combined vengeance of the king and the lady on the discovery of the truth. Edward, the son and successor of Edgar, a gay and open-hearted youth of nineteen, while hunting, leaves his train, rides off into the forest, to see his step-mother, this fair but imperious Elfrida, and while drinking a cup of wine, which she presents him as he sits on horseback at her castle-gate, is stabbed by her command. This beautiful, but haughty and ambitious woman, having thus caused the murder of her first husband Athelwald by Edgar, in order to win a crown, and thus murdered Edgar's son by a for-

mer wife to make room for her own; now struck with incurable remorse, quits her regal state, her noble castle of Corfe, builds an abbey at Wherwell in the forest of Harewood near where her first husband fell, and there amid the most rigorous penances, fastings, prayers, wearing next her skin cloth of hair, passes her whole life; there dies and is buried. It was Ethelred the Unready, the successor of Edgar, who conceived and executed the bloody massacre of all the Danes in the kingdom, whom he had not been able by arms to subdue. It was he who issued secret letters, that on the festival of St. Brice, which fell on a Sunday, the people should suddenly everywhere rise and put every Dane to death. It was in this city, in the year 1002, that this horrid butchery began; and what is more remarkable, it was the concluding scene of the king's marriage festivities with Emma the fair maid of Normandy.

From this massacre sprung one of the most remarkable of our old English popular customs, that of *the Hocktide Merriments*; which have been continued through every succeeding age, and are even yet practised, particularly in the northern parts of the kingdom, where so many of the Danes were located. Those who may have witnessed what is called *Lifting*, at Easter; that is, men being lifted

in a chair by the women, till they give them a tribute to be free, may have never known that that merry custom commenced in the city of Winchester, nearly nine hundred years ago, in the bloody massacre of the Danes, when the women took an active part in the affair; hamstringing such of their victims as they spared, that they might no longer be able to fight; whence in the annual rejoicings which they instituted to commemorate this tragedy, they substituted the symbolical practice of tying the men down in a chair, for disabling them, and demanding for their release a fee. But for this bloody deed, this kingdom, and especially this city, its capital—speedily received sweeping vengeance. The Danes under Sweyn, came hot with fury, overrun every thing, and, compelling the monarch to fly for his life, placed a fierce Dane in every house as its keeper, and instead of Hocktide sports, made the cowering Saxon bow his bare head to every *Lord Dane* that he met; and if he encountered him on a bridge or in a narrow way, so to stand till his lordship had passed, or to receive prompt chastisement at his hand. In this cathedral, if we are to believe the ancient annalists and the popular songs of succeeding ages, the widow of the victorious Canute, the celebrated Emma, who had been the wife of two kings, and was now the

mother of a third, passed the fiery ordeal, and walked unhurt over nine red-hot ploughshares. She came thither the preceding day from the abbey of Wherwell, whither she had retired, and spent the night before the altar in prayer. When the morning broke, there came the king, the bishops, and all the multitude of people, to witness this fearful spectacle; and when they saw her walk, supported by two bishops, over the burning metal not merely unhurt, but unconscious of it, thus being cleared by divine power itself from the breath of calumny, the thousands of spectators made the vaults of the ancient mynstre, and the vaults of heaven itself to ring with their acclamations.

Such were the scenes which passed in the royal city of Wintanceaster during its period of Saxon glory—but the Normans came, and London began to rival and eclipse it as a regal seat. From the day, indeed, in which Alfred had rebuilt London in so superior a style, and had ordered the States to assemble there twice a year, its natural advantages of situation as the capital of a great realm, began to be felt, and it consequently increased rapidly in power and population. A great river is the true seat for a great capital, and the Thames was not only a noble stream, but was so located in refe-

rence to the continent, that its signal superiority could be no longer overlooked. While the kingdom was not sufficiently knit together to repel readily the ravages of foreign foes, a capital such as Winchester, a little removed from the coast, and especially from the northern coasts of the continent, which poured out so many fierce barbarians, was a more desirable spot ; but the Normans were a powerful race, and their relative location and communication with their own country, which must be kept up by ships, which again must necessarily require a noble harbour—made London the seat of power, but still left Winchester the seat of residence and pleasure. Here the Conqueror found himself in the very paradise of his own desire. His passion for dominion was not more fervent than his passion for hunting. “ He loved,” says the Saxon chronicler, who is believed to have been his cotemporary, “ great deer as if he had been their father.” Here then was a noble old city, well fortified, the seat of the kings of three preceding dynasties. So here he built him a castle to hold the natives in check, and a palace, thrusting it into the north end, even of the cathedral enclosure, where some of its massy foundations are yet to be seen ; and here soon began to toll his great even-bell of *Couvrefou*, which was soon echoed from every parish steeple

throughout the kingdom, and which yet are heard ringing by us at eight o'clock in an evening—the curfew-bell of these peaceful days. The city stood in a lovely and fertile valley, watered by one of the most wonderfully translucent streams on earth; and around it lay a delightful country—to him especially delightful, for its pleasant woods of Hempage, its forests of Bere and Woolmer, Chute and Pamber, all within scope of an accessible variety, but especially his great and favourite region of Ythene, or New Forest. Here he was, therefore, often to be found; as was his son Rufus, who, as we have observed, was buried here. Here the royal treasures were kept; here, and for ages after, were the royal mints; and under these kings and their successors, till the time of Edward III., who continued to keep their court and wear their crowns here at Easter annually, Winchester flourished greatly. As the stream of years rolled on, Winchester witnessed many a singular scene, at which we can only give a glance. It saw the line of Alfred mingled with that of the Norman dynasty, by the union of Maud, or Molde the Good, the great granddaughter of Edmund Ironside, and Henry the First. Here she was living in a monastery—here she was married—and, according to Rudborne, after a life of active piety, distributing

alms, building hospitals and bridges, and serving the infirm and diseased in person—here she was buried. Here her daughter, the Empress Matilda, waged the hottest part of her long warfare with Stephen, in which the most populous part of the city was destroyed by Stephen's party, with twenty churches, the royal palace, and the noble monasteries of St. Mary and St. Grimbald; and the Empress herself was only able to escape out of the besieged castle by a pretended death, and a truce obtained for the purpose of her funeral, during which she was carried out of the city through the midst of her besiegers on a horse-litter, wrapt as a corpse in a sheet of lead. Here Cœur-de-Lion, after his crusade and captivity in Germany, thinking himself half unkinged by his absence and thralldom, caused himself to be again crowned with great pomp and ceremony; and here the whole country saw with indignation the most contemptible act of the contemptible John.

After having here planned sundry schemes of exaction and oppression—after attempting to seize one-thirteenth of all the movable property of the realm, and bearding the Pope about the appointment of an archbishop—as mean as obstinate, he then ran into the other extreme, on being menaced with his kingdom being given to the king of

France. At Dover he laid his crown and treasures at the feet of the Pope's agent, Pandulph, doing homage for them, and agreeing to ratify what Matthew of Westminster justly terms a treaty lamentable, and detestable, at this city. Here, therefore, on the approach of the rejected Archbishop Langton, and several brother prelates, he went out to meet them on the downs of Magdalen-hill, where "at the sight of them he fell upon his knees, and shed many tears. This had the effect of melting the whole company, who mingled their tears with his. The prelates, raising him from the ground, now marched in mournful procession, repeating the 50th Psalm, to the western door of the cathedral, where a great number of distinguished persons joined them in weeping and praying." They did not allow him, however, to enter the church, but as an excommunicated person kept him standing without a good while, but finally proceeded to the chapter-house, and absolved him in due form.

Most of the succeeding kings and queens were to be found at one time or other at Winchester, holding festivals, or parliaments, or passing to and fro in their intestine wars. Henry III. was born here, and always bore the name of Henry of Winchester: Henry IV. here married Joan of Brittany: Henry VI. came often hither, his first visit

being to study the discipline of Wykeham's college, as a model for his new one at Eton to supply students to King's College, at Cambridge, as Wykeham's does to his foundation of New College, Oxford: and happy had it been for this unfortunate monarch, had he been a simple monk in one of the monasteries of a city which he so much loved, enjoying peace, learning, and piety, having bitterly to learn—

That all the rest is held at such a rate
As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep
Than in possession any jot of pleasure.

Henry VIII. made a visit with the Emperor Charles V., and stayed a week examining its various antiquities and religious institutions; but he afterwards visited them in a more sweeping manner, by the suppression of its monasteries, chantries, etc., so that, says Milner, "These being dissolved, and the edifices themselves soon after pulled down, or falling to decay, it must have worn the appearance of a city sacked by a hostile army." Through his reign and that of Edward VI. the destruction of the religious houses, and the stripping of the churches, went on to a degree which must have rendered Winchester an object of ghastly change and deso-

lation. "Then," says Milner, "were the precious and curious monuments of piety and antiquity, the presents of Egbert and Ethelwolph, Canute and Emma, unrelentingly rifled and cast into the melting-pot, for the mere value of the metal which composed them. Then were the golden tabernacles and images of the Apostles snatched from the cathedral and other altars," and not a few of the less valuable sort of these sacred implements were to be seen when he wrote (1798), and probably are now, in many private houses of this city and neighbourhood.

The later history of this fine old city is chiefly that of melancholy and havoc. A royal marriage should be a gay thing; but the marriage of Bloody Mary here to Philip of Spain awakes no great delight in an English heart. Here, through her reign and that of Elizabeth, the chief events were persecutions for religion. James I. made Winchester the scene of the disgraceful trials of Sir Walter Raleigh, Lords Cobham and Grey, and their assumed accomplices—trials in which that most vain and pedantic of tyrants attempted, on the ground of pretended conspiracies, to wreak his personal spite on some of the best spirits of England. Three of these royal victims, the Hon. George Brooke, brother of Lord Cobham, and the priests Watson

and Clarke, were executed here on the castle-hill ; the rest were reprieved after a barbarous farce of execution ; being brought out, one by one, and made to face the very axe, and even to prepare to feel its edge, and then remanded ; Sir Walter Raleigh being sent to the Tower, and cooped up for further mockery and final destruction. Such was the treatment of the man whose genius was an honour to the nation, and whose spirit and counsels had done more to break the Spanish power, than the deadly foe of England, than almost any person of the time, by this wretched doater on the Buckingham and Carra. The next reign saw his son Charles suffering for the base maxims of government which this great pretender to "kingcraft," as he termed it, had instilled into him, and brought through this very city a melancholy image of fallen greatness—a prisoner and a doomed man. Cromwell soon appeared here, and left those traces of his presence which, as in so many other places, remain to the present hour. He took the castle, and blew it up with gunpowder. He demolished Wolvesley Castle, the bishop's palace ; battered to pieces the fortifications of the city, knocking down what was called the Norman Tower at the West-gate ; with several churches and other public buildings ; and then leaving his troopers to stable

their horses in the cathedral, they exercised their puritan ardour in demolishing monuments, smashing painted windows, and perpetrating martyrdom on saints of stone.

Charles II. took as great a fancy to Winchester as the Norman kings themselves, setting Sir Christopher Wren to build a palace for him on the site of the old castle, which, so far as finished, stands there now; adding two new rooms to the deanery, in which he lived, for the accommodation of Nell Gwynn; while the Duchess of Portsmouth built a house for herself in St. Peter Street. But the most singular fact of history connected with Winchester and its neighbourhood, in modern times, and the last which we shall mention, is that of Richard Cromwell, Oliver's son, who resigned the Protectorate, and has been universally reproached for it by the historians, as being a proof of his weakness and pusillanimity. It is much more probable that it was a proof of his good sense. Richard, no doubt, saw the signs of the times; that a strong party was mustering for the return of the Stuarts. He had evidently a keen relish for the enjoyment of life, and had no desire to live as his father had done, with armour under his doublet, and sheet iron on his chamber door, and a brace of pistols always under his pillow. He therefore resolved to retire

to enjoyment with the plenty which he had ; and a jolly life, it seems, he led of it, at the old manor of Mardon, at Hursley, near this city, which he received in marriage with Dorothy Major, daughter of an alderman of Southampton. In his father's lifetime, it is said, he used in his convivial hours to drink the health of his father's landlord, Charles II. Charles II., the landlord, it appears, on his return never molested him ; and he spent a merry life in hospitable old English state to the term of eighty years. Here he had a chest filled with addresses of congratulation and protestations of the most profound fidelity, which before his resignation he had received from all the corporations and almost all public characters ; and on this he would often seat himself in the midst of his jovial friends, and boast that he was sitting on the lives and fortunes of most of the men in England.

GENERAL ASPECT OF THE CITY.

SUCH are some of the swarming historic recollections which come crowding on the mind as you enter the ancient city of Winchester, and it may

be supposed, therefore, with what an interest a well-informed Englishman first wanders through it. As you approach it from any quarter, the huge fabric of its cathedral strikes the eye with a solemn and venerable air of antiquity. William of Wykeham's beautiful college, the Norman hospital of St. Cross down the valley, and the peeping towers of various old churches, strengthen the impression. Wherever you turn, when once within its streets, you encounter objects of the past ages—the massy old gateway; the taper cross, light as a vision of fairyland; the tall peaked roof of ancient hospital or hall, and crumbling ramparts and ivy-hung ruins. Every thing is ancient. The houses are old and unpretending: you see none of those gay resuscitations and extensions of streets which mark the modern growth of many towns. There is a quietness and an absence of bustle in the streets themselves. You think of such towns as Liverpool and Manchester, where the spirit of modern activity has filled their huge boundaries with the din and the swarms of a restless, keen, and money-getting population; of Newcastle, which has sprung up from its ancient dinginess to a splendour of buildings rivalling the capital; or of Leamington, where the resort of fashion and affluent invalidism have made a splendid and glittering town out of a hamlet

of yesterday ; and you feel that the great current of national existence has turned aside, and left this capital of the olden time to muse over her past greatness. As you pass on, your eye is ever and anon caught by the old projecting gable, the low-pointed arch leading into houses which were once conventional buildings or the palaces of nobles, but are now the dim abodes of the humblest citizens. Tall massy walls of gardens and other spacious inclosures testify to their own antiquity ; niches with antique figures of saint and virgin, or holy matron ; memorial stones embedded in the sides of more recent buildings, arrest your eye at every brief interval of progress. The names of St. Swithun and St. Peter are inscribed on streets ; and if you lift your eye to the neighbouring hills, they are those of St. Magdalen or St. Catherine. Narrow passages lead you into the ancient burial-ground, or past the dusky receding doorways of old chapels. You find those long secluded pathways between old high walls, leading to retired footpaths in the outskirts, and across the crofts and meadows near, that are only to be found in our old unchanged country towns, and to which we become so much attached when we have lived in such a town for some time, and made them our daily outlets to the country ; and, ever and anon, a solemn stroke on

the great clock-bell of the minster, or a chime from a church tower, by the solemnity or the quaintness of its sound, strikes you with a sense of long-passed ages.

It is but a few months ago that I once more traversed this interesting city, with my brother Richard, who then saw it for the first time. Bound on a voyage to the opposite regions of the globe, and enabled by the rough blessing of a storm to set foot once more on English soil, it would be difficult for a less poetical person to imagine the delight with which he went over every spot of this historical ground. Two days of the most splendid autumnal weather we spent in and around it, pacing its gothic aisles and cloisters, pondering over its monuments, climbing its hills, and following the windings of its most transparent stream, and every where re-peopling its haunts with the varied multitude of its past inhabitants. We sat down on St. Giles' hill, while the whole chorus of church-bells filled the air with their solemn, yet rejoicing, murmur of sound; for it was Sunday. A more beautiful and interesting scene cannot readily be presented to the eye than the one before us. The city lay at our feet, in a fine open valley, and occupying a good portion of it. All round it rose bare green downs, contrasting in their airiness with its broad

mass of houses, of a simple old English aspect,—red brick houses with red tiled roofs, sobered to the eye with age, and mingled with fine masses of trees, especially around the minster; William of Wykeham's college, and Eastgate-house and grounds to the right, just below us. The main street, running up straight before you, direct east and west, and, at its farther end, the ancient, massy Westgate, spanning it. Immediately to the left of this stands, on its bold elevation, the chapel of St. Stephen, the chapel of the old castle, but now used as the county court; a building of simple outside, but with a fine interior, in which is still suspended on the wall the fabled Round-table of King Arthur, who was said by the British minstrels to hold his court here. But Dr. Milner has shown, too clearly for the boasts of old romance, that such could not be the fact, the Saxons getting possession of Winchester in Uther's time. On this hill, however, were executed the three gentlemen condemned by the judges of James, as participators in Raleigh's conspiracy. Close on the left again, stands the palace of Charles II.; a heavy mass of Grecian architecture, which bears very ill the contrast with the beautiful gothic erections below. This stands on the site of the picturesque old castle of the Conqueror, where many a bold and bloody deed was done, and many a fierce

beleaguering sustained. There, when Queen Isabella, with her paramour Mortimer, had triumphed over her husband, Edward II., the head of the old Earl of Winchester, the brave champion of the unfortunate king, and who had lived ninety years of wisdom and virtue, was seen bleaching on the top of the castle-gate at the command of the ferocious queen. But a still stranger sight was it, to see Edmund of Woodstock, the Earl of Kent, the king's own uncle, when condemned for his adherence to his kinsman and sovereign, standing on the scaffold before the castle-gate from morning till night, for want of an executioner; such being the detestation of that lascivious woman and her base and murderous paramour, and such the love and veneration for that worthy nobleman, that not a man, of any degree whatever, either of the city or neighbourhood, could be induced by rewards or menaces to perform the office of headsman, till a mean wretch from the Marshalsea prison, to save his own life, at length consented to take that of the Earl of Kent. To the north of the town might be seen the locality of Hyde Meadow, where, the old minstrels maintain, that Guy of Warwick fought and slew the Danish giant, Colbrand. The ancient ballad of Sir Guy makes him say—



And afterwards I offered up
The use of weapons solemnly,
At Winchester, whereat I fought
In sight of many far and nye.

But far more is Hyde Meadow memorable as the burial-place of the immortal Alfred, the great model of kings and of men.

In the centre of the town rises the venerable cathedral, as its grand object; at a short distance south, Wykeham's college, looking like another church, with its handsome pinnaced tower and noble east window; and down the valley, still more southward, the hospital of St. Cross, a miniature likeness of the cathedral, nearly buried in its surrounding trees. The meadows between the town and St. Cross show themselves very pleasantly, with their winding streams, their trees, and scattered cottages. Just below you to the left, between you and the cathedral, lie the extensive ruins of Wolvesley Castle; built by Henry de Blois, the brother of King Stephen, and destroyed by Cromwell. De Blois is said to have built Wolvesley on the site of a Saxon palace, so named from the tribute of wolves' heads, levied by king Edgar, being paid there. Be that as it may, it became from De Blois' time the

bishop's palace, and a noble one it must have been. Its massy and wide-spread walls overrun with a vast growth of ivy ; its still entire chapel ; its green inclosure, encircled by the old city walls, gray and broken, and yet carefully covered with fruit trees, —have a most picturesque aspect. The town comes up to the very foot of the hill, nay, its cottages and gardens climb the very acclivity, and remind one of Goethe's description of his rambling round the old walls of Frankfort when a boy, and looking down into such gardens, and on men and women issuing like burrowing animals from their dens, which are unseen and unknown to the dwellers below. To our left, rose the swelling hill of St. Catherine, crowned with its copse of beech and fir, and belted with the green mound of its ancient camp, Roman or British ; and behind us again, rose the downs of St. Magdalen, where formerly stood a noble hospital of that name, and where King John met and humbled himself at the feet of Langton. This very hill of St. Giles, on which we were, is one of the most distinguished in the neighbourhood of the city. Here, for ages, was held one of the greatest annual fairs in the kingdom. It was first granted by the Conqueror to his cousin, the Bishop Walkelin, and his successors, for a single day, and extended by future monarchs to sixteen days. A gay and most

curious scene it must have been. Here came merchants from all parts of the kingdom and from the continent too,—Jews, spicers, players, jugglers, minstrels, dealers in cutlery, arms, horses and cattle, mendicant friars, the tin and copper merchants from Cornwall, and all the concourse of picturesque characters which sped to a great occasion of business and merriment in those ages. That the clergy did not keep too strict a hand on its mirth and frolic may well be believed, for the bishop, the priory of St. Swithun, Hyde Abbey, the hospital of St. Mary Magdalen, and other corporations, received the tolls upon every article brought to the fair. For this purpose they had collectors stationed at Southampton, Redbridge, and on all the great roads leading to the city. During the continuance of the fair, all the shops were shut up in the city, and the mayor gave up the keys of the four city gates, and with them his authority, to a temporary magistrate of the bishop's appointment. A sort of city was erected on the hill itself. Its booths and tents were arranged in whole streets, each appropriated to the sale of its own peculiar commodity, and thence named,—as the drapery, the spicery, the stannery, etc. The fame of this fair was in every part of the kingdom; and hence Piers Plowman is introduced, saying,

To Wy* and to Winchester I went to the Fair.

Its reputation continued till the reign of Henry VI., when that of St. Magdalen's hill began to eclipse it.

On this hill too, from the earliest times of Christianity, stood the chapel of St. Giles, which was burnt down in 1231, but rebuilt and remaining till the sweeping reign of Henry VIII. Nothing now remains of it but the churchyard; which, however, is more than remains of the chapel of St. Catherine, which formerly crowned her noble hill, but fell in the same reign, and has left only a bed of nettles to mark its site.

On this hill was executed, and buried in its cross road, the great English Earl Waltheof, by the Conqueror, for an attempt to throw off his yoke: a circumstance, from the attachment of the people to this powerful nobleman, and from their witnessing his beheading, as they stood at their own doors and windows, which long made this spot a place of great interest to the descendants of the Saxons in this neighbourhood.

Having now, from this elevation, taken a general survey of the city, we will descend and visit some of its most striking objects; and as it is impossible,

* Weyhill.

in a mere passing visit, to notice a tithe of its attractive antiquities, we shall confine ourselves to its three grand ones—the Cathedral, the College of Wykeham, and the Cross.

THE CATHEDRAL.

ON entering the Cathedral inclosure on its north side from High-street, you are at once struck with the venerable majesty and antique beauty of the fine old pile before you; and with the sacred quietude of the inclosure itself. In the heart of this tranquil city it has yet a deeper tranquillity of its own. Its numerous tombs and headstones, scattered over its greensward, and its lofty avenues of lime-trees, seem to give you a peaceful welcome to the Christian fane and resting-place of so many generations. If you enter at the central passage, you tread at once on the eastern foundations of the Conqueror's palace, and pass close to the spot on which formerly rose the western towers of Alfred's Newan Mynstre, and where lay his remains, after having been removed from the old mynstre, till

Hyde Abbey was built. It is impossible to walk over this ground, now so peaceful, without calling to mind to what scenes of havoc and blood, of triumph and ecclesiastical pomp, it has been witness,—the butchery of the persecution of Diocletian, when the Christians fell here by thousands; the repeated massacres and conflagrations of the Danes; the crowning of Saxon and of English kings; the proud processions of kings and queens, nobles, mitred prelates, friars, and monks, to offer thanksgivings for victory, or penance for sin, from age to age; and, finally, the stern visitation of the Reformers and the Cromwellian troopers.

The venerable minster itself bears on its aspect the testimonies of its own antiquity. The short and massy tower in the centre, the work of Bishop Walkelin, the cousin of the Conqueror, has the very look of that distant age, and to eyes accustomed to the lofty and rich towers of some of our cathedrals, has an air of meanness. Many people tell you that it never was finished; but besides that there is no more reason that the tower should remain unfinished through so many centuries than any other part of the building, we know that it was the character of the time, of which the tower of the Norman church of St. Cross affords another instance just at hand. In fact the spire was then

unknown. This tower still exhibits its primitive Norman round-headed windows ; in the north transept you see again other Norman windows, varying from those of the simplest kind to others with the round spandrel, embracing the pointed arch and flowing tracery. Towards the east end, again, you catch traces of round and trefoiled arch-work, supported on the short Saxon pillar borrowed by the Normans ; and then in different parts of the church, every variety of lancet and pointed arches, and of perpendicular and florid tracery, which mark the progress of English architecture to the time of Henry VIII., when it and the Catholic religion ceased their career together.

Having arrived at the west front, we cannot avoid pausing to survey the beauty of its workmanship,—that of the great William of Wykeham ; its great central doorway, with its two smaller side-doors ; the fretted gallery over it, where the bishop in his pontificals was wont to stand and bless the people, or absolve them from the censures of the church ; its noble window, rich with perpendicular tracery ; its two slender lantern turrets ; its crowning tabernacle, with its statue of the builder ; and its pinnacled side-aisles. But, to use the expressive language of Dr. Milner,—“ Having now entered the awful pile, by that doorway through which so

many illustrious personages have heretofore passed in solemn procession ; as the impatient eye shoots through the long-drawn nave to the eastern window, glowing with the richest colours of enamelling ; as it soars up to the lofty vault fretted with infinite tracery ; and as it wanders below amidst the various objects which the first glance commands ; the most insensible spectator must feel his mind arrested with a certain awe, and must now experience, if he had never felt them before, the mingled sensations of the sublime and beautiful." I must confess that of all the cathedrals which I have entered, none gave me such a sensation of surprise and pleasure. The loftiness, the space, the vast length of the whole unbroken roof above, I believe not exceeded by any other in England ; the two rows of lofty clustered pillars ; the branching aisles, with their again branching and crossing tracery ; the long line of the vaulted roof, embossed with armorial escutcheons and religious devices of gorgeous colouring ; the richly painted windows ; and below, the carved chantries and mural monuments, seen amid the tempered light ; and the sober, yet delicate hue of the Portland stone, with which the whole noble fabric is lined, produce a *tout ensemble* of sublime loveliness which is not easily to be rivalled. I could scarcely help exclaiming in the

fervid words of a living poet, who, more than any other, has succeeded in throwing into language the spirit and the beauty of our exquisite Anglo-Gothic architecture :—

For him, ye columns, rear your brows on high !
Lift up your heads, great portals of the sky !
What fairer dome, save that which heaven expands,
What worthier seat of temples made with hands,
Than builders sage here pillared for his throne ?
For nature's God a work like nature's own :
Or, where unlike the forms her hands produce,
Still like in grace, magnificence, and use.
In new designs, her fair proportion shown ;
Her likeness traced in structures not her own ;
Her measures followed, harmonies bestowed
On strange materials in an unknown mode ;
And half her influence o'er the mind imprest
By different means, and thence with livelier zest ;
And half her charms to fascinate the heart.

O noblest work of imitative art !
To pile columnar trunks from marble mines,
Embower their boughs, and interlace with vines ;
Pile higher still, and arch a vault on high,
To shield the storm, and emulate the sky :
Cross aisles to vistas of her sylvan bower,
Rear for the sun in heaven a lantern-tower ;
Adapt each limb with various height and length,
And bind the whole in unity and strength ;

Copying, abstracted in a different plan,
The grace and order of the world and man :
And scarce with rapture less, and awe, confound,
And lift to God the wight who gazes round ;
Than who beneath a cliff sees capes and bays,
Far tinged with sunset's red and yellowy rays ;
Or nightly wandering, hears the hills accord,
And heavens declare the glory of the Lord,
When winds and waves through shadowy woods intone,
And ghastly moonlight chills the glimmering zone.

Moile's State Trials—Anne Ayliffe for Heresy.

As the architecture of our Christian churches—the architecture which men, blinded by religious prejudice and classical education, have, in contempt, styled gothic—is “the noblest work of imitative art,” so is that passage the noblest and most perfect expression of its spirit, its principles and pre-eminence, which ever fell from the pen of genius ; and I rejoice that we have so far recovered the use of our eyes and faculties, as not only to recognise the glory of these matchless old fabrics, and to endeavour to emulate them—though yet in vain,—but have advanced so far as to see a poet arise amongst us, penetrated so absolutely with the sense of their grace and true grandeur, as to be able to proclaim their triumphant beauty with the most successful power. For ages these noblest works of genius

were looked upon as the mere monuments of the barbarism of our ancestors; as wild and gothic vagaries of ignorant men, groping along in the "dark ages," and devoid of any principle of beauty, truth, or grandeur. Hackneyed into the admiration of every thing classical, men went on raving about the sublimity of the Grecian architecture, and protesting that it had exhausted every form of grace and source of invention, while before their eyes rose some of the most admirable monuments of grace, full of the triumphs of invention, to the ancients altogether "in an unknown mode." No one more admires the severe grace of the Grecian architecture than I do; the majesty of its towering and finely proportioned columns, the sublimity of its pediments and peristyles, and the inimitable and living beauty of its statuary, and storied friezes; and if one could but gaze on the fair structures of Athens and the gigantic piles of Tadmor, I have no doubt that we should feel and confess that nothing in that character, and for those climates, ever could or ever will surpass them while the world stands. But, if the so-called Gothic architecture cannot equal the Grecian in the lofty majesty of its columns, the nobility of its peristyles, or the grace of its statuary, it can rival it in its capability of varied form, and the endless variety of its ornaments. The

faults of classic architecture are monotony of structure, heaviness of mass, and want of adaptability to the needs of varying climate. The former defects are felt, where a number of buildings in the pure Grecian style are brought together; the latter cannot be remedied without gloom within, or violation of unity without. On these very needs the Gothic bases some of its most triumphant beauties. In that imitation of nature which the Grecian scarcely carries farther than its columns, the foliage of capitals and cornices, the Gothic immeasurably transcends it. Here infinite Nature sees—

In new designs her fair proportions shown ;
Her likeness traced to structures not her own ;
Her measures followed, harmonies bestowed
On strange materials in an unknown mode.

She sees man, not only enabled

To pile columnar trunks from marble mines,—

but to

Embower their boughs, and interlace with vines ;
Pile higher still, and arch a vault on high,
To shield the storm *and emulate the sky.*

Instead of being able only to receive light from above, leaving all open to the elements, or of mar-

ring incurably the exterior integrity of the structure, windows in this style of architecture become one of its greatest means of beauty, with their carved tracery, and gorgeous paintings of saints, martyrs, angel messengers, or the divine Saviour himself amid the very light of heaven,

Whose beams, thus hallowed by the scenes they pass,
Tell round the floor each parable of glass.

It is true that the original defect of classic architecture has been so far overcome by the genius of Anthemius, the old architect of Constantinople, of Michael Angelo, and of Wren, as to admit of those magnificent domes of Santa Sophia, St. Peter's, and St. Paul's; but even this is a departure from the strict classic model, an engrafting upon it of an eastern idea; and the splendid advantages of light, with its attendant beauties of tracery, and painting, never can be conferred on the classic, while it is an inherent glory of the Gothic.

Pliant in its character as the very nature which it emulates, it thus enables the throng of worshippers, careless of heat or cold, to gather into the very heart of the august fane, shielded and sheltered, as in a sacred solitude, to offer up their thanks and prayers; and if required by the faith of

the congregation, this sanctuary becomes a scene of the most sumptuous splendour, and imposing spectacle. There, in the hands and in the opinions of that church which reared these fabrics—the choir is a spot

Where, with one heart, all ages and degrees,
Clothed in their pride, are mingled on their knees
Before an altar dowered with every worth ;
The gate of heaven to supplicants on earth ;
Where all the arts reflect their author's grace ;
Where priests supreme in probity and place,
With solemn march, in robes of radiant dyes,
O'er sainted relics dress the sacrifice.
Silence and song : the whispered prayer and spoke ;
Flowers, banners, censers, and ascending smoke :
Dread pageantries, for which man's soul was made ;
And every charm that brings devotion aid ;
On high, in sculptured and in limned design
His deeds and death ; and he, the Word, in fine,
Unseen, yet present to ethereal sight,
Broods o'er the whole, and consecrates the rite.

Moile.

Gothic architecture, as we must still call it, for want of a better name—the architecture of Christian Europe—is, in fact, the poetry of architecture. Every great and perfect cathedral is a great and perfect religious Epic. Its storied windows, each of which

Shoots down a stained and shadowy stream of light,

are so many cantos of the loftiest poetry of the Christian faith, the gracious triumphs of the Saviour, or a quaint traditionary narrative: every statue in its niche is an historic episode: every exquisitely wrought canopy, every heaven-seeking turret, every fair pendant, or crocketed finial, is a beautiful simile, presenting to the admiring eye, the loveliest revelations of nature,

In strange materials and an unknown mode.

And the more we comprehend their real designs; the more we discover of the imaged personages in the splendid cathedrals which are scattered over Europe, but especially in Germany, the Netherlands and France,—the more we find that they are, in fact, actual monuments of the progress of those nations; histories in stone, and of which every individual part is but the eloquent component of a glorious and consistent whole.

The entrance of this fair fane, however, has carried us away from our immediate purpose, though into kindred regions of feeling and fancy. Let us now return to it. Let us remember that we are but on a visit, and must therefore walk on. Were we to linger, and say all that we feel of all we see, we

must write a book as large as Dr. Milner's. That old font which catches the eye on our left hand is a most curious piece of antiquity, respecting the date and ornaments of which antiquaries have been much divided in opinion. It is a heavy square mass of dark marble, supported on a massy central pillar and four corner ones. It is wrought with carved designs of doves and groups of quaint human figures, supposed by Milner to represent certain legendary acts of St. Nicholas. In its mass and figure it strongly reminds one of an ancient cromlech. Around the walls are numerous monuments of bishops, deans, nobles, and gentlemen of neighbouring families; but we must leave them to the notice of the spectator, except mentioning that that of the celebrated Mrs. Montague is one of them; that Bishop Willis has a fine recumbent effigy by Cheere, an artist of great ability, though of unknown name, but who, having committed the error of placing the head of the figure facing the west instead of the east, the universal custom, is said to have suffered the circumstance to prey so strongly on his spirits as to occasion his death; that there are several by Flaxman, and one of peculiar interest—that of Dr. Joseph Warton, the poet, and master of Wykeham's college here. He is represented in his character of schoolmaster,

with a group of his pupils before him, who are chiseled with the most admirable truth of nature. They are genuine schoolboys to the very wrinkles of their trousers. Above his head are busts of Homer and Aristotle, and that monument is surmounted by the classic lyre. There is on the same side a monument by Chantry, but not one of his best. As you approach the screen of the choir, affixed to the base of one of the great clustered pillars, is also a monument that must not be passed by. It is that of the celebrated and liberal-minded Bishop Hoadley, with a most exquisite medallion profile of him.

But, as works of art, the most striking and beautiful things of a monumental nature, are the chapels or chantries containing the tombs of the great Catholic prelates of this cathedral. Of these there are not less than half a dozen, the greater part of which are of the most beautiful designs and most delicate and elaborate workmanship. They stand detached erections on the floor of this great fabric, and though two of them only are in the nave, and the other in the presbytery, we will here speak of them altogether, as things of one character. They contain the tombs of Wykeham, Edington, Fox, Cardinal Beaufert, Waynflete, and Gardiner. The two in the nave are those of Edington and William

of Wykeham. They are between the great pillars of the south aisle. To attempt to describe these chantries would be a waste of words. They are open-work chapels, chiefly of slender shafts and arches, each of their peculiar date, roofed with the richest ceilings, and crowned with piles of canopy-work of the most splendid description. So delicately, so elaborately are they carved out, that they have more the appearance of being wrought in ivory than in stone. In these, on stately tombs, the sides of which are figured with the richest paneling, lie the effigies of these magnificent old prelates; and here were daily masses chanted for the repose of their souls, these chantries being endowed with funds for the purpose.

At the remembrance of this, who is not carried back to the days when they were all in full chorus? Who does not seem again to hear

litanies at noon,

Or hymns at complin by the rising moon,

When, after chimes, each chapel echoed round,

Like one aerial instrument of sound,

Some vast, harmonious fabric of the Lord's,

Whose vaults are shells, and pillars tuneful chords.

Moile.

They had originally each their own shrine, and were adorned with abundance of images, of which

the niches only now remain. William of Wykeham lies on a tomb of great beauty, the sides of which are covered with panels of trefoil arches, and crocketed spandrels, and emblazoned with mitres and his armorial shields. His face and figure are remarkably fine; and at his feet are seated three little quaint figures of monks in a praying attitude. They are said to be three of his favourite friars.

Passing along the south aisle, we come to the chantry of Bishop Fox, who was so long prime minister of England, and also the patron of Wolsey. Nothing can be more elaborately wrought than this chapel; nor more beautiful in design than those of Cardinal Beaufort and Bishop Waynflete, at which we next arrive. That of Gardiner, standing on the opposite side of the Capitular Chapel to that of Fox, is of far inferior merit.

Had the cathedral possessed no other monuments than these it must have been an object of great interest. Their singular beauty of design and workmanship, and the character of the men over whose remains they were erected—men who played such conspicuous parts in their day—alike confer that interest on them. The busy and ambitious Beaufort, whom Milner, as a Catholic, has naturally endeavoured to exculpate, but whom both chroni-

clers and historians stamp so clearly with dark deeds, as fully to justify the celebrated scene in Shakspeare, where he "dies and makes no sign!"—Wykeham, the great builder and patron of learning—Waynflete and Fox; both statesmen and founders of colleges; Waynflete of Magdalen, and Fox of Corpus Christi, Oxford; and the fierce Stephen Gardiner, who will be known while the annals of persecution endure.

In the east part of the church there are many objects of great interest. Amongst them, the marble coffin of Richard, the second son of the Conqueror, in the south-east aisle, who was killed while hunting in New Forest, before his brother Rufus was: the Lady Chapel, in which Bloody Mary was married to Philip of Spain; the chair on which she sate on that occasion being still to be seen. In this chapel, as also in the one to the left of it—the Chapel of the Guardian Angels, are the remains of old paintings on the walls and ceiling, of angels and legendary figures, that are curious for their antiquity.

On the fine screen at the back of the Capitular Chapel, and opposite to this chapel of the Virgin, is seen a range of canopied niches, in which formerly stood statues of the most eminent Saxon kings and bishops, from Kinegils to St. Edward, together with Canute, Hardicanute, Queen Emma, and, strangely

enough, amongst them, Christ and the Virgin Mary. At the foot of this screen is also the now blocked-up archway, which formerly led down a stone staircase to what was called the HOLY HOLE; no doubt from the Saxon Heilige Höhle, or Holy Cave; in which were deposited the sacred relics and remains of eminent saints, "through whose merits," says an inscription in large letters over the vault, "many miracles shine forth." Going round Gardiner's chantry into the north-east aisle, we soon pass the monument of King Hardicanute, having on it the figure of a ship, like those of the old Norwegian kings at Iona. Descending a flight of steps, we find ourselves in the northern transept, which has a most stern and ancient look, being no other than the ponderous and lofty original Norman fabric, built by Walkelin in the reign of the Conqueror. Every thing here denotes a rude antiquity. There is a dark chapel below the organ stairs—the Chapel of the Sepulchre, whither used to be great resort in Holy Week, to witness the mass of the Passion of our Saviour, as yet celebrated in the Catholic countries on the continent. And on the walls are discovered rude paintings of the taking down from the cross, the laying in the sepulchre, the descent into Limbus, and the appearance of the Lord to Mary Magdalen, from whose lips the word Rabboni is seen to proceed; with kindred subjects.

In the open part of the transept, the whole of which was adorned with similar paintings, some are yet visible, as a colossal figure of St. Christopher carrying the child Jesus, and the Adoration of the Magi. The whole transept is highly interesting, and forcibly brings to the imagination the rude age in which it was raised, and the awe which must there have been excited in the simple minds of the half-civilized crowd of worshippers.

But we have made the circuit of the church without beholding the choir, and we must not quit its precincts without entering there. Ascending the flight of steps which lead to it, we front that elegant screen with which modern good taste has replaced the screen of Inigo Jones, who, blind to all the beauty of the Gothic architecture, not only placed here a Grecian screen, but also affixed a Grecian bishop's throne to the beautiful Gothic canopy-work of the choir. In the niches of this screen are two bronze statues of James I. and Charles I. We are now on the spot of the ancient rood-loft, where formerly stood the great rood, or crucifix, with the attendant figures of the Virgin and St. John, of vast size and value, being of silver, which were bequeathed to the minster by the notorious Archbishop Stigand, before the Conquest. As we enter the choir through the door in the screen, we are struck with the great beauty of the place.

Around us rises the rich dark woodwork of the stalls, contrasting well with the pale delicacy of the walls above. Overhead swells the fine vault of the roof, with its rich tracery, and its central line, and orbs at the junction of its timbers, embossed with bold armorial shields of the houses of Tudor, Lancaster, and Castile, as united in John of Gaunt and Beaufort, with those of various episcopal sees and stretching on to the splendid east window in that direction, emblazoned with "the several implements of our Saviour's Passion,—the cross, crown of thorns, nails, hammer, pillar, scourges, reed, sponge, lance, sword, with the ear of Malchus upon it, lantern, ladder, cock, and dice; also the faces of Pilate and his wife, of the Jewish high-priest, with a great many others, too numerous to be described, but worthy of notice for the ingenuity of design," and the richness of their tints. They, are, indeed, emblazoned in the most gorgeous colours; scarlet, blue, and gold; and, to a fanciful eye, may resemble, many of them, huge sacred beetles of lordly shapes and hues. On each side rise up into the very roof, the tall pointed windows glowing with the figures of saints, prophets, and apostles, who seem to be ranged on either hand, in audience of the divine persons in the great east window—the Saviour and the Virgin, with apostles and other saints.

But what is the most striking to the eye and mind of the spectator, is to behold on the floor of the sanctuary before him a plain bevelled stone of dark marble—the tomb of William Rufus; and arranged on the top of the beautiful stone partitions on each side of the sanctuary, dividing it from the aisles, are six mortuary chests, three on a side, containing the bones of many of the most eminent Saxon princes. The bones which, from the repeated rebuildings and alterings of the cathedral, must have been in danger of being disturbed, and the places of their burial rendered obscure, or lost altogether, Bishop de Blois, in the twelfth century, collected and placed in coffins of lead over the Holy Hole. At the rebuilding of the choir, as it was necessary again to remove them, Bishop Fox had them deposited in these chests, and placed in this situation. The chests are carved, gilt, and surmounted with crowns, with the names and epitaphs, in Latin verse and black letter, inscribed upon them. Beneath them, also, the motto—EST DEO GRACIA, in black letter; in Roman character IN DOMINO CONFIDO, and SIT LAUS DEO. The remains thus preserved, are those of *Kinegils*, *Ethelwolph*, here called *Adulphus*, the father of Alfred: *Kenewalch*, here called *Kenelph*; *Egbert*; *Rufus*; *Queen Emma*; *Edmund*, the son of Alfred; *Edred*, the youngest son of Edward the

Confessor; with those of the bishops Wina and Alwin; and one chest contains the mingled fragments of such princes and prelates as were scattered about by what is styled on the chest itself, "the sacrilegious barbarism of the year 1642."

These mortal remains of persons who lived here, most of them, more than a thousand years ago, thus strangely preserved, realize more palpably to our minds their far-off existence, than all the efforts of the most graphic history, which now presents them to us as little more than the figures of fiction or a dream. As we stood amid the chanting of the choir, and the pealing of the organ, while the morning sun threw down on them the colours of the amethyst and the ruby, they seemed to the imagination like the bones of the kings of old romance, to lie enshrined in everlasting music and sunshine; and gave birth to the following sonnet by my companion:—

MATIN-SERVICE IN WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

SEPTEMBER 22, 1830.

A sweet religious sadness, like a dove,
Broods o'er this place. The clustered pillars high
Are roséd over by the morning sky;
And from the heaven-hued windows far above,
Intense as adoration, warm as love,

A purple glory deep is seen to lie,
Turn, Poet, Christian, now the serious eye,
Where in white vests, a meek and youthful band,
Chanting God's praise in graceful order stand.
O hear that music swell far up, and die !
Old temple, thy vast centuries seem but years—
Where sages, kings, and saints lie glorified !
Our hearts are full, our souls are occupied,
And piety has birth in quiet tears !

Richard Howitt.

But casting our eyes forward, they fall on the “magnificent screen of the most exquisite workmanship in stone, which,” Milner justly says, “this or perhaps any other nation can exhibit.” The canopies and lacework on the upper part, in fact, after examining all the other beautiful stone-carving of the cathedral, fill you with equal wonder and delight. The place where the high altar formerly stood is now occupied by a painting of the Raising of Lazarus, by West ; but what must have been the ancient splendour of that, we may learn from the words of Milner, authorized by the descriptions of those chroniclers who were familiar with it. “The nether part, or antependium, consisted of plated gold, garnished with precious stones. Upon it stood the tabernacle and steps of embroidered work, ornamented with pearls, as also six silver candle-

sticks gilt, intermixed with reliquaries wrought in gold and jewels. Behind these was a table of small images, standing in their respective niches, made of silver adorned with gold and precious stones. Still higher was seen a large crucifix with its attendant images, those of the Blessed Virgin and St. John, composed of the purest gold, garnished with jewels, the gift of Henry de Blois, king Stephen's brother. Over this appears to have been suspended, from the exquisite stone canopy, the crown of King Canute, which he placed there in homage to the Lord of the Universe, after the famous scene of commanding the sea to retire from his feet, which took place near Southampton."

To conceive what must have been the effect of this gorgeous scene, of this altar and sanctuary, thus raised and adorned by all the arts, aided by the full pomp of the ritual ceremony, on a Catholic audience in those ages, we have only to complete the picture by one more passage from the master poet of such subjects.

Thus from the altar's base intoning prayers,
Mid white-robed youths, then mounting up the stairs,
A friar of orders gray the service said :
Oft bent his knees, oft bowed his shaven head ;
Oft crossed him thrice ; now smote upon his breast,
Now turning, hailed the multitude, and blest.

Choirs answered him with anthems soaring loud,
Incense curled up, and wreathed on high a cloud.
In choral ranks the palled procession trod,
Hymned every saint, and chanted praise to God.
While through each aisle the faithful gazing stood,
Or reading knelt, and signed the holy rood ;
Till heard the warning of a silvery bell,
To earth all prostrate, bowed the face and fell ;
The primate rose—the hierarchy up,—
The priest thrice offered Heaven the host and cup ;
And all tongues quired, adoring cup and host,
“Glory to Father, Son and Holy Ghost !
We laud, we love, we magnify thy name,
Thou, who for human sins the Lamb became !
Thou, with whose presence heaven and earth are filled !
Have mercy, Christ !” They paused: the fane was stilled.
Alone the friar in accents clear and lowly
Pursued the chaunt, ‘For only thou art holy,
Thou only wise, thou only the most high !’
“Lord God of Sabaoth !” burst the fane’s reply.
Then pealed Hosannahs, Hallelujah rung,
Deep organs shouted with a trumpet’s tongue ;
Through nave and transept rolled the billowy sound,
And swelled and flooded aisles and arches round ;
Each pillar trembles, kneeling statues nod,
And walls with men re-echo—thanks to God.

Moile.

If even I, born and educated in that religious
body which has, more than all others, stripped from
worship every external sign—who feel that true

worship is a thing entirely spiritual, an elevation of the soul alone towards its Creator, and who am deeply sensible of the fearful end to which the fascinations of Catholic worship and the pomp of its hierarchy were made a means—that of treading on the neck of the people with the feet of papal and regal tyranny—if even I am almost ready with the poet, under their immediate influence, to ask

Oh! like these moments what in human time?

What grander scene? What drama more sublime?

If even Milton, the stern republican and anti-hierarchist, could not help exclaiming—

O let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale,
And love the high, embowered roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows, richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced quire below,
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes:—

we must confess that if there be not much abiding

religion in all this, there is, at least, great poetry. It was to this that we owe the inimitable works of the old painters. Catholics in spirit, heart and imagination, they have thrown the fervour of their souls into their works; and there they remain, bidding defiance to all the efforts of modern pencils, which, if they are guided by the most perfect art, are yet not dipped into the warm fountain of love, and of the old intense devotion. When therefore, we walk in a fabric like this, venerable with the flight of nearly a thousand years, and build up again in imagination its jewelled shrines, rear aloft its glittering rood, replace all its statues of gold, and silver, and chiselled stone, and see once more with the mind's eye there assembled the stately kings, and queens, mitred prelates, and throngs of proud warriors and nobles of past times, amidst the magic tide of music, and the imposing drama of high mass, we must prepare to confess that, if the people were superstitious, it was not without great temptation; for never did human wit achieve so fair temples, or animate them with a pageantry of worship so seducing to the imagination. Having awarded these, its peculiar merits, to that church which, on the other hand,

Yoked mankind and trod,
With prostrate neck while bowed before his God—

we now may bid adieu to the cathedral—its most venerable work in our island.

But if we had quitted Winchester cathedral without paying a visit to the grave of one of the best and most cheerful-hearted old men who lie in it, we should have committed a great fault. No, we stood on the stone in the floor of Prior Silvestede's chapel in the old Norman south transept, which is inscribed with the name of IZAAK WALTON. There lies that prince of fishermen, who, when Milner wrote his history of this city, was so little thought of that he is not once mentioned in the whole huge quarto! But the restored taste of these better times has reinstated the fine old fellow in his just niche of public regard. And if the whole kingdom had been sought for the most fitting spot of burial for him, none could have been found more fitting than this. Is it not in the neighbourhood of that beautiful river Ichen, whose water is so transparent that it looks rather like condensed air, and in which his beloved trouts sail about as plain to the eye as the birds are on the boughs that overhang it? Is it not by that sweet valley in which he delighted, and in that solemn minster that he loved, and by that daughter whom he loved still more,

and amid the haunts of those bishops and pious men whom he venerated, that the good old disciple, not only of Christ, but of Andrew and Peter, and of all sacred fishermen lies?—Peace and lasting honour to him! and great thanks should we owe him, had he never left us any other sentiment than that which he penned down when he heard the nightingales singing, as he sate angling—"Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in Heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on Earth!"—*Complete Angler*, p. 10, *Major's edition*.

WYKEHAM'S COLLEGE.

THE most interesting thing in Winchester, which yet remains in its antiquity, next to the cathedral, is Wykeham's College. Those old grammar-schools which are scattered over this country, and so many of which have now become vitiated in their management, or nullified in their original intentions of good, but into which circumstance it is not our present province to enter, have a great deal that is most deeply interesting connected with their origin and earlier course. In pursuing the object of this

work in a future volume, we shall probably have a good deal to say on this subject, which our present limits will not allow us to venture on. But in the early days of our history, five or six centuries ago, when the feudal system was in its strength ; when the barriers of temporal rank were as fixed and impassable as gates of adamant ; when the growth of commerce and the spread of literature had not opened so many avenues to distinction—the Church was the only path from the lower walk of life to eminence, and the old endowed grammar-school the sole narrow gate by which genius born in the cabin of poverty could emerge from its obscurity, and assert its celestial origin in the face of day. There was no rising from the clod to the command of armies, for even the common soldiers of the army were of the rank of gentlemen. There was no great highway of law then to the order of nobility, the judges were of the privileged class, and the great offices of state were commonly in the hands of churchmen. But every now and then, spite of all these barriers, there arose from the forest or the hamlet the possessor of the divine power of genius, who made his way to the councils of kings and the arbitrium of nations. The herd-boy, or the son of the ranger, with his bright face and passing bow, graceful as if dictated by gentlest

blood and the sweet tuition of a high-born and high-minded mother, attracted the eye of the lord of the soil—and was placed on the foundation of the old grammar-school. Once there, the wings of native and irrepressible genius bore him above the heads of all competitors, and above every barred portal on the road to fame. He became the statesman, the influential prelate, whose eloquence and sagacity were more powerful than all the rank and wealth of the mightiest temporal barons; whose barest word bore down spears and shields, and laid the subtlest schemes of policy in the dust; and far beyond that, he became the builder of palaces and founders of colleges, which were to remain for thousands of years, and serve as models of architectural designs, and lamps of intellectual light to this nation and its future generations, influencing them more or less for ever.

One, and a single instance, of this nature, was William of Wykeham himself. He was a poor boy of the neighbouring town of Wickham, whose father was a person so obscure that his name is even a matter of dispute. William, however, attracted the regard of Nicholas Uvedall, the lord of the manor, who sent him to the old grammar-school in Winchester, which stood on the very spot on which his college now stands. With that fine sensibility

which is one of the essential qualities of genius, William of Wykeham seems to have been vividly impressed with the circumstances of his boyish life. His grateful attachment to the place of his education, no doubt led him, in the after period of his power and fame, to build this beautiful school on its site, and to confer on it far ampler advantages. The piety of his heart led him every morning to attend the mass performed by an old monk of the name of Pekis, before an image of the Blessed Virgin in the cathedral; and such were the impressions, however fixed on his mind, that he not only regarded the Virgin through life as his peculiar patroness, embellishing his sacred buildings with multiplied images of her, but had his tomb placed on the very site of her chapel, where he was wont to attend her orisons with Pekis.

There is a great resemblance between the careers of Wykeham and Wolsey, save that Wykeham displayed a far higher conscientiousness of character. Wykeham was distinguished, like Wolsey, for his princely love of architecture, and by that was first recommended to his great patron, Edward III. For him he pulled down the greater part of the old castle of Windsor, and rebuilt it in a much more magnificent style. It was said that he caused to be inscribed on the round tower at Windsor, when he

had finished it, the equivocal sentence: ~~His~~ ~~made~~ ~~Wykeham~~: but it was his transcendent genius, in fact, which "made Wykeham." His architectural works at Dover, Queenborough, Windsor, and other castles for the king; the building of his two colleges—this, and New College, Oxford—and his rebuilding the nave of his cathedral, mark him as the greatest architectural genius of the age. But he also, like Wolsey, became the king's chief minister, being successively secretary of state, keeper of the privy seal, chancellor, and most confidential counsellor of the crown. As in Wolsey's case, his sovereign heaped on him ecclesiastical preferments most lavishly, and all these honours brought upon him the envy of the courtiers. When the king became old and inert, his enemies prevailed by charges of embezzlement, which they would not allow him to answer, to get him disgraced. Being then satiated with court life, he retired to his diocese, and employed himself in those great designs which have covered his name with so much honour; showing himself the friend as well of his country as of the poor, twenty of whom he regularly supported as part of his family. Had his ambition been as lawless, and his fall as signal as that of Wolsey, he would have figured largely in the hands of the historians; as it is, he has been passed over by many without a tithe of

his true fame, and it is remarkable that his name is not once mentioned in Hume's account of the reign of Edward III.

This old college is the more interesting as being "the parent of Eton, and the model of Westminster." The building of it was begun in the year 1387, and when completed, at the end of six years, it was incorporated and endowed for the teaching of seventy poor scholars in grammatical learning: and over it were appointed a warden; ten secular priests, perpetual fellows; three priests' chaplains; three clerks and sixteen choristers: and for the instruction of the scholars, a schoolmaster and an undermaster—which are supposed to represent so many scriptural characters:—the warden and ten priests, the Apostles, Judas being omitted; the seventy scholars and two masters, the seventy-two disciples; three chaplains and three clerks, the six faithful deacons; and the sixteen choristers, the four greater and twelve lesser prophets.

Such continues the establishment; though there are taught a considerable number of youths besides, who are not on the foundation. The college is built round two courts, with towers over each gateway. As you enter the first, you observe a figure of the Virgin in a niche; again, on the tower facing you, leading into the second court, you observe

three niches with rich canopies, occupied by the Virgin, the angel Gabriel, and the founder himself. Wykeham is in the attitude of invoking the blessing of the Virgin, while she again is evidently in the act of sending Gabriel to accomplish his prayer. On reaching the other side of the tower, that is, in the second court, you find the same figures there too, as well as another statue of the Virgin on the east end of the church. All this bears testimony to Wykeham's profound veneration for his patroness, to whom, indeed, he dedicated both his colleges. This second court, with its noble chapel and tower, one of the most elegant objects in the general view of the city, is strikingly beautiful: but we have gone at such length into the description of the cathedral, that we must not here allow ourselves to dwell on architectural particulars. The chapel is lofty, finely roofed, and the large windows richly emblazoned with figures of prophets, apostles, kings, and saints male and female. The large east window is occupied with the genealogical tree of our Saviour. At the bottom you see Jesse lying, and the tree taking root in him, spread itself upwards full of kings and sages, having the Crucifixion in the centre, and the Resurrection at the top. There is also an altar-piece by a French artist, of considerable merit,—the Salutation of the Virgin. But

perhaps the most curious things about the chapel are the ancient stall-seats now affixed to the wall of the ante-chapel. These have their seats so fixed upon hinges that those who sit in them can only maintain their position by balancing themselves with care, and resting their elbows on the seat-arms; so that if the monks who used them dropped asleep during divine service, the seats came forward and pitched them headlong upon the floor,—nay, if they only dozed and nodded the least in the world, the hard oaken seat clapped against the hard oaken back, and made a noise loud enough to attract the attention of the whole audience. Nothing ever was more cleverly contrived to keep people awake at church or chapel; and, no doubt, most of us know where they would be especially useful now.

At the corner of this quadrangle, west of the chapel, a flight of steps leads up to the Refectory. In ascending to this we pass the Lavatory, with which all the old convents and colleges were furnished, and so placed that all might wash before meals. The Refectory, or dining-hall itself, takes us at once back to the old times, being furnished with its dais at the head end, its screen at the entrance; and its lofty groined roof, with its large coloured busts of kings and bishops for corbels;

having a lantern in its centre to admit of the escape both of the effluvia from the table, and of the smoke from the fire in the centre. Here the scholars take their meals; their dinners every day consisting of mutton, except on Wednesdays, when they have roast and boiled beef. One hogshead of beer per day is allowed to the school. The scholars give the name of *dispers* to their breakfasts, suppers, and luncheons. At the lower end of the hall stands a massy octagon chest of oak, furnished with a lid and padlock, into which is daily thrown all the broken meat, which is given to twenty-four poor women, eight of whom receive day by day in rotation. In a chamber adjoining the kitchen is one of the most singular spectacles imaginable, and which speaks forcibly to the imagination of the olden times, and their quaint modes of admonition. This is a memento addressed to the servants of the establishment, in the shape of a large painting on the wall, a hircocervus or man-animal; styled THE TRUSTY SERVANT, and having its virtues explained in the following Latin and English lines:—

EFFIGIUM SERVI SI VIS SPECTARE PROBATI,

QUISQUIS ES HÆC OCULOS PASCAT IMAGO TUOS.

PORCINUM OS QUOCUNQUE CIBO JEJUNIA SEDAT.

HÆC SERA CONSILIUM NE FLUAT, ARCTA PREMIT:

DAT PATIENTIEM ASINUS DOMINIS JURGANTIBUS AUREM:

CERVUS HABET CELERES IRE, REDIRE PEDES,
 LÆVA DOCET MULTUM TOT REBUS ONUSTA LABOREM.
 VESTIS MUNDITIAM : DEXTERA OPERTA FIDEM :
 ACCINOTUS GLADIO ; CLYPEO MUNITUS : ET INDE
 VEL SE, VEL DOMINUM, QUO TUEATUR, HABET.

A TRUSTY SERVANT'S PORTRAIT WOULD YOU SEE,
 THIS EMBLEMATIC FIGURE WELL SURVEY :
 THE PORKER'S SNOOT NOT NICE IN DIET SHOWS.
 THE PADLOCK SHUT NO SECRETS HE'LL DISCLOSE.
 PATIENT THE ASS HIS MASTER'S WRATH WILL BEAR,
 SWIFTNESS IN ERRAND THE STAGG'S FEET DECLARE :
 LOADED HIS LEFT HAND APT TO LABOUR SAITH :
 THE VEST HIS NEATNESS, OPEN HAND HIS FAITH.
 GIRT WITH HIS SWORD, HIS SHIELD UPON HIS ARM,
 HIMSELF AND MASTER HE'LL PROTECT FROM HARM.

The school, which stands a detached building in the inclosure of the play-ground, though itself a comparatively modern erection, being built in 1687, yet it is fitted up in the simple style of the old times, and gives you all the feeling of them. The school-room is lofty, and ninety feet long by thirty-six wide. Over the door without, is a fine metal statue of Wykeham, cast and presented to the college by Caius Gabriel Cibber, whose wife the inscription states to have been a relation of the founder. Within, every thing is of the most primitive character. At each end of the school stands

an old-fashioned chair, one for the master, and one for the second master—with their crimson cushions; and on the floor, instead of that succession of desks and benches, which is found in modern schools, there is here and there, a sort of massy square frame-work of oak, raised on as massy square posts about a foot, or something more, from the ground. This serves the scholars for seats, every one having on this rude kind of frame his school box standing by him, which having an inner lid, supplies him at once with a reading desk and a depository for his books. These boxes are termed Scobs. And in this primitive style, no doubt, studied the scholars of Wykeham's own times, and also Wykeham himself. On one end of the school-room, in unical letters, are the following pithy orders, with significant symbols opposite—

AUT DISCE (either learn)	.	{	A mitre and crosier, as the expected reward of learning.
AUT DISCEDE (or depart)	.	{	An inkhorn to sign, and a sword to enforce expulsion.
MANET SORS TERTIA CÆDI,		{	A scourge.
(the third choice is, to be flogged).			

At the other end are inscribed the rules, in Latin, for the conduct of the scholars in church, at school, in the hall, in the court, or play-ground, in the chambers, and in the town, going to the hill.

In the school it is directed,—“ Let each one re-

peat his lesson in an under-tone to himself, in a clear voice to the master." From this too, we may infer that the old-fashioned plan of murmuring over tasks to themselves, whence you still hear such a hum in a village school, is allowed to the boys. The next rule, however adds, "Let no one molest his neighbour," which it must be rather difficult to avoid, if humming lessons be permitted. In the hall, he that says grace, is to repeat it distinctly; all the rest standing upright in their places and answering him. In the court, the old propensity to cutting and carving names and initials on the building, is made strictly illegal. In the chambers each one is to study in the evening, and on going to the hill they are to observe prescribed limits. These rules are all flavoured with antiquity. Twice a week, from time immemorial, it has been the practice of the scholars to go to the hill, that is, St. Catherine's Hill, on Tuesdays and Thursdays, for two hours each time; which is a fine place for air and exercise. Their bed-rooms are on the ground-floor; each scholar has a separate bed of the simplest construction, and by his bed stands a tall slender kind of desk, which probably serves him both as desk and wardrobe; but here, as the rule indicates, it is evident that he is expected to spend his evening in study; and here, during play-hours,

the scholars also can retire for the same purpose. Two or three bed-rooms accommodate all the scholars on the foundation, and on the walls are inscribed in white letters on a black ground, the names of those boys who have gone hence to New College, Oxford; many of them having been prefects, or senior boys.

Such is the school which Wykeham founded, and which, in his day, Joseph Warton taught; and from which have gone forth, besides a multitude of archbishops, bishops, and other eminent men—the learned Groeyn, and Udal, Sir Thomas Brown, the antiquary, Lowth, the poet and divine, Joseph Warton, as scholar as well as master, and his brother Thomas Warton, a far greater poet, full of the spirit of nature and of chivalry, whose lays furnished no slight inspiration to Sir Walter Scott; Sir Henry Wotton; Otway Sommerville, Pitt, Philips, Young, and Collins! As I beheld the fine set of lads eager at their game of cricket in their playground, I wondered whether any of them would rival the fame of their predecessors.

One of the most delightful places in this college we have not yet spoken of, and that is the cloisters. These lie on the south-side of the chapel, and form one of the most delicious seclusions imaginable. They inclose a quadrangle of one hundred and

thirty-two feet square, upon which they open with elegant Gothic mullions ; and are roofed with Irish oak, the rafters of which form a circular vault, and we were positively assured by the porter, that no spider was ever known to weave its web upon them ; that they were never swept, and yet were perfectly free from cobwebs, as we might see, though the spiders had freely stretched their lines from one mullion to another of the cloister front. The least that can be said is, that it is curious if true. Under foot, the pavement is covered with ancient monumental brasses, and “forlorn hic jacets,” being the burying place of the fellows and scholars of the institution for four centuries. The whole quadrangle is filled with the most velvet turf, forming a refreshing contrast with the gray walls around, while before the open gallery of the cloisters grows up sweet bays and jasmines, and in the midst of the green area rises one of the most perfect little Gothic chapels imaginable ! It was built for a chantry, where a monk used to perform a daily mass for the dead ; but is now the library of the establishment. It has all the attributes of a chapel in miniature—the groined roof—the emblazoned window, and besides that now, a glorious array of most valuable old works. What would one not give for such a perfect place of meditation,

and such a fairy study! Amongst the curious contents of this unique library, is the pedigree of Wykeham, on a long roll of vellum, traced up to Adam!

A robin-redbreast was the only musing monk which we found in these cloisters. He went with us all round, hopping from opening to opening, or perching on the bushes near us. "Ay," said the porter, "that is the chapel robin, it regularly attends service."—The robin is a monk indeed.

THE HOSPITAL OF ST. CROSS.

FOLLOWING the banks of the river, we strolled down the meadows to St. Cross. We made a divergence to the left to climb the bold down of St. Catherine, attracted by the outline of its ancient camp, and taking a view of the city and country far round from thence, again plunged into the valley, and following a pleasant footpath, soon stood at the gates of St. Cross. It is impossible to go over the different objects of antiquity at Winchester, without beginning to believe that you are gone back into antiquity itself. The cathedral with all

its Saxon monuments and memorials; the college with its primitive air and habits; and then this hospital, built in the days of King Stephen—a hospital still, with living brethren, and its fabric as entire as in the day of Henry de Blois. We passed on our left the old refectory, called "~~Hundred~~-~~Men~~-Hall," because there a hundred poor men were daily entertained; on our right having the kitchen where the cookery was done for such a company; and if the hundred men were there no longer, we had no sooner presented ourselves at the porter's lodge than we found the porter still at his post; and, as bound by the rules of De Blois, and just as was the wont of the olden time, he immediately craved us to partake of the hospitality of the house.

Not a stranger, from the days of King Stephen to the present hour, on presenting himself at that wicket, but was, and is, entitled to receive bread and beer. Accordingly the horn, a genuine vessel of the good old times, no glass or crockery of these artificial days, was produced, and the eleemosynary bread; and we ate and drank, and praised great Henry de Blois, and the porter, that the bread they gave us was good bread, and the beer was good beer, for, sober itself, it would keep all who drank it sober, so that even a teetotaller, though a kind of creature unknown to De Blois and his times, might

taste it with a conscience, and no weary wayfarer need dread its bewildering him on his journey. Two gallons of beer and two loaves of bread are daily distributed to those who seek relief; another fact testifying to the wisdom of the brewer, and the moderation of the poor, who scorn to take undue advantage of such generous hospitality.

This celebrated hospital was, like all ancient buildings, of a quadrangular form inclosing a court. Three sides of the square are yet complete; the fourth being removed, has opened a cheerful prospect into the green fields. The remaining buildings are of the most venerable description. A strong gateway tower gives entrance to the court, and on its outer front aloft, in a fair niche kneels, not De Blois, but the second founder of this hospital and builder of this tower, the notorious Cardinal Beaufort, in his cardinal's hat and robes. Two other niches in a line with this are now empty, but it is supposed that the one towards which Beaufort is kneeling contained the Holy Cross, the original object of devotion here; and the other a statue of St. John, the great patron of hospitalers. Milner says, "in the cornice over the gateway of this tower we behold the cardinal's hat displayed; together with the busts of his father John of Gaunt, of his royal nephews Henry IV. and V., and of his

predecessor Wykeham. In the spandrels on each side appear the founder's arms, viz., France and England quarterly. The centre boss in the groining of the gateway is carved into a curious cross, composed of leaves and surrounded with a crown of thorns."

Stepping into the court, we see on our left a cloister portico, or ambulatory, where the brethren could take exercise in bad weather, while its open front freely admitted the air and gave them a view of the whole quadrangle. In the centre of this is a projecting recess, in which stands an old table, said to have been used by Charles II. when encamped on St. Catherine's Hill. This cloister is terminated by the church, which we shall visit presently; and over it are the rooms called the Nuns' Rooms, formerly occupied by the three hospital sisters who attended the sick; and also the rooms where the sick brethren themselves were lodged. At the east end of these apartments is seen a window opening into the church, so that the sick brethren might attend to the service as they lay in their beds. The opposite side of the court consists of the houses of the brethren, who have three small chambers each and a garden. The brethren are single men (or if married men, their families are not admitted), and wear a black gown with a silver

cross on the breast. The porter, who is one of the brethren, is allowed to have his wife, so that she may act as cook to the brethren.

The third side of the court, being that in a line with the entrance tower, consists of the brethren's hall, and the master's residence. This wing has altogether a great air of picturesque antiquity. The keep-like gateway tower, the old Gothic porch and flight of steps ascending to the hall door; the buttresses and chimneys of the master's house running up the outside. The present master is the Earl of Guildford, and the house is occupied by the chaplain.

Bishop De Blois, Wykeham, and Beaufort, were the grand founders and benefactors of St. Cross. Wykeham in his time found the institution much plundered, and manfully and with infinite pains, by processes both in the spiritual and temporal courts, compelled the guilty to restore its rightful funds. So that at one time it not only maintained in the house seventy persons, clergy and laity together, but also one hundred out-members, who receive daily their meat and drink, and on the anniversary of the founder three hundred. Like many other charitable institutions, however, in Henry VIII.'s day it was ruthlessly stripped of much of its income; and now whatever may be its revenues, it

supports only these thirteen brethren, and gives away the small doles already mentioned. By the ancient rule, the brethren received daily a loaf of good wheaten bread of three pounds four ounces weight, and a gallon and a half of good beer; a pottage called MORTREL, made of milk, and WASTELBREAD; a dish of flesh or fish, as the day should require, with a pittance for their dinner; likewise one dish for their supper.

This, it must be confessed, was a bountiful dealing; and, compared with which, the present allowance of the brethren appears but meager,—three quarts of beer per day each man, and five small loaves of twenty-two ounces each in six days. Every Saturday one hundred pounds of meat are taken in for the following week's consumption; that is, reckoning fourteen persons, the porter's wife being one, seven pounds per week, or a pound per day each individual. Then, there are five gaudy days in the year, on each of which a sirloin of sixty pounds is cooked, and mince-pies and plum-porridge. On ordinary days the brethren cook their own provisions at their houses, but on gaudy days the cooking is done in the old kitchen attached to the hall; and the roast is then divided amongst them, each taking his portion to his own house. Thus it appears there is now no dining in

the hall whatever. The hall and kitchen, however, would befit the feast-day of a feudal baron. They are of the most substantial and ancient aspect. The kitchen, with its huge fire-grate, and spit turned by its huge smoke-jack; its massy dresser and other apparatus in accordance. The hall of the genuine old fashion, with its dais and screen, and music-gallery over it; tables of ponderous character, and its groined roof, which, like the roof of the cloisters of Wykeham's College, the porter's wife assured us was of Irish oak, and never was touched by a brush or defiled by a single cobweb.

At the head of the hall, is what is, however, not often found in our English halls, though common in religious houses on the continent,—a portable shrine, which, when closed, has the appearance of a cupboard, but, when opened, reveals the Virgin and Child and other holy personages.

But, after all, the church is the glory of St. Cross, and is, indeed, one of the most interesting monuments of architectural antiquity in the kingdom. With the exception of the front and upper story of the west end, which are supposed to be the work of Wykeham and Beaufort, the whole is the work of Henry de Blois, "and seems," says Milner, "to have been an effort of that great encourager of the arts to produce a style of architecture more excel-

lent, and better adapted to ecclesiastical purposes, than had hitherto been known. This style, accordingly, soon after made its appearance in a regular shape. The building before us seems to be a collection of architectural essays, with respect to the disposition and form, both of the essential parts, and of the subordinate ornaments. Here we find the ponderous Saxon pillar, of equal dimensions in its circumference and in its length, which, however, supports an incipient pointed arch. The windows and arches are some of them short, with semicircular heads, and some of them immoderately long, and terminating like a lance. Others are in the horse-shoe form; of which the entrance into the north porch is the most unique specimen. In one place we have a curious triangular arch. The capitals and bases of the columns alternately vary in their form, as well as in their ornaments. The same circumstance is observable in the ribs of the arches, especially in the north and south aisles; some of them being plain, and others profusely embellished, and in different styles, even within the same arch. Here we view almost every kind of Saxon and Norman ornament; the chevron, the billet, the hatched, the pellet, the fret, the indented, the nebulé, the wavy, all superiorly executed. But what is chiefly deserving of attention in this ancient

church is what may perhaps be considered as the first regular step to the introduction of that beautiful style of architecture properly called the *Pointed*, and abusively the *Gothic*."

Milner here alludes to the first apparent discovery of the pointed arch, by observation of the effect of round arches intersecting each other,—an effect made conspicuous by the rows of intersecting arches on these walls. When Milner says, "and, accordingly this style soon made its appearance in a regular shape," he does not mean the style of this church, but the one indicated by this effect; that is, the pointed style; for the general style of this church itself is Saxon, or rather that adoption of the Saxon by the Normans, into which they introduced their own varieties. It is a mixed or transition style, containing the rudiments of those future orders which gradually developed themselves into the simple pointed, or Early English, the Perpendicular or the Florid.

The great and predominant character of the style of this church, therefore, is the Saxon—the massy round pillars, round arches, with the billet and zig-zag mouldings, mixed with that variety of ornament which it seems capable of admitting without violation of its unity. Thus we have scarcely two pillars, two bases, two capitals, two

corbels, or two arches alike. There is introduced that variety, of which nature exhibits the beauty, without any discordance, but, on the contrary, a heightened effect of pleasure. It is wonderful in what a perfect condition the noble old fabric is brought down to us, enabling us to see in the stern and plain character of this church the character of the age. Here, we have not those comparatively modern embellishments which we find in the choir and nave of the cathedral, but a sternness, a nakedness, and a solidity, more allied to the transepts of the Norman Walkelin. We see the naked rope depending from the belfry into the church below; beneath our feet are tiles, no doubt originally imitated from the Roman ones, but bearing the figures of quaint lions and other animals, and sundry Saxon zig-zags and wavings, and on some the old English words, ~~Be ye good~~, or *Remember!* that is, most probably, the care of your own soul, or to pray for those of others.

Here we bid adieu to Winchester. Long as its historic ground and beautiful antiquities have been overlooked by the multitude, I imagine they will

hereafter become much more known, and afford a great degree of pleasure to our countrymen. Steam, which is laying open the beauties and the historic treasures of the kingdom to its inhabitants, has taken its way through Winchester, and brought it within little more than two hours' distance of the metropolis. What is more, it has laid it in the direct line of what will be one of the most attractive routes to our summer tourists—to Southampton, the Isle of Wight, and back to town by Portsmouth. Who, therefore, on this round of enjoyment, will not drop down at Winchester, where so much of high interest may be seen in a single day, or even in a few hours? As I sat on St. Giles's Hill, pondering on all the past history of the place, suddenly came the steam-engine with its train, fuming and flying through the quiet district. The effect was startling. The two extremes of English history were brought suddenly and unexpectedly together; and I could almost imagine the old Saxon kings, upspringing from their sleep in the cathedral, to inquire what new and strange power had burst into their dreamy and so long undisturbed dominion. The restless spirit of the *new* has, indeed, broken in;—it cannot wake the dead, but it will bring to the *living* a better knowledge of the old!

VISIT TO WOTTON HALL, STAFFORDSHIRE.

ALFIERI AND ROUSSEAU IN ENGLAND.

It would be curious to bring into one view the visits to England of those foreigners who have exercised a signal influence on the destinies of their own nation, and thence on those of mankind in general, and to take a glance at their places of abode while here. It would be surprising how little in accordance would frequently be found to be their haunts and habits, with the character which they have left indelibly stamped on the annals of their time. The Emperor Charles V. fêteing and frolicking with Henry VIII. at Whitehall, Hampton Court, Greenwich, or Winchester; Peter the Great of Russia, driving his sledge through the fine old holly hedges of John Evelyn's house at Woolwich, as his relaxation from the fatigues of ship-carpentering in the dock-yards, which he was there practically learning; Marat, the bloody Marat, the friend of the ferocious Robespierre, who fell by the

hand of Charlotte Corday, teaching French at a dissenting academy at Warrington in Lancashire, intimate with all the Aikins and Barbaulds, and some of whose pupils are yet living, of the most opposite characters, both to their tutor and to another of his pupils, the famous fighting Fitzgerald of duelling notoriety. Louis Philippe pursuing the same humble vocation at Richmond: Dr. Franklin busy in London as a journeyman printer; La Mennais seeking employment in London, and refused as stupid-looking; or Mina, or Miguel, the lions of London drawing-rooms, surprising all the young ladies with their meekness and gentleness, the more to surprise them afterwards with the news of their bloody deeds. Two of the most extraordinary men, however, of the last century who have made any considerable sojourn in this country, are Alfieri and Rousseau. They were both the apostles of change; the effect of whose writings have been, as in the case of Rousseau, too obvious to need comment, and which in neither case have yet ceased to operate. It may be said that the spirit of the dramas of Alfieri is, indeed, the spirit of modern Italy, and will, unless all ordinary prognostics fail, yet show itself in events that will agitate all Europe. Like the volcanic fires of that country, it is burning on, and, though it only shows

itself now and then, in fugitive scintillations and abortive flashes, it is still accumulating for a grand explosion, which will either annihilate the oppressors or the oppressed. Whenever that day arrives, the name of Alfieri will be the watchword, as his works have long been the food, of liberty.

Yet how few in England who are ardent admirers of Alfieri's impassioned tragedies, reflect how much of his history and his fortunes were mixed up with this country. His exploits here in his early youth made noise enough at the time, but that time is gone by; and we read his works, treading on the very ground on which he then trod, yet thinking of him only as the fiery Italian poet in his own Italy.

Alfieri made no less than three visits to England, the first and second of which were of many months each; in fact, he spent altogether little less than two years here, and has left the following testimony of his attachment to the country. "England, and especially the metropolis, highly delighted me at first sight. The roads, the females, the absence of mendicity, the neatness and convenience of the houses, the incessant bustle in the suburbs as well as in the capital, all conspired to fill my mind with delight. In my future visits to England, I never found any reason to change this favourable opinion. . . . In fact, after much travelling and observation, the only

two countries of Europe in which I have uniformly wished to fix my residence, are England and Italy; because in the former art has everywhere changed and subjugated nature; and because in the latter, nature always appears predominant, and in its pristine force and vigour."—*Autobiography of Alfieri*, vol. i. pp. 161—164.

A great similarity has been traced betwixt the character and fortunes of Alfieri and those of Lord Byron, and certainly the parallel is not a little curious. By following the lines of Alfieri's existence, we cannot avoid seeing the correspondent one of Lord Byron. Alfieri was of noble birth, and by the death of the immediate heir (his elder brother) became the head of his family and possessor of the paternal estates. His father died in his infancy; and he fell into the hands of a guardian, who kept him at the public school at Milan. Here he grew up amongst the other children of the aristocracy, with little care for his advance in his studies—impatient of classical fagging, but fond of horses and riding, and all the sports of young men of property. He had one sister, to whom he was always extremely attached, so much so as eventually to make over the bulk of his property to her. During his minority he exhibited the most passionate temperament, and on any opposition to his will, fell into the

most moody and obstinate fits. Because his tutor put some restraint on him, he shut himself up for six months in his rooms; abandoned his fashionable and expensive dress, and fine clean linen, of which he was very fond; allowed his hair to grow; lay in bed till noon, and then, dragging his bed to the side of the fire, there crouched on it for the rest of the day, smoking and gazing fixedly on the flame. The moment he became liberated from his tutelage, he set off on his travels, and went over the whole of Europe, from Norway and Russia, to Spain and Portugal. In these journeys he appeared delighted to show his contempt for kings and tyrants. In all of them he was attended by his faithful servant Elias. At his first visit to England he was only nineteen, and vied with the young nobles in their passion for horses,* and driving of coaches, and boasts that in the crush of carriages and battle of coach-poles at Ranelagh he always came off conqueror, and always without injury to horses or vehicle. In England, in Holland, in Spain, in Italy, everywhere he fell into most desperate love affairs. Lady Morgan has justly said that in even such

* "I have got my saddle-horses here, and have ridden and am riding all about the country."—*Byron, in life*, vol. iv. p. 14. All through Lord Byron's journal and letters, we find him talking of his saddle-horses and riding exploits.

affairs he displayed his pride; "he chose the wife of a British peer for his mistress, and the widow of a legitimate king for his reputed consort."

This mistress was the beautiful but licentious Lady Ligonier. Alfieri was then only two-and-twenty—the empty, fashionable, dissipated Count Alfieri. For this lady he committed the greatest extravagances; dislocated his collar-bone with leaping a fiery horse at a gate in mere wantonness of excitement; disguised himself in a post-boy's dress, and scaled the walls of Cobham Park with his left arm in a sling, and his naked sword in his right hand; fought a few days afterwards, and in the same condition, a sword-duel with Lord Ligonier in the Green Park, and after receiving a thrust in the arm, bound it up and went to the opera. The trial and divorce of Lady Ligonier occasioned him to leave the country, and he returned to Italy, taking with him a number of the finest English horses, which he got across the Alps with about as much trouble as Hannibal passed them with his army; though he had two men to look after each horse. At one time he sported sixteen most splendid horses.

The "reputed consort" was the widow of no other person than "Prince Charlie," the hero of the Rebellion of forty-five—the last Pretender. This

lady, styled the Countess of Albany, who was only about twenty-five when he fell in love with her at the age of twenty-eight, and with whom he spent the remainder of his life, was not only a very beautiful, but most superior and excellent woman. That passion for fame which the sight of the tomb of Michael Angelo had first inspired him with, she continued to cherish and direct; and to her, Italy and the world owe much of whatever glory and spirit of freedom Alfieri has left in his writings.

In all this, who does not see the great resemblance between the Italian and the English poet? But it did not end here. Alfieri, like Lord Byron, though the zealous companion of liberalism, was prouder of his birth than of his genius,—and as he has been exactly described—“was an abstraction of pure isolated aristocracy.” He denounced kings because he hated all tyrants; but he abhorred the French Revolution, because it was entirely democratic. He proclaimed the law of liberty, but his indomitable pride made him hold himself aloof from its plebeian labourers. He was proud to show the nobles that he could win honours beyond his hereditary ones; but the order of patrician rank was still more flattering to him than even the “Order of Homer,” which he instituted, and in which he enrolled himself a member. Finally, Alfieri was

proud of his abilities as a swimmer; and so similar were their habits in this respect, that Moore in his life of Byron has actually stated of him what Alfieri states of himself—that in Italy, during the summer, it was one of his grand pleasures to resort to a solitary spot on the coast, and after bathing in the sea, throw himself at the foot of a rock, and lie for hours looking into the sky, indulging in the most delicious reveries.—See *Alfieri's Autobiography*, and *Byron's Life and Works*, vol. viii. p. 77.

Old people are yet living who recollect the noise made by the affair of the Count Alfieri and Lady Ligonier. A friend of mine informs me that near Warrington is a humble farm-house where the Count lodged for some time when in that neighbourhood, to be near Lady Ligonier, and that the old man will talk by the hour of *Maester* Alfieri. And in this retired spot, where I now reside—having on one hand Esher-Place, where Wolsey passed his first months of disgrace; on the other Claremont, where the Princess Charlotte died; on a third, the house of Lilly the astrologer, and where Paine wrote a part, if not the whole of his *Rights of Man*; and on the fourth, the parsonage where Gibbon in his youth was domiciled with Philip Francis, the translator of Horace—almost every object seems to stand as it stood when Alfieri

played his wild vagaries. The Griffin Inn at Kingston, from which he took a post-chaise, and proceeded to Cobham, disguised in "an old blue great coat and a round post-boy's hat, but having under his old great-coat a very handsome coat, and particularly smart about his legs and feet, having clean white silk stockings, and neat shoes and buckles on;" the Tartar public-house near Cobham, where he left his chaise, and took across the foot-road towards Church-Cobham; the little garden-gate at Cobham Park, where Lady Ligonier waited for him; the George Inn at Cobham, where Lady Ligonier went, and getting pen and paper, wrote the letter to the Count, beginning—"Mi Lord sait tout;" and bidding him avoid him, and with which she sent off a messenger on horseback to London; all appear at this day just as described then, and remind us of Alfieri at an age when he seemed likely to win the reputation of a most profligate rake, but as little likely to become the great tragic poet and father of Italian regeneration, as to become Pope. Yet, let none despair of reclaiming the most erring—let none despair of themselves; this ill-educated, corrupted, wilful, and reckless young man—struck by the contemplation of the tomb of Michael Angelo—made to pause a moment, and feel how noble is the life, how glorious

is the memory of the intellectually great, and how vile and worthless his own career—burst the fetters of guilty habit, ay, though it were with tears and howls of agony, and not without cutting his hair from his head, and binding himself with a cord to his chair, wearing his mantle that it might not be seen—and now, his tomb, carved by the hand of CANOVA, HIS FRIEND, stands beneath the splendid dome of Santa Croce in Florence, with that of Michael Angelo, before which he had groaned in shame, and those of Galileo and of Machiavelli.*

In Santa Croce's holy precincts lie
Ashes which make it holier, dust which is
Even in itself an immortality,
Though there were nothing save the past and this,
The particle of those sublimities
Which have relapsed to chaos :—here repose
Angelo's, Alfieri's bones, and his,
The starry Galileo with his woes ;
Here Machiavelli's earth returned to whence it rose.

These are four minds, which, like the elements,
Might furnish forth creation :—Italy !

* Exactly twenty years after these events Alfieri, now become famous, had the chance to meet with Lady Ligonier, just as he was embarking after a third visit to England, and had the satisfaction to find that she had shrunk from fashionable life, married an untitled person, and expressed herself as perfectly happy.

Time, which hath wronged thee with ten thousand rents
Of thine imperial garment, shall deny,
And hath denied, to every other sky,
Spirits which soar from ruin :—thy decay
Is still impregnate with divinity,
Which gilds it with revivifying ray ;
Such as the great of old, Canova is to-day.

Alfieri visited England in his youth, and in pursuit of pleasure. Jean Jaques Rousseau came hither in age, and driven by necessity. The man who, risen from the humble station of a clock-maker to the first rank of literary distinction, to be the associate of princes, to alarm kings, popes, and stern presbyters, and to scatter the seeds of change wide through the ancient soil of society, was now haunted with a fatal frenzy, which alienated his friends, and pursued him with imaginary foes and terrors. No character was ever more justly and perfectly drawn than that of Rousseau by Lord Byron.

——— One, whose dust was once all fire,
A native of the land where I respire
The clear air for a while—a passing guest,
Where he became a being,—whose desire
Was to be glorious ; 'twas a foolish quest,
The which to gain and keep he sacrificed all rest.

Here the self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau,
The apostle of affliction, he who threw

Enchantment over passion, and from woe
Wrung overwhelming eloquence, first drew
The breath which made him wretched ; yet he knew
How to make madness beautiful, and cast
O'er erring deeds and thoughts a heavenly hue
Of words, like sunbeams, dazzling as they past
The eyes which o'er them shed tears feelingly and fast.

His love was passion's essence—as a tree
On fire by lightning ; with ethereal flame
Kindled he was, and blasted ; for to be
Thus, and enamoured were in him the same.
But his was not the love of living dame,
Nor of the dead who rise upon our dreams,
But of ideal beauty, which became
In him existence, and o'erflowing teems
Along his burning page, distempered though it seems.

This breathed itself to life in Julie, *this*
Invested her with all that's wild and sweet ;
This hallowed too, the memorable kiss
Which every morn his feeble lip would greet,
From hers, who but with friendship his would meet ;
But to that gentle touch, through brain and breast,
Flashed the thrilled spirit's love-devouring heat ;
In that absorbing sigh perchance more blest
Than vulgar minds may be with all they seek possessed.

His life was one long war with self-sought foes,
Or friends by him self-banished ; for his mind
Had grown suspicion's sanctuary, and chose,

For its own cruel sacrifice, the kind,
'Gainst whom he raged with fury strong and blind.
But he was phrensied—wherefore who may know ?
Since cause might be which skill could never find ;
But he was phrensied by disease, or woe,
To that worst pitch of all, which wears a reasoning show.

For then he was inspired, and from him came,
As from the Pythian's mystic cave of yore,
Those oracles which set the world in flame,
Nor ceased to burn till kingdoms were no more :
Did he not this for France ? which lay before
Bowed to the inborn tyranny of years ?
Broken and trembling to the yoke she bore,
Till by the voice of him and his compeers
Roused up to too much wrath, which follows o'ergrown fears ?

They made themselves a fearful monument !
The wreck of old opinions—things which grew,
Breathed from the birth of time : the veil they rent,
And what behind it lay all earth shall view.
But good with ill they also overthrew,
Leaving but ruins wherewith to rebuild
Upon the same foundation, and renew
Dungeons and thrones, which the same hour refilled,
As heretofore, because ambition was self-willed.

Childe Harold, Canto iii. 166-9.

We need not trace the history of this wonderful but unhappy man ; it is embodied in these stanzas. The author of the *Eloise*, the *Social Contract*, the

Emilius, and of many other fervent compositions which had already filled the civilized world with their fame, and were destined to work out mighty consequences, when he himself was laid in the dust, had now in that "worst pitch of phrensy which wears a reasoning show,"* scattered from him nearly all his friends; and surely no man ever found so many or so devoted. Palaces were opened, houses built for him, his tastes consulted, solitudes created for his study, and society selected for his honour and refreshment; but the demon of suspicion always attended him; and poisoned every thing around—his food, his drink, his vision, and the very flowers beneath his feet. Admiring men and loving women were repulsed as the most base conspirators against his peace and honour. Madame D'Epinay, the Countess D'Houdetot, D'Alembert, Grimm, Diderot, Voltaire, all were flung from him as wretches filled with the most horrible and treacherous designs. He fled from the house of the

* Spite of all Rousseau's errors and eccentricities, he was the first to see the necessity of a total change in the principle and practice of popular education, and notwithstanding the impracticability of his own theory, from his original ideas sprung the views and experiments of Pestalozzi, Fellenberg, and others, which are perhaps destined, beyond all other means, really to civilize and christianize the multitudes of Europe, and thence of the world.

Prince of Conti, and successively sought a spot of peace and security in vain in France, Switzerland, and Prussia, he imagined that England alone could afford him an asylum. He believed that all the kings and priests of the continent of Europe were leagued to destroy him, and all the literary men to betray him into their hands. There was yet one free country,—England, and one honest philosopher,—David Hume, which he deemed were happily left him, and in their arms he determined to seek repose. David Hume soon assured him of his most cordial assistance, and announced to him that he had a friend, Mr. Davenport, a gentleman of Staffordshire, whose family-seat at Wotton would furnish that profound retreat from the world and his persecutors which he so ardently desired; and that this was most heartily placed at his service. The heart of Rousseau kindled at the prospect. David Hume was ready to attend him from Paris to London, and consign him to the generous care of his friend, Mr. Davenport, who would conduct him to Wotton; for Rousseau could speak scarcely a syllable of English. Accordingly, as the newspapers of the time record, on “Jan. 13th, 1766, the celebrated Jean Jaques Rousseau arrived in London; and he was soon afterwards set safely down at Wotton.”

Here, if peace and security were what he really

needed, he might have found them, if they were to be found on earth. In the heart of free England who should dare to molest him? In this sylvan solitude, far from the great towns and beaten tracks of travel, who, indeed, should find him? And, for a time, he appeared to have reached the long-sought bourn of his rest. All things seemed to conspire to his satisfaction. He declared that he had discovered the spot he sought, and that there he would live and die. His devoted companion of many years, Thérèse le Vasseur, had joined him; his host, a gentleman of enlightened mind and generous disposition, who, both on account of his own fame, and of his friendship for Hume, was desirous to render his abode entirely agreeable, was occasionally there with his family, and occasionally at his house in town, leaving Wotton then to his sole use, with a couple of old tried servants to wait on him. To a person like Rousseau, sensitively alive to the beauties of nature, the country must have been charming. It could not give him, it is true, the climate of France,* nor present him

* Nor even of the south of England. So far as climate was concerned Wotton was ill chosen. The south of England could have furnished him with solitudes deep enough and a much more genial atmosphere. I was struck with the difference between even Surrey and this elevated region. I was

with the Alpine sublimities of Switzerland, but yet it was lovely. There was a solemn beauty about it. Green hills, deep woods, rich views into a champaign country, rich meadows scattered with noble trees, and winding dells were around him. At hand, also, were the fairyland dales of the Peak—Dovedale's picturesque loveliness, and the pleasant slopes of Ilam and Ashborne. For his favourite pursuit of botany he was in a very paradise. A greater variety of vegetable habitats, and therefore of plants and flowers, could scarcely be met with. A number of old and highly respectable families were scattered through the neighbourhood, and, had he desired to cultivate their acquaintance, it is clear that he might have found himself in the midst of a most select and delightful society. He said at that time in his letters:—"The place in which I reside is much to my liking. The master of the house is a very worthy man, in whose favour, the three weeks' there at the latter end of June. The woods were full of blue-bells, there were still primroses to be seen, in the garden tulips and labernums were in full blossom, all of which had long disappeared in Surrey. With us the wild-rose and elder-flower, the signs of confirmed summer, were in blow in the hedges; here not one was to be seen open; but the hawthorn, which had faded a month before in the south, cast its fragrance around you, and the foliage everywhere had all the freshness and delicacy of spring.

residence he has made here, with his family, have cemented the friendship his good services had made me conceive for him. He does every thing in his power to make his house agreeable to me. Had I again to fix my place of abode, this is the only habitation I could make choice of in England."

He tells us that "all the gentlemen of the environs, all the ministers of the neighbouring parishes, have the goodness to show me civilities of which I am extremely sensible, as this is the general disposition of the country. Even the common people, notwithstanding my dress, forget, in my favour, their usual rudeness to strangers. Madame de Luze will tell you what the country is. In short, I should find in it that which would make me forget any other, were it nearer the sun and my friends." He adds, in June, that he had had visitors from London, both ladies and gentlemen, who were witnesses of his happiness, and that, in fact, he had never lived more at his ease, nor more uninterruptedly followed his inclinations from morning till night. At a short distance from him stood Calwich Abbey, the beautiful residence of Mr. Granville. This gentleman had shown him the most hospitable attentions, and for him he appeared to acquire a strong regard. Mr. Granville had two sisters, the elder of whom was the celebrated Mrs. Delany, for many years

the intimate friend of George III. and Queen Charlotte. She was a lady of a fine literary taste and the most amiable disposition, as any one will believe who has seen the excellent portrait of her by Opie, at Hampton Court. This lady, after the age of seventy-five, made her celebrated Hortus Siccus, now in the possession of her niece Mrs. Waddington, the whole amounting to ten immense folios, each containing one hundred floral plants, representing in cut paper of infinitely various dyes, the finest flowers of our own and every other climate, from the best specimens that the field, the garden, the green-house, and the conservatory could furnish; and with a fidelity and vividness of colouring, says Anna Seward, who saw the volumes at Dr. Parr's, which shame the needle and the pencil; the moss, the films, the farina, every minutest part, being represented with matchless delicacy.* This

* Always a fine painter, and not ignorant of chemistry, she herself dyed her papers from whence the new creation arose. Of this astonishing work Dr. Darwin has given a most erroneous description in his splendid poem. He ought not to have taken such a liberty. It represents Mrs. Delany as a mere artificial flower-maker, using wires, and wax, and moss, etc.; though writing-paper was her sole material—her scissors her only implement. The former, previously coloured by herself, in complete shades of every tint, was never retouched by the

lady—the intimate friend of Swift, Horace Walpole, Dr. Burney, Anna Seward, and the Duchess of Portland; her sister, Mrs. Dewes; the Dewes family altogether, and the Poots of Ilam, their relatives, were most disposed to cultivate the friendship of Rousseau.

Mr. Fitzherbert, I suppose of Norbury, the father-in-law of the late celebrated Mrs. Fitzherbert, and the Earl of Harcourt, are named amongst his correspondents and friends. The Duchess of Portland,

pencil after the flower was cut out: nor did she ever make a drawing: but, as the specimen lay before her, she cut from the eye. The easy flowing grace of the stalks, the happiness with which the flower or flowers, their leaves and buds, are disposed upon those stalks, is exquisite; while the degree of real relief which they possess, besides that which arises from the skilful deception produced by light and shade, has a richness and natural effect, which the finest pencil cannot hope to attain. What a lesson of exertion does the invention and completion of such a work, after seventy-five, give to that hopeless languor which people are so prone to indulge in the decline of life?—*Anna Seward's Letters*, vol. iii., p. 195-6.

What a lesson, we may add, not to the old, but to thousands of the rich and luxurious young of this age! If a lady past seventy-five could execute as her amusement so splendid and extensive a work of taste, what may not the young of the present day perform, with all their leisure and their accomplishments, for the adornment of existence, or the benefit of their fellow-creatures?

the daughter of the Duke of Devonshire, and therefore intimately connected with that part of the country, as well as being the intimate friend of Mrs. Delany, was then a young woman; in fact, just married. She was introduced to him by Mr. Granville, and, besides that, both herself and the duke were most amiable and interesting people; she was an enthusiastic botanist, and, as was certain, won wonderfully on Rousseau. She ranged the rocks and dales of the Peak with him, and he speaks of her in his letters as climbing crags in the pursuit of plants, which would have struck his French acquaintance, and especially the ladies, with astonishment. Mr. Davenport, it may be discovered from Jean Jaques' letters, was always on the look out to contribute to his comfort and amusement. He was now sending him substantial luxuries, such as tea and other things from town; now books and news; now coming down expressly to see him, and that all was as he wished it about him. To crown all, without any solicitation on his part, but through means which could be no mystery when he had such friends at court as Mrs. Delany, the Duke and Duchess of Portland, and Mr. Davenport, the friend of General Conway, secretary of state, the king granted him a pension of one hundred pounds a year.

Here were ample materials for happiness, if happiness was possible to him; but his mind, too securely the prey of melancholy and suspicion, soon put to flight his temporary contentment. We find him writing, that he hears with astonishment of the manner in which they treat him in London; that it would be far better to refuse the unfortunate an asylum, than to receive and insult them; that he knows that every thing that passes with respect to him is not natural; that a whole nation does not change from white to black in a moment without a cause, and that this secret cause is the more dangerous as it is less apprehended, and so on. His phrenzied and restless mind instantly conjured up the most disgraceful conspiracy against him to drive him from the nation; and, as was always the case, on those who had been his most zealous friends fell the weight of his resentment. David Hume was charged by him with being at the bottom of the whole, and Voltaire with blowing the flame by a published letter. Hume, of course, highly indignant, repelled the charge, called for an explanation, and the whole affair spread through the newspapers, and may there be read, as well as Hume's statement in his works. But it was in vain to expostulate with a madman; and to that character Rousseau had had a good claim, more or less, for many years.

The mischief was, that his friends, as he successively quarrelled with them, did not see this, but looked upon him as sane, but irritable and ungenerous. His mind however was now so confirmedly under the influence of its malady, that the possibility of his having another moment's rest at Wotton was gone; he therefore suddenly took his departure, and we find him addressing a letter from Calais in May, 1767; having been about a year and four months at Wotton.*

The remainder of his life was of the same tissue; his feverish mind, always seeking for that spot of repose which he was not destined to find till he found his grave. His letters, to the very close of his existence, at Ermonville, in 1778, are full of speculations on finding that ardently desired terra

* The alleged cause of his sudden flight from Wotton is in complete keeping with his suspicious temperament. The tradition is that Thérèse, either grown suspicious herself, or, as has been supposed, desirous to get back to France, told Rousseau one day that she had, unobserved, watched the cook putting something into his soup, which she feared was with design to poison him. The very idea of such a thing was enough for his irritable mind. He rushed out of the house, sent off Thérèse with all speed to Ashborne for a chaise, and continuing to walk about in the open air till she returned with it, he refused to enter the house again, but the moment his luggage was ready, posted off with indignant velocity.

incognita. Wherever he pitched, filled with hope for the moment, it was still flitting before him. Now it was Amiens, then successively Fleury, the country-house of Mirabeau; Trie le Chateau, the house of the Prince of Conti; Bourgoins: America sometimes loomed large and invitingly in his imagination, but too distant; then the isles of the Grecian Archipelago, and particularly Cyprus, "or some corner of Greece, no matter where, with a soil fertile in plants, a fine climate, and no *Christian charity* to interfere with him." He even made application to the English government to grant him protection to live and botanize in the Isles of Greece. Receiving no assurance on this head, his mind immediately reverted again to England and Wotton, —he would go and end his days there. Savoy, for which he actually procured a passport, the castle of Lavagnac, Minorca, Monquin, and other places, till the day of his death, flitted alluringly through his unrepensible mind.

Last June, being in Staffordshire, I determined to visit Wotton. I was curious to see the haunts of Rousseau; to see if any relics of him remained there yet, which had been handed down in the family which is still in possession of the estate, respecting him, and what was the tradition of the country-people of him; for it was certain that a

foreigner coming into that secluded place, and living retiredly at the Hall, having with him only a lady who bore a name different to his own, and therefore could not be supposed to be either wife or sister, must have amazingly excited their curiosity, and left a vivid impression on their minds. Nothing is more curious than the shape which such a thing often takes in the mind of the populace, and especially a simple and thoroughly rustic populace, living as the villagers of Wotton did, cut off almost from the rest of the world. The circumstances too of Rousseau's abode here must have been the more piquantly stimulant to their curiosity from his sudden appearance there, and his sudden departure, from his wearing his Armenian dress, a furred cap, and caftan, or long striped robe with a belt. Besides this, his ignorance of English would cut off communication, and make him more mysterious in their eyes. He says himself that he knew only about thirty English words before he came to England, and that they, owing to the barbarous gibberish of the place, the Staffordshire dialect, had been of no use to him; and that Thérèse knew literally not a word when she arrived.

Wotton lies at the feet of the Weaver hills, about six miles from Ashborne, and that, or something more, from Cheadle. From the latter place I walked

through a bold, wild country to it. My idea was that the retreat of Rousseau had been at Wotton Lodge, a mile nearer on my way than Wotton Hall. Here I arrived, and found the lodge; a fine old Elizabethan house, situated in as solemnly striking a solitude as one can well conceive. It stood up aloft, on a natural terrace overlooking a deep winding glen, and surrounded by sloping uplands, deep masses of wood, and the green heights of Weaver, in a situation of solitary beauty which extremely delighted me. Not a person was visible throughout the profoundly silent scene, scarcely a house was within view. I ascended to the front of the lodge, and stood in admiration of its aspect. Its tall square bulk of dark-gray stone, with its turreted front, full of large square mullioned windows; its paved court, and ample flight of steps ascending to its porched door; its old garden, with terraces and pleached hedges on the south slope below it, and deep again below that, dark ponds visible amongst the wild growth of trees. The house stood, without a smoke, without a sign of life, or movement about it, in the broad sunshine of noon. I advanced and rung the bell in the porch, but no one answered it. It was, for all the world, like a hall of old romance laid under an enchanted spell. I rung again, but all was silent. I descended the

flight of steps, and paced the gray pavement of the court, and was about to withdraw, when an old woman opened a casement in the highest story, and said, in a slow, dreamy voice, "I am coming down."

I found that this old dame was the sole inhabitant. The house was only partially furnished, and the proprietor abroad. There were a few paintings, and amongst them an old sea-captain, the former possessor of the place, who, she said, was lost at sea, and the estate gone into another line. But no such a man as Rousseau, she protested, had ever been there; nor had it been the property of the Davenports. I was, therefore, satisfied that his retreat was Wotton Hall, and thither I walked. It too is a sufficiently solitary locality, though it has the village of Wotton a little above it, and that of Ellaston about half a mile below. It stands like the Lodge, on a fine natural terrace overlooking a deep glen surrounded with wood, and with here and there huge masses of dark-red rocks showing themselves in its sides. It is a glade which would have delighted Poussin or Claude, with masses of oak trees overhanging its rocky sides, and long lines of honeysuckle and ivy dangling down them, and its upper end filled with wood, in a manner to please even Salvator. At some little distance north of

the house and village swells up the green bulk of Weaver, giving wide prospect on one hand over the country, with the distant town of Uttoxeter seen smoking in the plain, the church towers of Cheadle and Ashborne, Alton Abbey, the seat of the Earl of Shrewsbury not far off, and, it is said, on clear days the spire of Lichfield, and the Shropshire hills. Be that as it may, on the other hand, northward, are discerned the blue and misty tops of the Peak hills. When I mounted on the ridge of the Weaver, and saw around this vast, but silent expanse, and in the nearer scene only moorland wastes, long lines of stone walls, two or three ancient cairns, and a few grazing cattle; and perceived as the only sounds, the bleat of a sheep, or the hoarse cry of the carrion crow, the only cheerful note being that of the lark overhead, I could not help feeling, for

Quiet to quick bosom is a hell—

that the very recurring depth of this solitude, as Rousseau pursued his botanical rambles, was enough to rouse in his distempered fancy all the phantasms of his foes and machinations.

I found the family of Mr. Bromley from home, and the house undergoing alteration and enlarge-

ment. The steward informed me that there was nothing remaining which belonged to Rousseau, and that the rooms usually occupied by him were now destroyed in a great measure, to make way for the entrance hall. A grotto near the house is still remaining which goes by his name, and where he is said to have spent much time.

But on inquiry after the remembrance of him in the village, I was more successful. I asked the first man I encountered, whether he had heard of a Frenchman ever having lived at the Hall? "A Frenchmon? Ay, to be sure! yo meanen owd *Ross Hall*." That is the man, I replied; seeing how the simple people had converted his name into so odd a one. In their dialect, as in the Scotch, hall is pronounced ha'—Rousseau, would thus be, in their fathers' mouths, Ross Ha'; but the present generation, something educated, would endeavour to give ha' the full sound to a stranger, which in their dialect it represents, and ha' would become hall. However I found Rousseau here known to all the villagers as Ross Hall, except to one or two, who called him Dross Hall; having corrupted the name into this by the prefix of old, or owd, which they apply to almost every body and every thing. Owd Ross Hall thus became owd Dross Hall; the sound of the d in owd, being carried on to Ross.

“And when,” I asked, “did this gentleman live here?” “O,” said the man, “before my time; but there are owd people in the village who were children then, and they rememhern him. He war mighty curious in yarbs,* and ah’ve heered see, war skilled to cure welly ony disease wi’ em. Owd James Robinson a’t’h top o’t’h town, and Farmer Burton here, and owd Missis Saut,† of Ellaston, they know’d him, an’ can tell ya au about him.” I walked up and found this James Robinson, a blithe old fellow of about ninety. When I asked if he knew the Frenchman who once lived at the Hall, he replied, “What, owd Ross Hall? Ay, know him did I, well enough. Ah’ve seen him monny an’ monny a time, every dee welly, coming and going in’s comical cap an’ ploddy‡ gown, a’gethering his yarbs.” I asked him if he ever had any talk with him. “No, he could na speak no English, nubbut a wod or two.” “And was there any body here with him?” “Yes, there war a lady—they cawd her Madam Zell, but whether how war his wife or not ah dunna know. Folks said how warnna.”

But this old man, as well as Farmer Burton and Mrs. Salt, described him as walking out almost every day, and coming back with great handfuls of plants. They described him, exactly as he describes

* Herbs.

† Salt.

‡ Plaid.

himself, in his Armenian dress, only they called his striped caftan a plaid. Mademoiselle le Vasseur, they all called Madam Zell; and Mrs. Salt said how much afraid she and her brother, children of about ten years old, used to be when they met him in the lanes on their way to school. His long gown and belt, and his black velvet cap with its gold tassel and pendent top, made him a most awful figure to them, especially as they used to see him poring on the park wall for moss, or groping in some lonely nook after plants. As he could not address them in English to dissipate their fears, they used to run off, if possible, at the very first glimpse of the terrible outlandish man.

They all agreed in saying that both Ross Hall and Madam Zell were very good folks,—very kind to the poor; and one of them mentioned a fact which, as the villagers actually knew nothing of Rousseau's history, is very characteristic. The old man, who used to remain at the house during the absence of the family in town, one day beat his wife, the housekeeper; and Madam Zell, on some of the villagers flocking in at the outcry, in a state of great excitement, said in her few words of English to some young women,—“Never marry! never marry! You see! you see!”

Old Farmer Burton said “it was thought he was

some king who had been driven from his dominions."

The fact that a gentleman was inquiring about old Ross Hall, roused the wonder of the whole village. The people turned out in groups from the top of the hamlet to the bottom, and when they saw the steward proceeding with me towards the Hall, their curiosity became intense. They could not have an idea that the mere gratification of *my* curiosity had led me there; there must, they thought, be something of high moment in agitation. Several of them came with very serious faces, and asked, "What it was about? whether government was making inquiry about Ross Hall? or whether some property was consarned?"

I learned that several caps and a handsome pipe, belonging to Rousseau had been in the village till recently, and they believed Farmer Gallimore had a cap and pipe now. It was droll to see the caution of Farmer Gallimore when I went and asked about them. "What is it about?" he asked, "What's your object, sir?" "O, merely curiosity!" He looked incredulous, shaking his head and smiling; and nothing could be got out of him but, "It's an old affair, sir; it's quite an old affair now." His wife, however, beckoned me into the next room, and said she should be obliged if I

would tell her why it was that so many people came inquiring about Ross Hall? I told her it was because he had been a great writer. The woman not having so enormous a bump of caution as her husband, then told me that there had been a black velvet cap, with gold tassels, in their house till a short time ago, as well as a pipe; but the cap being brought down from the shelf on which it used to lie, to show it to some gentlemen who had called to see it, it was soon afterwards missed, and they supposed that some workmen who were in the house when the gentlemen saw it, had stolen it. The pipe also was gone. She added, that a farmer at some distance, whose father was a servant at the Hall at that time, had a cap which Ross Hall gave him. To this farmer I proceeded, and there I saw it. It was of grayish drab woollen stuff, with silver braid and tassel. It had lain in a drawer of the kitchen dresser, however, till it was considerably moth-eaten. I offered to purchase it, but the man said, "Nay, I canna part wi' it, becos it's an owd keepsake o' my feyther's."

Such is the curious impression which Rousseau has left at Wotton; and, as Lord Byron said of himself, on hearing of some of the opinions of the Italians regarding him,—“Such is fame!” I know not whether there be any truth in the story, or on

what authority it is given, that Dr. Darwin was very anxious to be introduced to Rousseau here, and that he would not see him, whereupon Darwin fixed himself in his way as he issued forth on one of his botanical excursions, intently gazing on a plant; on which Rousseau came up to him and asked, "Etes-vous un botanist, Monsieur?" to which replying in the affirmative, they walked on together, and botanized the whole day to their great mutual pleasure; but on parting at eve, Rousseau begged to know the name of his companion, and on hearing it, exclaimed, "Ha! a concerted plan!" and never would see him again.

It is the common report that Dovedale was his favourite resort, and that there he sowed the seeds of various plants amongst the rocks, of which the mezereons there yet to be seen, are part of the results. The most amusing thing, however, is the awful character which his strange dress, his taciturnity, and his solitary wanderings on the moorlands and the hills gave him. The simple people seem almost to imagine that he held communication with supernatural beings. One man gravely said "He had heard that he used to think nothing of going over Weaver when the *feeris** were out

* Faeries.

dauncing a nights ; and to my thinking," he added, "feeries can be nowt but lost sperrits."

I have since learned from the Rev. Walter Davenport Bromley, the present worthy proprietor of Wotton, that no memorial of Rousseau remains at the Hall, and that little is known of his acts or habits while there, more than has been made public ; for his father, having been educated on Rousseau's system, and feeling the deficiencies of it, never liked to hear him mentioned. Mr. Granville, of Calwich, has, however, some of his letters, chiefly filled with complaints of the climate, and probably the originals of those already published.

SACRAMENT SUNDAY AT KILMORAC.

MUCH has been said and written about the camp-meetings of America and England, but the sober Scotch have shown by the recent Revivals, as they are called amongst them, that the same species of religious excitement can agitate them; and, indeed, they have had, from the earliest days of the Reformation, scenes of most picturesque religious exhibition amongst them,—of which, however, little is known in England. Their annual administration of the sacrament, which in the Highlands often occurs in the open air, is a most singular and novel sight. Logan of Leith, better known to English readers as Logan the poet, in his sermons, describes in detail the ceremony. He tells us that “the people are prepared by their ministers in their respective parishes for this great occasion, with much seriousness, and that it generally occupies four days, including the Sunday fixed for this solemnity.” On the Thursday and Saturday before it, and on the Monday after it, there is public worship, and sermons are preached upon subjects suitable to the occasion. The Thursday is particularly set

apart for solemn *fasting*, and no labour is that day permitted in the parish. The greater part of persons of all ranks in the parish, who have arrived at the years of discretion, join in celebrating this ordinance, which, partly from this cause, and partly from its taking place but once or twice a year, is performed in a manner that is very solemn and devout.

“The service begins with the singing of a psalm, which the minister reads out immediately on ascending the pulpit. The choice of the psalms is in all cases at the minister’s discretion; and, to give the sacrament service more completely, some portions, which are often sung on such occasions, are inserted here in their places. The music is entirely vocal. In a few congregations there is music in parts, but in general the whole congregation sing in unison. The psalm tunes are set to slow time; the melody is simple, grave, and often very affecting.”

John Wesley, on his religious journeys into Scotland, was surprised to find that on the *fast-day* the people did not fast at all, but regularly eat their three meals. He also, in his Journal of the date of Sunday the 17th, 1764, gives us this pretty accurate description of the ceremony, as celebrated in the West Kirk in Edinburgh.

“After the usual morning service, the minister

enumerated several sorts of sinners whom he forbade to approach. Two long tables were set on the sides of one aisle, covered with table-cloths. On each side of them a bench was placed for the people. Each table held four or five and thirty. Three ministers sate at the top, behind a cross table; one of whom made a long exhortation, closed with the words of our Lord, and then, breaking the bread, gave it to him who sate on each side of him. A piece of bread was then given to him who sate first on each side of the four benches. He broke off a little piece and gave the bread to the next. So it went on, the deacons giving more when wanted. A cup was then given to the first person on each bench, and so by one to another. The minister continued his exhortation all the time they were receiving. Then four verses of the twenty-second psalm were sung, while new persons sate down at the tables. A second minister then prayed, consecrated, and exhorted. I was informed the service usually lasted till five in the evening. How much more simple, as well as more solemn," adds worthy John Wesley, "is the service of the Church of England." Solemn enough I think most English people, however, would consider it, and not a little impressive; but what English congregation could endure a service of four days, continuing each day

from ten in the morning to five in the evening? And who would identify this serious ceremony with the Holy-Fair of Burns? And yet it is no other. But, whatever John Wesley might think of the ceremony as seen in Edinburgh, or however it might be enacted in the west of Scotland, and have presented itself to the eyes of the random and wag-gish Robin Burns, nothing can be more striking, serious, and picturesque, than the same ceremony seen in the Highlands, in the open air, at the feet of the wild mountains, and amid a simple and un-corrupted population. It is there celebrated mostly in the finest season of their year, in the interval between the hay and corn harvests, as a time of the most general leisure during the summer. Two or three ministers of adjoining parishes commonly unite to assist each other, and administer the sacrament in each successively, which thus runs in the whole through as many weeks.

As Logan states, in each parish the occasion occupies four days, Thursday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday. We thought ourselves fortunate, in August, 1836, that we happened to fall in with the celebration of this annual ordinance in the Highlands. We were at Beaulev, about a dozen miles west of Inverness, on a Sunday morning, and were inquiring of the landlady of our excellent inn how

far it was to the celebrated falls of Kilmorac. "O!" said she, "it is a bare two miles, and you will just be there in the nick of time to see the sacrament administered to the Gaelic population in the open air. The English congregation will receive it in the kirk." This was brave news, and away we posted. It was a delicious morning. One of those clear, warm, yet not oppressive days, that August often presents us. The sky over head was studded with light and lofty little masses of what the German meteorologists so expressively call *stachen clouds*, that appear on the summer's morning amid the sunny azure in small lumps all round the horizon, and gradually grow, and stack, and pile themselves up into snowy mountains, and regions of cloud-land most lustrous and beautiful. A gentle breeze went puffing and frolicking amongst the hedge-rows, wafting to us deliciously the odour of the sweetbriar, which abounds there; the level rich fields are full of corn already "white unto the harvest;" and from all quarters we saw the people streaming along the highways and the footpaths towards the hills that lay westward.

The roads were clad frae side to side

Wi' monie a wearie body,

In droves that day.

Not, however, exactly as Burns describes the folk of Ayreshire :

Here farmers gash in ridin graith
Gaed hoddin by their cotters ;
There swankies young, in braw braid-claith,
Are springin o'er the gutters.
The lasses, skelpin barefit, thrang,
In silks an' scarlet glitter ;
Wi' sweet milk-cheese, in monie a whang,
An' farls bak'd wi' butter
Fu crump that day.

Most here were on foot ; none were barefooted ; on the week days we saw scarcely a woman with shoes or stockings on, but to-day none were without. With the exception that hardly one had a bonnet on, the young women were not much to be distinguished from those of our smartest towns. They all had their hair neatly braided, and adorned with a tall comb of tortoise-shell. Many of them had silk gowns, and handsome worked muslin collars ; and others were dressed in white. Every one carried on her arm a shawl, often of tartan, ready in case of rain to throw over her head. The married women wore no bonnets, but had caps supported by a sort of inner frame of stiff calico ; and smart coloured ribbons, often pink, and as

often gay tartan, showing through the cap. The old women, again, had large mob-caps. In this style they were moving towards the place of meeting; many of them came thus unbonneted perhaps from a distance of seven or eight miles, for some of these Highland parishes are of vast extent. As we drew nearer Kilmorac, the numbers were seen gathering from all quarters, men and women, from the open plain, up the glens, and down from the mountains. Presently we came in view of the assembled multitude, and a most novel and striking scene it was.

The situation is one of great beauty; perhaps a finer for such an occasion could not be found. The river which, with its tributary streams, has traversed from its western sources in the far lochs of Monar, Moyley, and Affaric, some of the most enchanting scenery in the empire, especially in Strath Affaric and Strath Glass, here comes rushing on between perpendicular cliffs, from which the spectator looks down, and sees it at perhaps two hundred feet below him, foaming through its narrow passage in a similar manner to the Strid at Bolton; and then spreading itself out in a wider space, forms a fine salmon leap, and afterwards hurries merrily on its way to the Murray Frith. Just where the river issues from the cliffs, and over-

looking the salmon leap, juts out a lofty piece of table-land. That is the burial-ground of Kilmorac; and there, as we approached, we beheld upwards of a thousand people collected, conspicuous in the bright and varied hues of Highland costume. The sound of their hymn—a sound wild, pensive and peculiar, as if it were modulated by the mountain breeze, came mingled with the solemn roar of the waters. We stood, and for a moment almost imagined we were come upon a band of the ancient Covenanters. A more striking picture we never saw. They stood aloft, on that elevated plateau—yet, high on either hand swelled up the rocky hills, crimson with the heather bloom, then in its full glory, and scattered with birch-trees; and below them thundered, and leaped, and hurried away, the agitated waters.

We entered the burial ground through the dense crowd, and seated ourselves on the low wall built on the edge of the precipice over the river, so that we had the preacher and his audience, and the surrounding hills all before us. Nothing but the pencil could convey to an English mind how different to any thing seen in England was the scene. The burial-ground was inclosed on two sides with high walls—the wall of the Manse garden running from the high road to the precipice in one direction, and

the wall which shuts out the highway running from the garden to the precipice at a right angle in the other—the waving line of the wall on the precipice forming the remaining boundary. Beneath a spreading tree near the garden wall, stood a sort of movable booth of wood, open in front, sufficiently to form a convenient pulpit by a sort of shutter, which being hinged on its bottom edge, was let down on the lower half of the front, and thus obstructed no part of the preacher's view of his people. From this booth the minister was now addressing the congregation, while two other ministers occupied a seat in the booth behind him, ready to assist in the progress of the offices of the day. If a magnificent position in the great temple of nature could have kindled the imagination of the preacher, and inspired him with unusual eloquence, that surely might have done; for on his right rose the rocky hills beyond the falls, glowing to their very summits with the crimson heath, and feathered with the gracefully scattered birches; on his left stood his little kirk, and on the green knolls above, his manse and a few Highland huts; and before him, the rapid waters of the river—the deep woods of Beaufort, once the abode of old Simon Frazer, Lord Lovat, and still that of his descendants—and far and wide a splendid expanse of rich

fields, and brown heaths, dark pine forest, and blue distant hills.

The preacher and the place brought forcibly to my mind our missionaries, who, on the same day in many a distant region, were addressing their savage audiences. The booth under the spreading tree—the crowd congregated on the grassy foreground, seated on the graves and tombstones, or rude benches constructed for the occasion, and on the walls all round, many of them concealed from our sight by the overhanging trees, their rows of dangling legs only being visible; but above all, the language in which the minister was addressing his hearers, which for any thing that we understood of it might have been Malay or Otaheitan, gave the scene a missionary air. The people themselves had enough of English look and costume to dispel the momentary illusion—fair hair, fair complexions, and a great portion of English dress. The group, nevertheless, was a very motley one. The young damsels, with their bare heads, and bright tartan shawls on their arms; the matrons, with their peculiar caps with coloured linings; the old women with large mob-caps; and sturdy shepherds, with sunburnt features, and their plaids wrapped round them; and gay fellows in full Highland costume, mingled with the throng in a more English garb,

reminded one at once of the prevalence of English rule and influence, and the remains of the ancient habits and customs of the Gael. A more serious and decorous congregation never was seen. Burns would have found no "rows of tittlin jades," nor "batch of wabster lads blackguarding"—and as to "Change House," there was none. We observed great numbers flock during the heat of the day to a beautiful spring in the thicket just by, whose margin of shadowy greensward offered a delightful place of rest and refreshment, after a walk of probably six or eight miles through the hills. Here they drew forth their simple cates, and with fresh draughts from the spring fortified themselves for the long services of the day.

Across the burial-ground, in front of the preaching-booth, was placed a long table, covered with a clean white table-cloth, and furnished with a bench on each side. The main part of the congregation sate on other benches on each side of the table, while the table itself remained unoccupied. At a certain part of the service, though we could not understand what was said, we could see what Logan thus describes exactly, take place—"Upon the giving out of a psalm, the minister desires the elders to bring forward the *Sacramental Elements*, and the communicants to take their seats at the communion-

table. The elders consist of several of the most respectable and exemplary persons of the parish, and who are regularly ordained to their office, which has a considerable resemblance to that of *Church-Warden* in England. The senior elder generally carries the *Bread*, and the rest follow him with the *Wine* cups and other utensils, which for the most part are of silver. These are placed at the head of the communion-table, which corresponds to the *Altar* in the Church of England. The communicants, agreeably to directions given them on a previous day, approach the tables, and after communicating, retire from them in such a manner as to avoid any confusion." Thus while the singing was going on, we observed a number of people advance from the crowd and seat themselves at the table. We observed that they were all old, and some of them very old people, and that the women before advancing to the table, drew the hood of their cloaks, or shawl in fashion of a hood, over their heads; and that both men and women took their seats with bowed heads, and with an air of solemn reverence. The minister, as we learn from Logan, had, before their approaching the table, addressed them in an awful discourse, called the "*Fencing of the Tables*," in which he had pointed out the character of those who are fit to sit down

at the Sacrament Supper; and added, "Let him whose character is opposite forbear to approach unto this table: *stand back, thou profane!* But let him who imitates and who loves this character, come forward; *sit down, thou blessed of the Lord!*"

When the communicants were seated, we observed the elders go behind them, and receive something from each of them, which we afterwards learned was a token of fitness given to such individual by the minister on a previous occasion. On the ceasing of the psalm the minister descended from his pulpit, and presented himself at the head of the table. He then offered up the prayer of consecration, and, again addressing the communicants in what is called "the Service of the Tables," handed the cup and the bread to the two communicants nearest him on each hand; the elders attending, and presenting them in succession to all at the table. When all had communicated the minister again addressed them, when they retired from the table, and a fresh company took their place. Another minister then came forward, and a new succession of psalms, prayers, and addresses took place. Such was the order and sacred business of the day, till the whole body of candidates had partaken of the sacrament. We left about three o'clock, but we were told that the service

would not close till six. During the time that we stayed, we observed that no young people communicated, and we were afterwards told that few or none probably would, for that such was the general sense of the sacredness of the ordinance that few young people deemed themselves sufficiently "worthy to sit down."

After leaving the burial-ground, we wandered some time through the woods of birch and the spreading junipers which skirted the river, now lying amid the crimson cushions of heath and the fragrance of the moorland thyme, and gazing on the tumultuous floods raving and roaring far below us. It was a splendid day, and the whole was one enchanting fairy-land around us. The distant voice of the minister, and the wild cadence of the Gaelic psalm, like the breezy music of an Eolian harp, ever and anon reaching us in our verdant hiding-place, reminded us that it was the sacred anniversary of a grave and religious people. How unlike to the knowing and corrupt population of our own towns! Where but in these rocky wilds could such simple piety and such patience of instruction remain? It was, no doubt, the singular novelty of the spectacle, and the sense of the hal-

lowed and uncorrupted faith still abiding with a patriarchal simplicity amongst these hills and moors, that gave an additional charm to the place, the people, and even the bright beauty of the day ; and have thus fixed that Sacrament Sunday at Kilmorac with a peculiar sense of enjoyment in our memories.

THE END.

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